

## A MAN OVERBOARD.

BY HARRY DANFORTH, AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR."

"KEEP her to it, quarter-master!" thundered the officer of the deck.

Looking ahead, I saw a huge roller, rising out of the thick gloom, until it seemed to overtop the very fore-yard itself.

"Hold on all!" I shouted, involuntarily.

Down it came. Leaping out of the pitchy darkness, its awful front glistening with phosphoric light, it hurled its torrent of waters upon our bows, swept the decks, wrapped us in clouds of foam, and while every timber quivered like a reed whirled wildly away into the darkness astern. As it rushed hissing by, a half-stifled shriek rose fearfully upon the gale, and then died away in the wailings of the hurricane.

"A man overboard!" rang across the decks.

That cry is at all times a thrilling thing, but never more so than in the darkness of the night and amid the howling of the tempest. The strongest stands aghast, and the stoutest nerves shiver, as its notes of wild alarm rise over all the din of the hurricane. I felt now a cold sickness at the heart, as I thought of the poor wretch struggling in the waste of waters, and knew perhaps that no human power could save him from his terrible doom.

"Down with your helm—haul up the main-sail—brace aback after-yards—ease head-sheets—cut away the life-buoy," thundered the officer of the deck, springing upon a gun, and peering into the darkness astern as he held on by a rope, "stand by to lower away the lee-quarter boat—quick, there, my lads."

The men needed no incentive. The boatswain piped her crew, they rushed to their stations, and stood eagerly waiting the order to launch to almost certain death upon that stormy sea.

"Hillo!" cried the officer, as he looked anxiously into the gloom astern.

No answer coming, he called for a rocket, lighted it, and with a whiz it rushed on high.

"Hark! was that him?—hillo!" he cried.

We listened, but no answer followed.

"Run up the signal lantern—hillo!—hillo!"

"Can you see him?"

"No."

"Can you hear anything?"

"Nothing."

"Hillo!—hillo!" he shouted.

"Ahoy!—a-ho-o-y!" cried others.

"Is the buoy in sight?"

"No, sir," was the mournful answer.

"Bring another rocket."

The thin reed hissed on high, leaving its long train of light flashing in the gloom, and gracefully arching over against the pitchy sky, broke into a thousand shivering sparkles, that illuminated the horizon like a shower of falling stars, disclosing far down to leeward the life-buoy tossing wildly on the surge, or burying in the clouds of foam that swept swiftly by. All at once it heaved up against the dusky background, and for one breathless instant hung there in bold relief. A second of thrilling suspense ensued, and every eye was strained to catch the figure of the lost seaman. With a deep breath the officer turned away. *The man was not there.*

Meantime the boat's crew had been waiting the order to launch; but the officer now ordered them to abandon their enterprise.

"Belay all with that boat," he cried.

He had scarcely spoken when another huge roller was seen coming down toward us.

"Steady, quarter-master, steady, HOLD ON ALL," cried the commodore himself, and as the giant billow deluged our decks and swept hissing over us, the old man could be seen holding on near the gangway, his grey locks dripping with the brine, as he added, "it's madness to try to rescue him; God Almighty have mercy on his soul!"

The shock was so tremendous that the old ship reeled, and sinking heavily into the trough, seemed as though she would never emerge from the tons of water that had poured upon her decks. At last slowly and wearily she rose dripping from the deluge, rolling her vast yards heavily to windward.

The shouts, the trampling of feet, and all the bustle of the vain attempt to rescue the drowning man had long since subsided. The wind overhead was tearing by, shrieking through the rigging, as if a thousand unearthly beings rode the storm, their wild cries now ringing audibly in my ear, and now dying away in a melancholy cadence to leeward. Around all was darkness. The huge foremost behind me seemed to lose itself in a black cloud above, and the lantern at my side threw its struggling beams a few feet faintly out, and then spent them in an abortive attempt to penetrate the thick gloom. In vain I strained my eyes into the obscurity ahead.

Nothing could be seen but the white caps of the billows flashing in the gloom, or the dark shadow of some wave, huger than its fellows, heaved ominously up against the midnight sky. At times when the lightning streamed out, sheeting the rushing waters with its pale, deathly light, a glimpse might be caught of the vast arena of agitated waves, tossing, roaring, foaming, and whirling before the wind. Strange, unearthly tones mingled in the tempest, and wild voices seemed to call and be answered in the gloom. Now it was as if the cry of the drowned topman was ringing in my ears, and now a hundred gibbering fiends echoed his despairing cry, or mocked him with unearthly laughter as they swept down on the wings of the gale.

Suddenly the old quarter-master, his rugged visage gleaming red in the light of a lantern, stood beside me.

"Have you heard who it was that was lost?" I said.

"Jack Dawson, sir," he replied.

Jack had been one of the best seamen on board, ever bold and ready, whether to reef topsails in a storm, or to face an enemy.

"Poor fellow," I ejaculated, "we could have better spared many another man."

"You may well say that," answered Taffrail, mournfully. "I've known him from a lad, and we've often been messmates. By day and night, with fair weather and foul, in battle or out of it, he was always the same: a true-hearted lad,

whom I loved almost as if he was my own son. I was once wrecked with him, sir; and, for three days, we lived on a single biscuit. I've been in battle with him, and when I was wounded he has nursed me. We've stood the same watch together year in and year out. And now," and here the old man's voice grew husky, "we'll never meet again, till at the great day of Judgment the sea gives up its dead."

I revered the emotion of the veteran quarter-master, and was silent. After a pause Taffrail resumed more composedly,

"He'd a sort of foreboding, sir, of his fate," he said. "I tried to laugh it out of him, no later than last night; but it was of no use: his log was run out, I suppose, sir."

"I have understood from the purser," I remarked, "that Jack had a mother and sister whom he supported. What will become of them now?"

"They shall never want, while I've a shot in the locker, or a timber of this old hulk hangs together," answered Taffrail.

As he spoke his voice again quivered, and, for a moment, he drew the cuff of his monkey-jacket across his eyes. Then he suddenly turned and hurried away, as if ashamed of the emotion he had displayed.

All through that watch, and afterward when lying in my hammock, I thought of the emotion of old Taffrail, and of the MAN OVERBOARD.

## CONSTANCE; OR, THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"THROW open the casement, sister, my brow feels hot, and my blood seems boiling in my veins. Ah, how glorious is night," exclaimed the student, as the evening air, loaded with dew, played upon his pale forehead, and shook each silken hair that hung drooping around his intellectual brow.

The dark old mansion shone fair in the moonbeams. Its mouldering walls and ivied terraces spoke of ages long gone by—those ages purified by distance that seem so fair to the one that gasps beneath present realities. Part of the building was almost in a ruinous condition, in keeping with the gnarled old oaks, through the branches of which the moon's rays sported as brightly as when the now falling trees first began their struggle with time. Ah! how mournfully did the tread of the solitary servant echo through those ancient halls. The room in which the brother and sister sat, had also its tale of greatness long since passed away to tell. Its carved panels, its rusty armor, and the heavy sword that had flashed beneath the burning sun of Palestine—stood mementos of things that were.

But why linger over the work of human hands, monuments of its pigmy glories, when the incomprehensible creation of the Almighty power stands before us? In that room, where external nature is clothed in deep repose, there are spirits, ay! and strong ones, wrestling with the dark influences of life. Gaze upon the face of Ernest Mansfield, as his glowing eye rests on the book before him—watch his flushed cheek—admire the classic outline of his features, they speak the mild and gentle spirit within. Yet occasionally a shadow of sadness mingles with his smile; and what a fearful shade often darkens his brightest look. He knows it not. Does not this show that often the future moulds the present and foreshadows its destinies? Ah, why did not fate let him dwell in the world of the affections: that were his home; but ambition is urging him onward in dizzy paths, and his warm soul is nerved to the task: nor does he dream of disappointment. Fool! why does he struggle with fate? *His* mind has not the strength to mould its own destiny.

The master spirit of that chamber is not he; but Constance, his sister. See her as she gazes on the world without, her head leaning upon her hand, while the moonbeams rest timidly on her

brow. Hers was a beauty that once seen could not be forgotten: each feature spoke mind and strength. What a world of thought was in her dark grey eye: and how fair was her brow. But her mouth, beautifully formed, most strongly told of self-reliance, and the deep energies of the soul. She was formed in nature's prodigality, so exquisite, yet hardly lovely: there was something in her glance—perhaps it was the pride of reason, before which affection withered.

The student cast aside his book, and his bright eye fell upon his sister as she sat in the cold beams of the moon.

"Constance," he cried, "why do you gaze so steadily on the heavens? do you gather omens from the bright ornaments on high? Sing for me, sister dear. The shadow of gloom is resting on my spirit, and music dissolves such clouds."

She turned her eyes upon him. Could that face speak of affection? It did, of a deeply, enduring sister's love.

"The mind," she said, "should be its own support; but I will sing!"

Her lay was a strange one for a woman: it was a song in praise of reason, a lay that spoke of ambition as the worthiest occupation of an immortal being. When it was finished, there was a silence: at last the brother spoke.

"Ah, Constance," he said, "are you a woman, and does there dwell in your heart no warm rays of affection, which love can gather together, and with them form a torch to light the dark ways of life?"

"Ernest," she replied, "perhaps I should have been a man; for the feelings of the woman are secondary to the deep consciousness of mind. I never, even as a child, dwelt in dreams; for the stern realities of life taught me otherwise. I belong to a fallen house, and my ambition is to raise it, yet not through myself, but you. I would see you great; and the name of Mansfield once more honored. To that I am willing to sacrifice everything. What then has the heart to do with me, or I with it?"

"Yet there are other things to live for, Constance, than even ambition," faltered Ernest, not daring to meet her eye. "I too long to be great; but greatness is not everything——"

"Ay! I know your secret," replied Constance, tenderly. "Helen loves you—nay! blush not—for the world affords not another being so pure:

she lives only in the light of the affections. Cherish her love. Win her. Be happy with her. But oh! Ernest," she continued, with passionate tenderness, "forget me not, for you are the only spot where my spirit rests with one feeling of affection."

"Nay!" said Ernest, after a pause, and his voice sank to a whisper. "Do you not love Rudolph of Arnheim? If Helen becomes mine, will not you smile on her brother's suit?"

A strange smile passed over the face of Constance as she stood there in the moonlight. Could Ernest have read that smile he would have seen that nothing of love was felt by his sister for Baron Arnheim: but that she only endured his suit, in the hope that, by an alliance with the wealthy noble, she might advance her brother's fortunes. For the fame of Ernest, as well as his happiness were dearer to her than life: and she hoped to secure both by an alliance with Rudolph of Arnheim. Yet she hesitated to take the final step: something within her whispered to her to hold. Was it the future looking back, and giving her its monition?

"Perhaps so. Nay! if you wish it, yes!"

Such were her words: and again that strange smile passed over her countenance.

"Ah! sister," he replied, "not unless you love him. I know your nature. You would wed him, if you wished wealth or rank, even without affection; and feel secure that your high intellect should keep you from wrong, even if afterward you met one you could love. But, Constance, my sister, beware; many have thus fallen."

"I fear not," she replied, with a look of proud self-reliance. "The light of a strong intellect would burn pure even amid the mephitic air of vice. Strong in myself, I am equal to any destiny."

"Alas! our mother taught us not so," said Ernest. "Do you remember her dying words, 'blessed are they who trust in their Redeemer!' Oh! Constance, we are not strong enough in ourselves, but must seek strength from on high."

"Stay, brother," said Constance, "let us change the subject—we shall not agree." She had made her choice, and was not to be moved by the appeal. Alas! the pride of intellect.

A year had rolled away, and a gay bridal party stood before the altar. The ceremony was finished, and Constance Mansfield became the bride of Rudolph, Baron of Arnheim. In truth they were a pair on which the eye might rest with pleasure. His tall, commanding figure, graced by the decorations of many an order, might have well become a hero of the middle ages. The delicate hand of Constance rested on his arm, and her large eye fell carelessly on the multitude about them. A year in the society of

such a woman as Constance, had moulded even her husband into something more like cultivation and refinement than he had originally been. Bright eyes and happy hearts were there, for Ernest and Helen felt themselves more nearly united; and Helen was proud, very proud of her brother's wife.

Yet Ernest was not satisfied. His glance met the deep gaze of Constance. She wore that strange look as of one whose mind is traversing the present to rest on an ideal future. Oh, how fervently did the youth hope that his sister truly loved the man whom she had linked her destinies with. Yet her air was that of sufferance alone, rather than of love. That night his familiar spirits, hope and love, visited not his pillow; for his mind was agitated. He feared for Constance, and the dark shadows of life, for the first time, rested on his soul.

And Constance was the lady of Arnheim. It was her first step from the forward path of right—and when we step over the threshold of sin, the way back is darkened and the light shines onward. Had Constance mated with one of sympathies and mind equal to her own, gloriously might she have lived, and thrice happy would the being have been to whom she linked her spirit! The affections, that now were made subservient to the intellect, might then have been made to assert their proper sway: and oh! what a glorious woman she would then have been. But it was not so, and from the one error the shadow of evil fell around her, and the dark temptations of sin sprang into existence. Why need we tell of her sufferings?—is she not most unhappy? a soul unappreciated, its most cherished feelings scoffed at; and when she ceased to hope for a thought in common with him, to be cursed by his presence.

But yet she bore it as a woman bears her wrongs—without one word of complaint. That proud spirit would shrink from pity as from hate. Hers were what are termed trivial annoyances, which gall the chafed soul far more than great evils can. Yet with all her sorrows her eye still was bright, and her forehead fair: and she would still be gay, at least in seeming.

There was yet one joy left her, and that was to sit with her brother, whilst her husband was absent, and picture to him the glories of fame as she did in times gone by: and the hopes of Ernest beat high, for he felt that he might pierce the cloud that rested on the human heart, and yield to woman the words of hope and love, fresh from the fountain within him. Poor enthusiast!

They were happy days for Helen—as she sat by the side of Ernest, and listened to the recital of his hopes; and her trusting spirit never darkened them by one fear. On the next year

they were to renew before man the vows they had pledged in secret. Once his wife, would they not both be happy as the gracious airs of life admit of.

Alas! poor Constance, her proud spirit is ever wounded by her sadly chosen lord. On one occasion, thinking his earthly nature more kindly than its wont, she spoke of what she wished to do for her dear brother, to aid him in his struggle with humanity—but he scoffed at the only being she had ever loved, and vowed no wealth of his should feed a vagabond scribbler.

It needed but this to sever the last remembrance of the vows she had given at the altar. For her brother's sake she had married this man: and now the sacrifice was naught. Oh! the suffering of that proud woman. A tear had almost glistened in her eye; but the weakness was momentary: and she stood the calm, self-confident and reasoning being.

The weak mind that sinks under the lightest gloom of sorrow knows not the intensity of suffering which the mighty spirit feels when it wrestles with the dark shadows of life. Wouldst thou mark the workings of an oppressed spirit? Go with me to the chamber where sits the unhappy Constance. She is pale as marble; her bright eyes droop as if guarding the arena within, where conflicting emotions are striving for mastery. See her bosom heave; and how lifeless her white hand rests on the couch before her. Yet the deep concentration of her mind is written on the fixed lips, and on the mouth rigid as in death.

A dark spirit is reasoning with her.

"Shall you ever be the slave of this brutish man?" it said. "Shall your lofty intellect be held subservient to his mere animal will? Shall your brother suffer, in his struggle, for fame, because your callous husband will not assist him? Is this justice? Dare you not free yourself? The tyrant sleeps, a single blow will extricate you, will make you sole mistress of vast wealth, will open the career of glory to Ernest! Can the death of a wretch like Arnheim be a crime? When this great good is to flow from it?"

Such wild sophistries rushed through her brain. Oh! had she had less pride of intellect, Constance might have been saved.

She arose from her couch, her hair hanging in loose tresses over her white shoulders, and passing to the window of her apartment, gazed long and steadfastly on the world without, then taking something from a casket, she slowly left the room, softly waving her hand as though bidding adieu to its old haunts ere her spirit plumed itself for a higher flight.

Her step is firm, and her eye quails not before the fixed purpose of her soul. She reaches the door of the room in which the Baron of Arnheim

reclines. Gazing cautiously around she glides through the opened door into the apartment. It was mid-day, and the sun in the maturity of his greatness flooded the room with light. There is a solemn stillness at noon-day that oppresses the spirit: the unseen shadows gather around the heart almost as darkly then as in their truant hour of midnight.

The husband of Constance slept, from the fatigues of the chase: his muscular form rested heavily on the couch, his head pillowed in his broad hand, and his deep breathing told that tired vitality was gathering its energies for another life. She stood by the sleeping form, and threw back the wild tresses that fell over her face; and from her bosom drew a slender poignard, long and thin almost as a bodkin. It was a fearful sight. The energies of a mighty mind shone in her piercing look, and attitude of defiance: her arm, bare save the jeweled wrist, brandished the glittering steel. Yet she hesitated, a smile for a moment played on the lips of the sleeping man; he was dreaming perchance of the recent chase. That chance smile had almost changed the purpose of Constance. But memory called back her thoughts to the spot they had fled, and again there was death in her eye.

The steel was raised, and she proudly looked around her—never could the rapt enthusiast's frame glow with more transcendent beauty. But it was as the bright colors of the serpent, that but render the deadly venom of the reptile more terrible.

She bends over the form of her husband, and the poignard nears his face. Swiftly she forces it into the expanded nostril, through the delicate bones, until its point rests in his brain. A spasm passed through his frame, and the Baron of Arnheim died without a murmur.

As she withdrew the steel, a wild scream broke the oppressive stillness, and the fainting form of Helen sank at the feet of Constance. She had accidentally sought the apartment, and reached the door in time to behold her beloved brother murdered; but too late to save him. A doubt, half formed, seemed resting for a moment in the mind of Constance; but it vanished immediately: she carefully returned the poignard to her bosom—and gazed upon the face of her victim—a single drop of blood rolled from the nostril, the only witness that the direct hand of God had not smitten him. This she wiped away with a firm hand. Then she raised the form of Helen in her arms and bore her from the chamber of death.

The next morning, when Helen awoke, the tall form of Constance, robed in deep black, stood before her.

"Ah, Constance, dear," exclaimed Helen, "I

have had such a dreadful dream. I thought——” but the dark robe of Constance suddenly re-called the truth to her.

The same wild shrieks as when she beheld the deed broke from her lips; and she passed again into insensibility. Constance sat down beside the couch, and waited her return to reason. Then ensued a terrible struggle in Helen's heart. The brightest spirits of earth, love and the pure affection of a sister, struggled together in that gentle soul. She gazed on Constance, and beholding the murderess of her brother, revenge arose in her heart. Again she looked, and as she recognized the sister of that Ernest whom she loved, she covered her eyes with her hands, waiting to hear Constance explain her guilt away if possible.

The calm eye of Constance read the workings of her spirit, and she exclaimed—

“Helen, you know all. You have seen how, goaded by contact with a mind that breathed not even the same air as my own, urged by feelings which may you, Helen, never know, you have seen me rid myself from the evil, and pluck from my heart the thorn that alas! I placed there myself. To you, a sister, Helen, I must not tell what I have suffered; but cast from your mind every blossom which makes earth fair, and still you cannot feel one half the deadly agony of my soul. Nay! speak not, Helen. I am in your power: divulge what you have seen; and the world would talk of murder, ay! and you would have the sweet satisfaction of seeing the sister of your betrothed husband perish on the scaffold, hooted by the multitude. Yet, Helen, reflect—it has been done, and there is nothing you can gain but revenge—my life, is it that you wish? take it, and the steel will be welcome to my heart—but put me not in the power of man. Oh! Ernest, my brother,” and her voice trembled slightly, “may the Great Spirit receive your soul ere such a fate befalls your sister.”

The frame of Helen was convulsed by the strong agony of her mind.

“Constance,” she sobbed, “it is fearful: my brain is on fire. I cannot gather into shape my thoughts. But oh! Constance, if I forget my brother—if I forget the faith I have pledged to Ernest—still must I remember that you are guilty—that the one I have loved with a sister's affection is tarnished by sin.”

“Helen,” responded Constance, and the sophistical philosophy which had led her to the deed, now spoke, “you think I have sinned—but is my mind less pure, is my soul less bright since yesterday? Know you not, woman of a gentle soul, that the pure atom of the eternal spirit granted to each at his birth, mingles in the stream of passions, dwells with each dark feeling of earth, and is still the same clear and bright ray as

when it first fell on the human mind: and when it leaves this world to seek an abode where the shades of earth cannot follow it, it is winnowed from its dark companions, and returns to the Great Spirit as pure and bright as when it first sought the heart of man. Such is the human soul. Dost dream the deeds of earth ever tarnish an immortal essence, or that the shadows of life can hide the pure gold of heaven? Mind,” continued the sophist, “dwells with matter, but is not of it; why do not the loathsome diseases of the body pollute the mind? The spiritual use the passions and feelings of earth, as the chief his mercenary bands that are dismissed when the object is won; so the spirit, when its furlough upon earth is over, bids farewell to the affections, to the loves and the dreams of life, which it has presided over, and passes alone over the threshold of eternity.”

“Constance,” said Helen, solemnly, and with a calmness and strength of mind of which Constance had thought her incapable. “I cannot answer your arguments—but my heart tells me they are false. The wise and beneficent Being who has placed us here, has given to each of us a knowledge of good and of evil, and as we seek the one and fly the other, so will our reward be in the land of promise. Good cannot come from the cold reasoning which usurps the throne of the affections: and I repeat, Constance, you have gathered your food from the tree of evil—you have broken the laws of God, and you seek to extinguish, by the cold sophistry of reason, the burning sense of your own shame. Think not that I wish to revenge my brother's death. One soft tear of affection dropped on his grave would soothe the spirit of the dead more than a torrent of avenging blood. No, Constance, live—yours will be a life of agony; and oh! may you, by prayer and a contrite spirit, receive that grace from on high which alone can blot out your sins. Nor think yet that I forbear vengeance—for the love I have pledged to Ernest—those vows are now cancelled; but the memory of my love shall be the taper to light out the few years only that I feel I shall pass on earth. My brother's blood forbids that I should ever again twine my spirit with Ernest's, or think of love. Happiness never can dwell again in my bosom. There is a guest there now that will permit of no comrade. But I shall not reproach you. Farewell, and fear not. The secret shall die with me.”

With desperate energy she left the room, and reaching another apartment, sank almost lifeless.

Constance stood in deep thought. The woman of the strong mind was abashed before an inferior spirit. But the weapon which Helen had flashed in the face of Constance was that of truth, and her eye had quailed under it.

The sun is gaily adorning the clouds with his beams, the trees are dressed in their brightest green, and the birds are singing softly; perhaps the story of their woes. Nature bears but little sympathy with the outward signs of woe—many are gathered around that bier, but Helen is not there, for the agitation of her mind, the stern conflict of her spirit had induced bodily illness, and this trial is spared her. How beautiful does Constance look, resting on the manly arm of her brother. Happy Ernest, he dreams not of what is passing in her mind; he but pities his widowed sister. Haste thee, Ernest, gather rays from the bright beams of joy, for soon that light shall set behind the clouds of misfortune, and the ideal world in which thou livest shall fade away, and thy warm spirit will fall on the damp cold earth.

The funeral service was over and the body of Rudolph of Arnheim reposed with the dust of his ancestors, no record remaining to tell the mode of his death, for the feelings of his wife permitted not the physicians to mutilate his form, in searching for the rent by which his spirit escaped.

From the window of her chamber Helen could see the funeral procession returning, and as it slowly wound amid the serpentine paths, the chill of death seemed to fall on her heart. She felt that she was the confidant of her brother's murderer; that her hand was linked with that of his assassin; that every joy of life was passed; and as she gazed into the future—not a single hope lighted its dark recesses. Helen may never be happy again. A deep and fearful secret rests in a mind intended only for the gentlest affections of life, and it cannot bear up against its burden.

Constance still remained in the mansion of her deceased lord, but the unquiet soul hath not deepened a line on her face. The demon of remorse is hid deep in her heart. But her eye has an absent look, for her mind dwelleth not on the world around her. She meets Helen in her daily walk. Yet no word falls from the lips of either, of the dark secret which oppresses their spirits. To stifle the shades she had herself invoked, Constance clings more strongly than ever to the cold hopes she has rested on, the incorruptibility of mind. How the pride of reason still burns, whilst the demons of remorse feed on the energies of her powerful mind? But it is a pure love she bears for her brother: 'tis the unselfish feeling of one seeking for another a bliss it may not taste of itself. Still does she point out to him the road to fame, and still does she speak of the glories of pre-eminence, and of an immortal name; and often in the very loneliness of her spirit does that proud woman exhort the gentle student to never, never forget her. The very strength of her mind has separated her

from all around her, and she has deepened the shadows that isolate her from man in the dark waters of sin. She is lonely, very lonely.

A few days have passed away, and the beams of the setting sun are bathing the wan brow of Ernest Mansfield, as he reclines against an old giant of the wood.

"Oh, why," he murmurs, "did the curious fates tear from my eyes the bright cloud through which the world looked so fair? What are fame and glory to me now? for there is no loved one at whose feet to lay my honors. How coldly she gazes upon me, and her every movement seems to avoid my presence—I never dreamed of this. I lived, happy that my own spirit had twined itself closely with another, and in this sweet flower my hopes were plucked, it has withered beneath the blast. But her indifference cannot change my feelings. Still may the shadow of my love brighten her path through life, as the withdrawal of hers has darkened forever my journey to the grave. But why does that eye, which beamed on me my own love again, wreathed with the bright rays of her warm spirit?—why does it now bear a mingled look of pity, and, if I read aright, indifference? Better, better could I have borne her hate! My spirit asks why has she changed? To the true soul, when once in its depths a pure love hath rested its abiding light, there is no change."

And in the anguish of his spirit the pale enthusiast pressed his hand on his brow.

At last his agitated thoughts seemed to have found the demon they were roving in search of—and he leaped to his feet, exclaiming—

"Ha, I know it all now—she allies not herself to the poor dreamer—she believes no longer in my oft postponed hopes, and bids me lay my honors at her feet, and then and not until then, claim the hand of Helen of Arnheim. Ah! Helen," cried the youth, "I little thought this of you—but it shall be done. I must strive, I must struggle with man, and instead of being lighted at every step of my career by the beams of an ever-present love, its first rays must now fall on me through the shadow of my successes."

How little, Ernest, dost thou dream of the deadly agony—of the stern conflict of soul, which enabled her whom thou falsely accusest, to hide her love from thee! But still, Ernest, thou art happy in the confidence of thy own genius, thou speakest of honors that man will freely accord thee! But mark, Ernest, genius must have strength to snatch the glory which the curious spirit of man yields not willingly!

Constance still lives on, the cause of all the misery around her, which she knows yet cannot mitigate. Yet, instead of falling from the flimsy fabric of sophistry by which she climbed to the

dark home of sin; instead of sinking into the arms of religion, she still clings to her error. Yet there still lingers in her heart feelings that had birth there long since, which writhe when the suffering brow of Helen rises before them, and trembles at the wild fire which sparkles in the eye of Ernest, that tells the intensity of his hopes.

What a life was hers! Each day contemplating the sad face of Helen, and marking her failing strength. And Ernest, her brother, on his glowing soul the waters of disappointment have been poured. Amid the wreck of happiness around her she stands on the barren rock of reason, the proud and lofty spirit. Often are the pangs of remorse deadened by the abject humiliation of the soul; but when the strong mind is erect, and calm in sorrow as in gladness, and awake to every withering blast of misfortune, then only can the human heart feel its intensest agony! Thus was it with Constance.

Goaded by the imagined contempt of Helen, Ernest resolved to test his dreams of the night by the broad glare of noon. He must leave the sequestered mansion of Arnheim and dwell in the every-day walks of man. The moment of departure had come, and Helen felt that the chills of death were gathering around her heart, as with a trembling lip she bade him farewell. But when he, in the ardor of hope, forgetting all his fancied wrongs, clasped her to his bosom and kissed her pale brow, her resolution had almost given way. The quivering lip and scalding tear told her agitation, and as though her mind sank from the present into the past, she murmured unconsciously, as in by-gone happy days,

"Dear Ernest, do not leave us."

But memory resumed its seat, and she tore herself from his grasp. The lip still quivered, but the tear dried up on her cheek, and the warm glance of affection left her face for the deep expression of a hopeless sorrow. Ay, Ernest, cast thy thoughts about thee to read the cause of Helen's strange conduct. But thou wilt never know the desolation of her spirit. Her trials, her struggles, and her love will sink with her to the tomb. And thou wilt frame that look of deadly anguish perhaps into one of contempt at thy poverty, or a sneer at the day dreams of thy existence.

The parting between Constance and her brother awoke the memory of the heart in her mind, and as she pressed her cold lips to his, she whispered to him, that "let whatever come, to be prepared for disappointment." How brightly does the pure affection of a sister linger in her mind? Her eye followed the vehicle which bore him from her until it mingled in the mazes of the distance, and then the intensity of loneliness fell upon her

spirit, and though her mind formed not the wish, oh! how welcome would have been the deep forgetfulness of the grave.

On Helen the lighter pangs of sorrow seem to fall unheeded. Each new misery mingled unnoticed with her over-burdened spirit; for it was wrapped in the stupefaction of despair, and if but a thought of joy flashed on her soul, it but showed the depths of its anguish. It was the memory of his love to her, to which her immortal spirit clung, or it would long ere this have winged its flight to the mansions of the blessed; for it dreaded to step over the boundary which must separate her from him.

But let us follow Ernest in his flight. He mingles with man, but he finds that the quiet walks of meditation are no fit school for the spirit which would conflict with life; and each day the fire of his hopes burns lower and lower. But he has an energy of hope which is not supported by the strength of his mind. He has dreamed of success so long, and his hopes locked their tendrils with his very life itself, until his existence is so mingled with his bright visions that the rude hand of reality avails not to separate them—they flourish or fade together.

Poor Ernest, he knows but little of man. He measures them by his own height, and the sober, calculating beings of earth, whose minds reach no spot to which their limbs cannot bear them, deem him almost mad. Yet why should Ernest complain? He understands them as little, feels as little with these joys and sorrows as they do of his.

The story of Ernest's struggles is an oft-told tale. Why need we repeat how the cold sneer chilled his warm soul, or how the shafts of a grovelling ridicule darkened the brightness of thoughts, the force of which it could know nothing. 'Tis a sad tale—the struggles of a pure being, and these chords in our hearts which vibrate to the mournful plaint of a bright spirit as it sinks beneath the dark waters of life.

A year has rolled away, carrying with it its joys and its sorrows—the memory of which, however, still lingers in the hearts which they have either brightened or thrown their dark shadows upon. None but the kindly eye of affection could recognize in the haggard look, in the wild glance, and the emaciated form—the once fair brow and bright eye of Ernest Mansfield. He still lingers around the tomb of all his glorious dreams, and his life has now no object to hope—to live for. He fancies that Helen will now love him not—"ay," he cries, in the bitterness of his spirit, "could I ask her to love me? As well bid the wild rose of the leafy dell to grow beside the wrecked vessel, as it lies on the barren sand."

The last gleam of hope had but left his bosom,



when he was summoned to the death-bed of Helen. She had asked for him. Until now he thought that life could not add to his sorrow, that the cup of his despair was full; but his spirit, in all its anguish, had turned to the love of Helen as a bright spot on earth, where it might still breathe an atmosphere of happiness. His last comfort was now about to be snatched from him, and an utter darkness fell upon his spirit.

It was a calm, beautiful day, and the sunbeams shone brightly on the walls and turrets of Arnheim. A deep stillness rests throughout its halls, for the angel of death is there, and it hath seized its victim from the gentlest of God's creatures. It was a glorious hour for a spirit to take its flight, with the last impress of earthly beauty lingering around its heavenly brightness.

The sun was yet a few hours journey from the horizon, and a rich flood of light filled the chamber. The dying girl was lying on a couch with her head resting on the arm of an attendant, whilst her hand was clasped in that of Constance, on whom she cast a glance of deep affection, as though her immortal spirit, at this moment, was freed from its bondage to the memory of her brother.

"Dear Constance," she whispered, "seek heaven. Leave vain philosophy and the creations of human reason: such false lights bear not the test of a dying hour. And oh! sister, as I wrestle with death, the dark cloud which the shade of my brother hath imposed upon me is drawn aside, and I can yield myself to the gentle hand of affection, and speak, as of yore, of the love I bear to all, to you, Constance, and to—" here her voice faltered, and she sunk back on her pillow, murmuring, "why does he not come?—haste, haste, for the powers of death are gathering around my heart, and I would see him before I die."

"He will be here presently, dearest," said Constance, "he would not tarry on the way."

"Oh," sobbed Helen, and the agony of her spirit seemed to overpower, for a moment, the agents of dissolution, "he will not come, I know it. Constance he cannot forgive me, for he feels I have trifled with the dearest affections of his soul—that I have darkened his pathway through life. Oh! God, but for one moment to tell him that I still love him; in death as in life. I cannot die—my spirit will not leave the earth whilst this cloud rests upon it. Look, Constance, is he not coming? No! All is still again, and my memory will be dark upon earth."

Constance wiped the dew of death from her brow, and moistened her lips with water.

"Yes," she gasped, "beseech this frail body of mine to contain its immortal treasure a little longer. Yet, oh! how sweet the voice of death

would be to my soul if I could but see him ere I go hence." Her lips moved as in prayer, whilst a smile withered on her face, under the cold expression of death, as she exclaimed, "but we shall meet in heaven—meet in an eternal loveliness of spirit, led from the shadow of sorrow and sin by the gentle hand of death."

She lay motionless, and her quick breathing was the only sound which broke the awful stillness. Ever and anon would the anxious eye of Constance seek to penetrate the distance. But yet no Ernest came.

They watched the dying girl until the setting sun gathered his brightest rays for a last glorious gush of light, and as it fell on her pallid face it showed more than earthly beauty; for as the spirit is about to pass away, it assumes its superiority over the failing body, and marks it with the impress of its own loveliness.

The sun now sank behind the hills, leaving a posthumous glory in the rich golden clouds. The film of death was spreading itself over the eyes of Helen, whilst the cold limbs and hurried breathing told that earth was fading before her, and death gently pointing out the glories of the world beyond.

"He comes," cried Constance, as a horseman appeared in the distance, urging the animal he bestrode to his utmost speed.

At the sound Helen opened her eyes, and with a faint smile she said, as though addressing the bright messenger of the eternal spirit,

"But a moment—but a moment, and I will go with thee. Sit by me, Constance dear," she continued, "I feel lonely."

A step was heard on the stairs, and Ernest rushed into the room. His hair hung in matted locks about his face; his eyes were wildly rolling in their orbits; whilst an unutterable anguish had written its story on his brow. He threw himself beside the bed of death, and kissed the cold lips of the dying Helen.

"Helen," he screamed, "live, live, it is I; do you not know Ernest?"

"Ernest," fell unconsciously from her lips, "Ernest."

A look of affection, called by memory alone, vied with the cold stare of death: then a mournful smile spoke returning intelligence, as she softly sighed, "too late, too late:" and Constance gently closed her eyes—for she was dead.

A deep mystery is death, and a glorious boon it is to the one for whom its dark avenue is but a road, leading from the shadows and sorrows of time to the bright mansions of eternity. When we look upon the lovely form, which the spirit hath forever left, and gaze into the filmy eye of the dead, we ask, "where are the bright flowers of earth, which wreathed themselves around the

—where are the loves, the affections, and the pure hopes now that their immortal companion hath gone from them?" But a little time, oh! death, and may we all be gathered under thy shadow, seeking the realm of an everlasting joy. Think you that Helen's soul feels the unquiet of her earthly moments? Can the memory of life's shadows tarnish the brightness of an immortal spirit?

How the past gathers to its bosom the lights and shades of the present; and when memory glances through the avenues of time, it often sees naught but the brightness. But it was not so with Constance. On her strong mind the past was fairly pictured, and to her now there was no future: and her spirit must dwell amid the shadows of this terrible past.

Years, many years have gone, with their days, their hours, and moments to the land of memory, and Constance still lives. She is but little changed, though her brow is not so fair, and a wrinkle may have nestled on her cheek, still her eye is cold, and beautiful, and her hand is of snowy whiteness.

The evening is calm, and the last sunbeam has but just fled before the spirits of the night; and Constance is alone—along among the dead. She walks slowly amid the grave-stones, from which the names of those who rest beneath them are fast wearing away. She stops before a grave, on which wild flowers cluster, and the long, dank grass waves mournfully. A marble slab is there. It tells that hopes, and fears, joys and sorrow once dwelt in a thing of clay, which now moulders within that mound. There is a name upon it. By the twilight's fading gleams read it.

ERNEST MANSFIELD.

Ay! she has come to the grave of her brother. That grave has never been hallowed by a single

tear. But a deep affection guards it from oblivion. There is a vacant place near it—another mound is there to rest upon a bosom which now beats with no impulse of the present—memory and remorse will make the damp, cold earth a blessing to her spirit. And oh! would that her soul might mingle with her brother's in heaven as upon earth.

She sat beside the grave until the cold moonbeams sank into her heart, and, as she rose to depart, it seemed that the measure of her grief was full. There was not a kindly heart that beat for her upon earth. She sought her home. It was the old hall of Mansfield, for she had long since left the walls of Arnheim; and in this old mansion had Ernest died in her arms. She seeks the room, where, in the days of her youth, she sat beside her brother, and filled his mind with the glory of life. Again she sits by the casement, and again the moonbeams flood her brow—and perhaps she feels that life, which has been to her the tomb of each hope and dream of her childhood, might now have been fairer if virtue and religion had guarded the portals of her mind. An intensity of loneliness has fallen on her spirit. The shadows of the past are dark and cold, and the future warmed by no hope, and she is alone, alone. The pride of reason has sunk beneath the lonely spirit, and a tear trembles in her eye, the only tear those eyes have ever moulded.

There are those whose spirits are pure until sorrow bids them seek the path of sin. But, like the wild anemone which uncloses but its choicest flowers to the blast, so there are souls whose beauties expand but beneath the blasts of affliction. A dreary life is thine, Constance; and happy are they on whom the grave throws its pall, ere their brightest hopes have faded.

## EDITH; OR, MARRYING IN FUN, AND MARRYING IN EARNEST.

BY CLARA MORETON.

### CHAPTER I.

BEAUTIFUL Edith Bryant! Bewitching, coquetish Edith! How with my unskilful pencil shall I ever be able to give even a faint idea of her graceful loveliness? Wild as an untamed gazelle, and light of heart as the tuneful wood-bird, was the joyous Edith at seventeen. Never had sorrow dimmed the lustrous radiance of her large, blue eyes, and all unconsciously had she glided into womanhood, without dreaming of grief or care—those phantom forms which ever shadow, and too often walk side by side with woman in her pathway.

At fifteen had come Edith's first heart sorrow. The father who had loved her with such devoted fondness—who had gratified her every wish—who had heretofore so tenderly guarded and guided her footsteps, was suddenly taken from her. For more than a year Edith refused to leave her mother, to participate with her companions in any amusement, but at length yielding to their persuasions, and to her mother's wishes, she promised to accompany them upon a proposed pic-nic the ensuing week.

The day arrived—a gloriously beautiful day in June, and Edith, light of heart as in the days ago, flung her arms around her mother's neck, and whispered her fond farewell. The place selected was one of the most beautiful upon the banks of the Schuylkill. From the river's brink a smooth, green lawn spread upward, until it reached the marble colonnade of an elegant mansion, deserted by its owner on account of the unhealthiness of the situation at some seasons of the year. Beyond the house a dark green forest swept around the hill-side—and in the grounds between were latticed arbors, clasped by swaying vines; and beside the walks were odorous shrubs, and choice flowers; and from

amidst them all came the musical plashes of falling fountains, mingling with the prolonged warblings of the wild wood-birds.

Edith was delighted with everything she saw. She glided in and out amidst the shrubbery, singing with the birds, and laughing with the fountains, and at length wearied, sat down upon a garden seat within an arbor. How beautiful she looked there, with her thick curls almost shadowing her face, and that swan-like curve of her neck! No wonder that Horace Russell stood motionless, concealed amidst the shrubbery, to gaze upon such a divinity?

A merry group of laughing girls, suddenly emerging from a winding path, stood in front of the arbor.

"Here's Edith," cried one, "oh, you good-for-nothing truant! how dare you frighten us all so?—for a full hour we have seen nothing of you."

"You look exceedingly frightened, all of you," said Edith, laughing.

"Here's Mr. Russell," said another, as he welcomed and joined the group—"Miss Bryant, Mr. Russell."

"Now for another conquest, Edith—Mr. Russell is a most famous woman-hater, and I'm going to leave him to your tender mercies," whispered the mischievous Kate Connell; "his heart is already half gone, for he stood watching you through the shrubbery like a draperied statue."

The least bit of a smile curled Edith's proud lips as Horace Russell left the group and joined her. Through the arching wood-paths they wandered together. Side by side upon the mossy banks of the forest rivulet they sat, and Edith rattled on in her own wild way, while her companion listened with lover-like attention.

Meanwhile some of those who had left Edith

and Horace in the arbor, had joined the rest of the party in the large saloon, where they were preparing for dancing.

"Mr. Russell is fairly in love—guess with whom," said Kate Connell, as she danced up to a group near one of the windows which looked out upon the colonnade.

"Not with you—I am sure of that," answered her brother Harry, while at the same time his eyes wandered with an eager gaze over the room.

"And not Edith Bryant, I hope," say your eyes as plainly as eyes can speak, brother mine," replied the roguish girl—"but, nevertheless, *it is Edith*—now, *who* has a rival?"

"The very one to suit his fastidious taste," said Edward Vanlyn, a young theological student; "I should not be surprised if I should have the pleasure of marrying them sometime—eh, Harry?"

"He would rather marry her himself, I'm thinking," chimed in Kate again. The music struck up a waltz. Kate seized her brother, and in a moment more was rapidly whirling around the room with the rest of the company. The inviting sounds penetrated the leafy retreat where Horace and Edith were sitting, and they hastily retraced their steps and joined the dancers.

"I don't believe Russell ever waltzed as much with a lady before in his life," whispered Vanlyn to Kate. "You know he is terribly afraid of ladies, and fancies that every one that smiles upon him has designs upon his heart—his purse, I should say."

"Well, is he really very rich?"

"About twenty thousand a year."

"Is it possible! I did not suppose he had so much. I wish Edith would fancy him; but see how indifferently she receives all his attentions."

Quadrille followed quadrille, and still Horace Russell lingered by Edith's side. Harry Connell was absent-minded and dull, and thought it the most stupid pic-nic he ever was on; while Kate and Edward Vanlyn voted it the most delightful.

Adjoining the room where they were dancing, was one which still remained partly furnished. The large mirrors paneled in the walls reflected the graceful forms of the few who were standing in the centre.

"Oh, this is a delightful room," said Edith; "now if there were only lace curtains to those lofty windows—paintings scattered over the walls—elegant furniture tastefully arranged, I would not desire any spot more beautiful."

"Mr. Russell had better purchase the place, it suits you so well, Miss Bryant," said Vanlyn.

"Would you come and live with him here if he would?" whispered Kate, looking archly in her face.

The whisper had been overheard, and Vanlyn again spoke—

"Mr. Russell, *you* had better ask that question."

"Come, Mr. Russell, do," said Kate, "it would be so delightful to say I had overheard an offer."

Thus bantered, Horace Russell turned to Edith and laughingly said—

"Miss Bryant, if I will purchase this place, will you come and be my singing-bird?"

"Oh, most assuredly I will—wouldn't it be delightful to warble all day through such rooms as these?"

"Accepted, 'pon my honor! who would have believed it—I congratulate you, Russell; and now here you are, all dressed in white, suppose we have a wedding!" said Vanlyn.

"Agreed; that will be delightful," cried Kate.

"This is folly—don't carry the joke any further," said Harry Connell.

"It's no joke—its up and down, righty-dighty earnest; isn't it, Edward?" laughed Kate, "and I'll be bridesmaid; and let me see, who'll be the other, Edith?—here, Harry, you stand with Helen Ayre."

"I do not wish to have anything to do with this," he answered, moodily.

"Now don't get jealous—we are only in fun: come take your place."

The party was soon arranged. Edward Vanlyn stood in front of the pretended bride and groom, commencing in solemn tones the marriage ceremony. The young men who had gathered around laughed as they saw Russell's uneasiness, when he answered "I will," and whispered amongst themselves that Edith would say, "I will not," but to the surprise of all, she continued the joke to the last.

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder—salute your bride," were the concluding words of Vanlyn.

Russell turned, but Edith glided away from him with a musical laugh, and escaped into the saloon. Her companions followed.

"Oh, Edith!" said Helen Ayre, "I am all in a tremble, and I can hardly crush the tears back, it seems so like a real bridal."

"And so it is a real bridal," said Edward Vanlyn—"you do not suppose I would make a jest of my sacred office?"

"You are jesting now," said one.

"No, I am not; I knew it would be a match some time or other, and I was afraid I should lose the fee if I did not embrace the opportunity. I expect a hundred dollars at least."

A sudden gloom spread over the before joyous party.

"You have been nicely trapped," whispered some one in Russell's ear; "Vanlyn is a cousin

of hers, and I've no doubt it was all planned before."

Russell grew pallid—he staggered and leaned for support against the window casement. Vanlyn approached him—

"What is the matter, Russell—are you sick?"

"No, nothing!—you theological students are not privileged to marry, are you?"

"No, not generally; but didn't you know that I took orders about a month ago?"

Russell started nervously forward—and Harry Connell, who had been standing near, said to himself as he turned away, "I would give worlds if I was in that fellow's place."

It was a relief to all when the proposition was made to return home. Russell could not be persuaded to take a seat in the same carriage with Edith. She was surprised that he did not join their party, but when Vanlyn explained his peculiarities, she at first felt indignant—then in a spirit of mischief called out, at the suggestion of one of them,

"Good-night, dear, take good care of yourself—I am sorry there is not room for you here."

Now the next day found Horace Russell in the office of one of the most eminent lawyers in the city. It was fully proved to him that the marriage was legal, and with a troubled brow and a heavy heart, he retraced his steps to his elegant apartments.

Covering his face with his hands, he threw himself upon a fauteuil, and mentally reviewed the scenes of the day before. He called to memory every look, every smile which could bear against Edith.

"It was a plot! an infamous plot!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet—"she would not have stood beside a stranger, and allowed such a ceremony even in jest, had she not dreamed of diamonds and jewels, and all the baubles a woman loves; but I will escape from her yet."

Meanwhile Harry Connell, who had overheard Vanlyn tell Russell that he had taken orders, called at Mrs. Bryant's, and was admitted into the charming little boudoir, where Edith passed her mornings when in.

The soft light falling through the curtains of rose colored silk, lit her pure complexion with a beautiful glow, and Harry thought her more exquisitely lovely than ever, as she rose to welcome him.

"I must call you Mrs. Russell now, Edith," he said, "it will seem very strange."

"Why, Harry, how foolishly you talk—I would not be Mrs. Russell for all the world."

"But, Edith, you are."

"But, Sir Harry, I am not, and if you do not wish to quarrel, do not insult me in that way. Mr. Russell is a delightful partner in a dance,

but in other respects anything but agreeable to me."

"Edith, I am in solemn earnest when I tell you that if he chooses he can claim you, and you might be compelled by law to live with him."

She grew pale with affright as she clasped her hands, and bent toward him, saying—

"Oh! Harry, do not frighten me so—it cannot be: Edward would never have done this—he surely would not."

"In his thoughtless levity, Edith, perhaps he forgot that the marriage would be a legal one, but his thoughtlessness does not excuse him."

"If you knew, why did you not interfere?"

"I did not know at the time that Vanlyn had taken orders; and even as it was, I was momentarily expecting him to stop."

Poor Edith was now in trouble. She flew to her mother the moment that Harry left, and told her all. Mrs. Bryant was equally alarmed, and sent for her lawyer to consult with him upon the subject. His opinion agreed with those already expressed.

Edith's fears, however, for a time were vain. Russell was widening the distance between them with all the speed which rail-cars and steamboats could accomplish. The affair came at last to be considered a joke, and Edith laughed at her own fears.

## CHAPTER II.

Two years have passed, and Edith has long since found it impossible to reciprocate the love which Harry Connell eloquently plead; but there is another voice whose tones are music to her ears—another face whose smile is sunshine to her heart.

Arthur Algernon—the seeming proud, cold-hearted Englishman has wooed Edith to his beautiful home—the home which he has so luxuriously furnished; and there Edith reigns, the all but worshipped queen of his heart.

Her jewel-cases he has loaded with diamonds and pearls, and every beautiful thing which he could imagine would please and gratify her taste, but of all the regal jewels which Edith wears her husband prizes most the meek and gentle spirit of his loving wife. We did not know how strong a power love possessed to subdue and chasten the wild, untamed emotions of the heart, until Edith learned us the beautiful lesson.

Edith was but nineteen when Arthur clasping her pallid hand in his, bent beside her all-but lifeless form to kiss the brow of his first born. Tears dropped like rain from his eyes upon the snowy pillow, as a voiceless prayer arose from his heart, that she, his tenderly beloved Edith, might not be taken from him.

Day after day: night after night with unceasing

vigilance did he sit beside her couch, watching with eager hope the faint rose-tinge which began to steal over her transparent cheeks. At length, when pillowed in an easy-chair, she was able to sit up, and hold in her arms for a few moments the baby boy, whom she bent over with such doting fondness, Arthur was nearly wild with joy.

"Oh, Edith, my darling! thank God that you were spared to me, for life to me would have been worse than death without you. Ask of me what you will, there is not a thing under heaven I would not do for you, who have periled so much for me."

She remembered that promise in after days, when a trouble which she had never anticipated came like a blight upon her.

Edith's walks and rides were resumed, and at length she so far recovered her strength as to venture to accept an invitation to a bridal company. Beautiful! radiantly beautiful looked Edith, as gliding amongst the guests, she advanced to congratulate the bride. Suddenly she paused, and tremblingly clung to her husband's arm—"oh, Arthur! take me away! take me away!" she cried. His eyes followed those of his wife, and rested upon the troubled countenance of a stranger, who was looking reproachfully and steadily at Edith.

"Was it possible that his Edith had ever loved before?—if not, why this emotion?" This thought sped with lightning-like rapidity through his mind, and conducting his wife to a seat, he hastily left her.

It was Horace Russell whom Edith had seen; and the memory of all the unpleasant feelings which had followed the picnic, rushed through her mind at once. She knew it was but a jest, yet the strange expression upon his face annoyed her; and weakened by previous illness, she lost her presence of mind.

The first that Edith knew after her husband left her, was that Mr. Russell was standing beside her.

"I have been a wanderer for three years," said he, "haunted by one memory, and have returned to find that you have considered our unfortunate marriage as a jest."

"Do not speak so loud, I beg of you," gasped Edith.

"You cannot imagine how bitterly I feel toward those who have caused me all this unhappiness," commenced Russell, in a lower tone, "and I——" he stopped suddenly, for Edith, with a half-suppressed scream, fell backward. She had seen her husband's face reflected from behind her, in the large mirror opposite, and in the eyes were an expression which she had never seen before. As she met his gaze in the glass, he turned from her with a scornful, withering

look. It sped like an arrow to Edith's heart; and she fell lifeless against the cushions of the lounge.

They bore her from the crowded room—they bathed her marble brow and lips until she opened her eyes, and looked wildly around her.

"Oh! Arthur, take me home," was all she said, but in vain they looked for Mr. Algernon—he was not to be found.

Her carriage was waiting at the door; and Kate Connell, now Mrs. Vanlyn, accompanied her home. At Edith's urgent request they returned immediately to the party.

Edith went to her dressing-room, and despatching her maid to her own chamber, she threw herself upon her couch, weeping the first tears of bitterness she had known since her bridal.

She saw at a glance how her husband might construe the remarks he had overheard, "but, oh!" she sobbed, "how could he turn so sneeringly from me without asking an explanation?"

The hours passed on—and still she watched in vain. Weary, weak, and sick, she at length unrobed herself. Grieved to the soul at the want of confidence which her husband showed, and almost wild with impatience at his long delay, she sat upon the side of her low couch—ever and anon looking wistfully toward the French clock on the mantel, and her small feet beating nervously upon the soft carpeting of the floor. At last, slowly swinging upon its hinges, the hall-door opened; cautiously she heard Arthur ascend the staircase, and pass into the room on the opposite side of the hall, which he had used during her illness. Wildly she threw her watch upon the floor as she rapidly crossed the wide hall, and tried the door of the apartment, it was locked.

"Open the door for me, Arthur—I have something to tell you, darling." There was no answer, and with trembling hands she beat upon the panels.

"For God's sake, let me alone," cried a hoarse voice, which she could hardly recognize as that of her husband.

Hurriedly Edith passed down the hall, and entered the room back, where the nurse and child were sleeping. Her light steps did not arouse them, and turning the key of a door in one side of the apartment, she stepped into her husband's presence. He hastily pushed something which he held in his hand into a half-opened drawer, but not so hastily but that Edith's whole frame trembled, for her quick eyes recognized the silver mountings of his pistols.

She forgot the indignation with which she was to meet him; the reproaches upon her lips died away, and terrified she clung to him, saying—"oh, Arthur! Arthur!" It was all she

could say, her tongue seemed palsied. He unwound her arms from about him as easily as he would the frail tendrils of a vine from its supporting stalk, and turned to leave the room.

"Arthur! listen to me!" she called after him.

"No, I will not listen to one word of self-defence. I should only despise you more." His hand was upon the door—again she clung to him—her beautiful face turned up beseechingly to his, and the auburn hair creeping in waves from beneath her coif. He spurned her from him rudely—a strange light flashed from his eyes as they raved about the room.

"Do not touch me again—God only knows what I shall do to you, if you persist." A cold shudder swept through Edith's veins, as in that glance she comprehended his meaning. Words rushed in torrents to her lips.

"Oh, Arthur! it would only be a more merciful death, for I am dying now—I am sure my heart is breaking!—don't leave me! listen but one moment. A few months ago you promised to grant me any request. Stop, Arthur—I claim the fulfilment of that promise. All I ask is, that you will listen to me—then if you think me to blame, I promise never to trouble you again. Let me close the door—there sit down here, I will not touch you. I will sit upon the carpet by your feet. Oh! my husband, press your hand upon my temples, and see how they throb and burn, and pity your poor wife—your true and loving wife. Arthur, you could not have thought that the words of that man were real! you could not so have mistrusted me who have slept so innocently beside you! You could not think that Edith—your worshipping Edith, would have deceived you!—oh! tell me so, darling!"

Sternly and steadily did Arthur Algernon gaze into these upturned eyes; in their clear depths he read nothing but purity and love. His heart smote him as he re-called all her tenderness; but then came with overpowering force the memory of those few words he had overheard—the entreating tones of his wife's voice as she implored the stranger to speak lower. Again his face was shadowed with its stern expression as he answered.

"Explain it to me if you can, Edith. God knows how gladly I would believe you. The thought of your having deceived me has come to me like a thunder crash in a clear and cloudless summer day, and every energy seems withered—every hope of the future blasted. It is too terrible for belief, and yet how can I doubt? When but a boy in years, I was bitterly deceived—led on to love another almost to the altar—when she calmly turned from me, and gave her hand to one who boasted a title, I learned to despise her, and yet I led an unsocial—a distrustful life,

until tie after tie was broken in my native land. Then, alone in the world, I left my country. I came here, Edith, and met with you. For the first time I saw how trivial—how boyish had been my fancy for my early love, and at the same glance I saw how entirely was my whole heart—my whole-being centered in you. I told you all—I concealed nothing. I was so wrapped in your love—so trustful of your innocence that I forgot to doubt. I believed you when solemnly before the altar, you said that you knew no just cause why we should not be united. You have since told me over and over again that I was your first—your only love. Oh! Edith! judge of my agony when I saw your embarrassment at meeting that stranger!—judge how with tenfold force the distrustfulness and unhappiness of my youth overwhelmed me, when I heard him claim you as his, through a private marriage, years ago. Oh, Edith! Edith! my once fondly loved wife, what explanation can do away with that memory? What contrition can atone for the horrible deception of the past? You have laid us both open to the laws of this land by your concealment; but the fear of that disgrace is as nothing to the whirlpool of misplaced affection which rages within my bosom. There is but one course for us, Edith," he paused—there was something in the glassy, fixed expression of Edith's eyes which startled him. She had shown no emotion since he had first begun to speak.

"Edith; do you hear me?" he questioned. She did not answer. He lifted her hand—it was cold, and the fingers were bent rigidly in—the ends of the nails buried in the palms: in vain he endeavored to force them open—he lifted her from the floor. Her limbs were so rigid he found it all but impossible to straighten them as he laid her upon the couch. Fearfully alarmed, he awoke the nurse, and left her in charge as he hastened for a physician. When they returned together, Arthur glanced toward the bed, where, like a marble statue, rested his once fondly cherished wife—as beautiful and as cold. The physician sought in vain to find some pulsation, while Arthur paced the room, muttering incoherently to himself.

At length he turned toward the physician, his eyes gleaming wildly, "what name shall we put upon the tomb-stone, doctor—Mrs. Algernon or Mrs. Russell? Ha, doctor, you look surprised, but I asked his name last night—they told me it was Russell; and they laughed maliciously as they asked me if my wife had not told me about him. Ah, doctor, we'll have two tomb-stones—I've got my pistols already—don't tell any one, and I'll make over my money to you; order two graves, and two tomb-stones, and we'll be

buried together—the wont quarrel with a dead man about his wife, and I can't live without Edith—my Edith,” and throwing himself on a couch beside her, he sobbed like a child.

The physician sent one of the servants immediately for a leecher, and in the meanwhile attempted to remove Edith's lifeless body, but Arthur only raved the more at each attempt. After leeching and copious bleeding he became more calm, and under the influence of narcotics at length slept.

Meanwhile Edith had been borne to her own room, and in removing her the nurse was startled by a short sigh, which was followed quickly by a heavier respiration. They immediately applied volatile salts to her nostrils, and sprinkled her face with vinegar and water, while the nurse hastened to prepare blisters for the feet. About this time Mrs. Bryant, who had been sent for, arrived—Edith's eyes, when first they opened, rested upon her.

“Oh! mother, dearest, where is Arthur?—tell me he has not left me.”

The physician answered—“your husband is near you, my child, but you must not talk—your life depends upon perfect quiet.”

“But tell me first, has anything happened?—oh, I remember all. Mother, go quick to Arthur and tell him all about that terrible jest—you know what I mean, mother—that pic-nic, where they persuaded me to be married in fun—oh, tell him that I had never seen Mr. Russell before—that I have never seen him since, until last evening. Mother, I am in earnest—do go and tell him. He overheard something which Mr. Russell said to me about the marriage, and it is this which has caused all this wretchedness.”

Several times had the physician essayed to prevent her speaking; but she would be heard—and now he understood all—Edith's cataleptic state and Arthur's ravings. He assured his patient that he would explain everything.

Dr. Winters left the room—he found Mr. Algernon sitting up in his bed, and looking wildly about him.

“Where is my wife, doctor? I have had a strange—a terrible dream.”

“She has quite recovered, I trust,” said Dr. Winters.

“Thank God,” said Arthur, falling back on his pillow, “I dreamed I had killed her.”

“She had a slight cataleptic attack, brought

on, I presume, by suddenly meeting a person for whom she has always entertained a great dislike—a Mr. Russell, whom she once met on a pic-nic, and to whom she was married in jest by your friend, Vanlyn. She was afterward told that the marriage was legal, and she suffered a great deal of anxiety at the time, fearing he might claim her, but he was as much frightened as herself, and he left the place suddenly. To her great relief, Vanlyn then acknowledged that he had hoaxed them all, by asking Russell if he knew that he had taken orders.”

Arthur buried his face in the pillow—with the wild tide of joy which rushed through his soul were mingled conflicting emotions.

“Doctor, I can never forgive myself,” he sobbed—“I do not deserve my angel wife. Go to her, I beg of you, and entreat her to see me—I have much to confess—much to explain.”

“She will need no entreaties, I can assure you, but I shall be obliged to forbid your meeting her to-day, for any sudden or violent emotion might produce a relapse. You need rest also, my friend, for you seem very feverish.”

After administering a composing draught to Arthur, Dr. Winters returned to Edith's apartment, to quiet her with the assurances of her husband's love.

A few weeks afterward, in Edith's pleasant drawing-rooms, a small company of fifteen or twenty were gathered. Among them were several of those who had accompanied her upon the unfortunate pic-nic.

“So Russell has been in the city,” said one.

“Yes, and when he saw how much more beautiful than ever Edith had grown, he was vexed beyond endurance because he did not woo her, when the advantage was all on his side,” answered Mrs. Vanlyn. “Do you know,” she said, turning to Edith, “that Harry never undeceived him about his having taken orders until this time of his being here, and poor Russell has not dared to pay attentions to any lady, for fear you would pounce down upon him. He really thought it was a bona fide marriage all the time.”

Kate wondered that Edith did not smile—but the subject had become too serious a one for her to laugh about. None of them ever knew how she had suffered for that day's thoughtlessness. Long since has she felt repaid by her husband's devoted fondness, and she well knows that never again will he doubt her truth and love.



## HOW TO GET RID OF AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

BY MISS ELLA RODMAN.

A VERY pretty village was the village of S——; and one too that boasted something more than the usual allowance of one church and two rival store-keepers, with the minister's wife and doctor's wife for aristocracy, and the *great house* to afford a never-ending subject of wonder and admiration to the inhabitants. Not at all; it was quite a collection of pretty villas, whose owners went to town at least twice a week in their own conveyances—and were, therefore, quite *au fait* upon the subject of fashions. Indeed, they were as well-dressed a community as you would meet anywhere; and prided themselves particularly upon knowing just how everything should be done.

It was to this aristocratic little nook that Walter Evartson, the young lawyer, conveyed his bride soon after their marriage. He had settled there sometime before, an entire stranger, but his prepossessing appearance and agreeable manners soon won both friends and clients; and the great ones of S—— patronized him with the most enchanting condescension. He was feted, and flattered, and followed, until he threw off all claims to their courtesy by committing the unpardonable crime of marriage. But worse than all, he did not even select some fair resident of the village of S——; but after a short absence, returned accompanied by a young lady, whose appearance, manners, &c., underwent the severest criticism.

But do what they would, they could not deny that she was very pretty, very tastefully dressed, and very much of a lady; having, besides, a certain independent kind of an air, which led them to suspect that she did not value their opinions quite as highly as they could have wished. However, they could not alter this; and Mrs. A—— having sailed majestically in, Mrs. B—— followed her example; and finally all S—— had been there, with the avowed purpose of making the new-comer feel at home, but in reality to see how she looked.

The young lawyer's means were limited, and their style of living a very unpretending one. A pretty cottage fronting the road, to which was attached a fine large garden with plenty of fruit, was their residence; and Emily considered one servant quite sufficient for two people. This was her first attempt at housekeeping; and she found it very pleasant to gather strawberries, arrange

the knick-nacks in the parlor, and manufacture cakes and pies by way of housework; and then take up an interesting book, or some pretty piece of needle-work to while away the hours until Walter's return. Then the man of business was transformed, for a time, into quite a romantic sort of youth—fumbling among dusty parchments did not appear to deaden his imagination in the least; and sometimes the two would wander off to the arbor at the end of the garden—and, sad to relate, oh! ye wise ones! they would waste their time in reading Moore or Byron, when Emily might have been so much better employed in mending stockings, or making bread. Dreadful, isn't it?

But the worst is yet to come; they would even stroll into the woods after wild flowers, these two great, grown-up babies, and wreath them in Emily's hair, and do all sorts of foolish things. But if you had been with them you would have thought that a nightingale had perched itself on a tree overhead, day-time and all, for such strains of sweet, clear, gushing music issued from those rosy lips, as none but a nightingale *could* send forth.

Well, foolish as it may appear to those who have got over love and "all that sort of nonsense," they enjoyed it very much; but before long a change came over the spirit of their dream. Not that their love was in the least changed—oh, no, it was not that; but romance is often driven from the field by reality and common-place. Who was the author of this mischief? No one would have thought it, to be sure, but the pivot upon which the whole turned was the faithlessness of the Irish girl, who had been installed as queen of the kitchen. Whether a yearning toward "ould Irelandt," or an exciting letter from a lover just come over, or some involuntary outrage to her dignity perpetrated by the youthful mistress, prompted the step, as Eunice Rookley says, "we are not to know." But this much we do know, that one pleasant June morning Miss Biddy stood at the kitchen door, grasping her bundle of worldly goods with a very resolute air, while Emily's pretty face bore the traces of vexation and dismay.

Walter sat very comfortably reading his paper in the breakfast parlor; while through the open window came the delightful melody of birds, and

the perfume of flowers still wet with the morning dew. He heard the light step approaching, and looked up to welcome her with a beaming smile; but to his surprise and dismay she burst into tears. He had never seen Emily before having what the children call "a good cry," and hastily throwing down his paper, he devoted himself to the task of soothing her. At length she soon began to smile at Walter's representations and ridiculous contrivances; but then as she glanced at those small, helpless-looking hands she heaved a desponding sigh.

"But we shall have no breakfast to-day, at this rate," said Emily, suddenly, "Bridget has not even made a fire to boil the kettle."

"Do not trouble yourself in the least, my dear," replied Walter, with an air of supreme confidence in his own abilities. "That is very easily remedied. If you will set the table, I will engage to produce a fire."

So saying, he walked into the kitchen, while Emily was soon busily engaged with the cups and saucers. It was really amusing to see him; he looked so warm, and fussy, and responsible, and handled things so awkwardly that he was constantly upsetting the whole paraphernalia of tongs, shovel, and poker. Emily now and then looked in to see how he came on, and once a suppressed "hang it!" reached her ear; but as the kettle was not yet ready to hang, she concluded that she must have been mistaken.

"Emily."

She was at his side in a moment.

"Perhaps, love, you can assist me a little with this fire; the foundation of the thing is all right, you see it only wants a little alteration."

Do not think him stupid; he could have made a fire in any decent kitchen, but the chimney was a most unfortunately smoky one.

Emily smiled as she took the fire entirely apart, and arranged it in a more skilful manner; and at length, between them both, the kettle did something like boiling. Walter tried very hard to persuade himself that his cup of coffee was the best he had ever tasted, because he thought he had made it himself; he put in a little more cream, a little more sugar, and then a little more coffee; but do what he would he could not help making very wry faces over it. As he raised his eyes he met Emily's, and the two burst out a laughing.

"It is no laughing matter," said Emily; "how is the work to get done?"

"Easily," replied Walter, "I can send you in at least a dozen servants before night."

"I think you will find yourself mistaken," said Emily, "servants are not so easily obtained in the country, and it was sometime before we could persuade Biddy to come with us."

"*Nous verrons*," replied her husband, gaily, as he rose to go to his office. A recollection of the morning's banquet came over him suddenly, and he put his head in at the door with, "you had better not attempt anything very difficult for dinner, my dear, because you won't have me here to help, you know."

"Away with you, you quintessence of conceit," said Emily, laughing; "and as to the dinner, do not trouble yourself in the least, for I shall give you nothing but bread and strawberries."

There seemed to be no getting him off; first he came back for his gloves, and then he came back for a kiss; but at length the door finally closed upon him, and Emily went to her household affairs, singing merrily all the time. What did she care if Biddy had gone away? So she dusted and sang, until approaching the window, she peeped forth from the blind just to see what was going on. As the stage-coach appeared in sight she could not help wishing that her mother, or one of those naughty sisters of hers would make her appearance.

But as she stood looking, the vehicle suddenly drew up at the door, and it was very evident that *somebody* was coming. A straw hat and green veil, and a multitude of bows and smiles was all that Emily was able to distinguish; until, with a most loving embrace, the visitor exclaimed—

"I quite pitied you, Cousin Emily! I thought that you must be so lonely here in the country, and I came determined to make you a good, long visit. Ma and the girls have gone to Cape May, but I told them that I preferred enlivening your solitude."

Emily now recognized Martha Eastman, a very forward cousin of Walter's, to whom she had taken somewhat of a dislike during the short time she passed in her society just after their marriage; a feeling not at all diminished by this unceremonious visit. She murmured something in reply which was scarcely audible; but this did not in the least diminish the volubility of her visitor, who appeared to think that she was doing Cousin Emily a great favor. Now if there is anything provoking in this mortal world, it is to have a person whom you wish in your very heart at least a hundred miles off, trying to persuade you that she is conferring a favor upon you, by coming at the very time of all times when she is least wanted. Emily surveyed the liberal allowance of baggage with considerable interest, but resolved at the same time that the "good, long visit" should be a very short one.

The visitor was one of several daughters who had been brought up to make as much use of other people as possible. She was rather showy in appearance, with a brilliant complexion, and saucy-looking blue eyes, and a great idea of

displaying these charms to the best advantage. It was not the least sympathy for Cousin Emily that had prompted her visit, she thought that a jaunt to the country might be pleasant, besides a desire to see how they lived.

Miss Eastman was one who could make her wants known; and after a while she coolly observed, "come, Cousin Emily, do order dinner—I begin to feel the 'keen demands.'"

"There is no one to order but you and I," replied Emily, quietly, "my only servant left me this morning, and we must gather our dinner from the strawberry bed."

Miss Eastman looked, but Emily did not see her. She was coolly tying on her sun-bonnet; and the visitor, resolving to make the best of it, broke out into ecstasies at the idea; it was the very thing she should have chosen—she had always so wanted to gather strawberries in the country!

It was a very warm day, and Emily did not find her visitor of much assistance; she soon grew tired of stooping, and amused herself by eating the strawberries from the basket. This was not at all profitable; and after a while Emily said very coolly—

"You seem to be so fond of the employment that I am going to leave you to it altogether. My husband will be home soon, and I have some things to attend to—but dinner will be ready by the time the basket is filled."

Miss Eastman now found it more politic to go to work in earnest; and in no very amiable mood she made her appearance at last with the strawberries. The little table was all ready; and the young housekeeper, in her cool-looking white dress, flitted about like a fairy from one window to the other, watching for her husband's arrival. There he was! and she flew out to meet him; while Miss Eastman scarcely knew whether to stay where she was, or go forward.

Emily told him of her unexpected visitor, at which his countenance assumed a blank look of surprise; for he did not remember ever to have given her even a general invitation to come and visit them—and that, of course, is no invitation at all.

"Very annoying," said he, "that she should have taken this opportunity to come—what have you done with her all the morning?"

"Oh," replied Emily, "she has been gathering strawberries, and I really found her of considerable assistance; besides, it saved me the trouble of entertaining her."

"*Picking strawberries!*" repeated Walter, "what a strange thing! To set a guest at work immediately on her arrival?"

"Oh, no," said Emily, innocently, "not at all—she is very fond of it, and said that it was

perfectly charming. She almost went into ecstasies, and repeated several lines of poetry on the occasion, which I have forgotten."

Walter recollected his cousin's character perfectly, but he only smiled, and drew Emily into the house.

Miss Eastman was politely welcomed, various inquiries made after the family, and they all sat down to dinner. Walter pronounced this to be infinitely better than the breakfast; but he looked considerably mortified when Emily playfully inquired for the servants he had promised to send.

"I really could not help it," said he, at last, "I have been so much engaged to-day—but they will come yet."

Emily smiled incredulously, and Miss Eastman hoped in her very heart that the promise would be kept; for the visit did not promise much pleasure without the acquisition of a servant.

Emily was suddenly seized with a fancy for making strawberry preserves, and after dinner they went out again to pick fruit; when Miss Eastman, to her great indignation, found herself left precisely as she had been in the morning. She was almost angry enough to hail the stage as it passed and return home; but still she could scarcely complain, for she had told Emily on her arrival that she should use no ceremony with cousins, and Emily had now made the very same observation on leaving her to herself. She had never worked so hard before; but she reflected that there must be an end to this, and if she found her so useful, Emily would, in common courtesy, invite her to prolong her visit. So she worked on industriously, despite the sun and heat; but with the conviction that love in a cottage, if you must do your own work, is not so very enchanting after all.

"It was quite a good idea, was it not?" said Emily, pleasantly, "to make sweetmeats when I have you here to help me? Strange, though, that you should have happened to come in just at the right time—so much better too than if it had been a mere acquaintance, for somehow one can't, you know, use ceremony with cousins."

Miss Eastman bit her lips, and walked off to the window; but Emily soon claimed her services, and continued to keep her pretty well occupied. At last, however, tea came; and when that was cleared away there was no more to be done. The three seated themselves on the piazza, and the music of Walter's flute broke beautifully on the stillness of the evening.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and Miss Eastman observed with considerable interest the figure of a gentleman in an opposite window, which a shaded light at the further end of the apartment rendered still more distinct. At length the figure moved, disappeared for a few moments,

and then, issuing from the gate, bent its steps toward the cottage.

"Why, Irving, is that you?" exclaimed Walter, as his friend suddenly stood before him, "we have been so wrapt up in the sentimental that we scarcely perceived you. Dr. Irving, Miss Eastman."

A graceful bend of his handsome figure, while the young lady's cheek flushed with anticipated conquest. It must have been on her account that he came over—he had probably seen her alight from the stage; not taking it into consideration that he might be in the habit of visiting his friend's almost every evening.

A few minutes conversation convinced her that Dr. Irving was *more* than tolerable for a country village, and quite worth making a conquest of. She exerted all her powers of pleasing, and very agreeable she could be too when she chose, apparently with some success. When she retired to bed that night the day's work was almost forgotten.

The next morning early Miss Eastman happened to be standing at her window, while there stood the young doctor at his. He bowed politely, while she, half in confusion, withdrew; and walking down stairs, began to think that it would be very pleasant to smell the flowers with the morning dew fresh upon them—decidedly inclining to the opinion that the greatest variety was to be found in front of the house. She wore a very becoming white morning dress, and had carelessly tucked a few natural flowers in her hair; being, moreover, perfectly aware that she was at this particular moment looking her very best. Of course, though, she was quite unconscious that some one had crossed the street, and equally unconscious that a gentleman stood beside her, until, raising her head suddenly, she said with the prettiest start imaginable—

"Why, Dr. Irving! how you frightened me!"

He was sorry, of course, that his appearance had had that effect—complimented her upon her early rising—said something about the bloom of cheeks and roses—and then asked for his friend; but Walter had gone to his office, and the young doctor soon followed his example.

It is quite surprising how very hot the sun became in five minutes after; the cool of early morning had suddenly changed to the heat and glow of noonday, and Miss Eastman went in to seek Cousin Emily. Again that everlasting strawberry picking, and the visitor began to grow rather tired of her fare.

"It is very rural and romantic, to be sure," she observed, "to live on fruit and milk; but is your husband quite satisfied without meat?"

"Quite so," was Emily's reply, "he cares nothing at all about it, and if he did, he would

not be willing for me to have the trouble of cooking it."

The case was hopeless, and Miss Eastman merely heaved a desponding sigh. The dinner that day consisted principally of a rice-pudding, her especial abomination, she hated rice in any shape or form—besides, she had helped to make it; and after picking out the raisins, and trifling a little with the substance, she made no further attempt toward despatching it.

"You have lost your appetite, Martha," observed her hostess, a little mischievously, "a very bad sign—you must have fallen in love."

Miss Eastman was almost ready to break forth; it was too much to let Emily flatter herself with such a supposition—but still she deemed it prudent to remain silent.

Generally in the morning they had a long chat together in Emily's room, or rather Miss Eastman talked a great deal; while Emily listened and sewed; the theme of her conversation being a certain cousin about her own age, who, from her representation, must have possessed as many bad qualities concentrated in her own private self as were ever separately scattered upon the wicked ones of the world. She was so proud and haughty, so unamiable and self-willed—and then too some foolish person had once called her the belle of the place, and she couldn't get over that; though she was sure that she (Miss Eastman) could see no beauty in such great staring black eyes, and such a tall figure—she never admired giants.

The truth of the matter was this, Celine Esserton was an object of great jealousy; she was an only daughter, while Martha Eastman rejoiced in a multitude of sisters—Celine was something of an heiress in her own right—a beautiful, intelligent, accomplished girl, and proud too as she had a just right to be, but not the kind of pride implied by Martha Eastman. Hers was the pride that will not stoop to a mean action—that upholds the truth upon all occasions—that defends the absent, and brings forward the humble. She despised her cousin, and she took no pains to conceal it; she could not help it, she had seen her bitterness of mind, her selfishness and disregard of others, and the two were at open enmity. Their different ways of showing this feeling displayed at once the difference in their characters. Miss Eastman endeavored to impress every one with a conviction of the total unworthiness of Miss Esserton's character, while Celine disdained to mention her cousin's at all, as though even that lowered her.

Miss Eastman certainly displayed considerable talent and perseverance in the assiduity with which she endeavored to prejudice Cousin Emily against Celine Esserton; yet it must be confessed

that every successive incident which she related to corroborate the designing artfulness of her cousin's character, only awakened in Emily a greater desire to see her and judge for herself.

Walter had been so often teased about his promises to procure loads of servants at a moment's warning, that he became quite desperate, and taking a wagon drove about the country on a voyage of discoveries. The result was quite satisfactory to himself; and one warm afternoon, when Emily sat reading in one of the front windows, while her visitor occupied the other, a vehicle suddenly drove up to the door, from which her husband, looking very warm and fired, quickly descended; and then watched the progress of three ladies, who alighted from the wagon after fashions peculiar to themselves. Emily looked, and wondered, and laughed; but Miss Eastman saw in their awkward movements the most enchanting grace, and read in their vacant countenances an impress of all that was delightful. There was certainly cook, chambermaid, and waiter; and she should now cease to be maid of all work.

Their various ways of leaving the wagon displayed their characters at once; the first, rather an oldish woman, came down so very moderately and carefully, that it seemed doubtful if she ever reached terra firma—the second, a stout, pert, good-natured-looking thing, came tumbling out head-foremost, and became entangled among the wheels—while the third, with an utter absence of all expression in her face, after being at length made to understand that she *was* to get out, put her feet everywhere but in the right place, and finally effected a difficult descent over the back of the wagon. The first was a snail—she fairly crawled into the house; the second, one of those bangers who break everything they lay hands on, and always have a convincing argument at their tongues' end; and the third, a wooden machine, endowed with the powers of motion, and the faculties of eating, drinking, and sleeping. From this delectable company Emily was expected to select a suitable kitchen goddess; and having sent them within, she followed to examine their qualifications.

Miss Eastman accompanied her, for she felt a personal interest in the transaction; and observing that Emily appeared rather indifferent about the matter, she exerted as much eloquence as was ever put forth by a candidate for the public votes, to convince her that all three were perfect miracles in their different departments. The oldish woman was so steady and respectable—one whom she could trust; the stout girl was so bright and quick—an excellent hand in an emergency; and the stupid girl was one who would, no doubt, do exactly as she was bid. All this,

however, was whispered in an under tone during various walkings back and forth; and the three candidates were, therefore, quite unconscious of the admiration they excited.

Emily's choice, however, was soon made; the stupid one was out of the question—the stout girl informed her with an air that “she was not very healthy, and had concluded to live out a short time in some nice, sociable family where she could enjoy herself,” which immediately settled her claims—and the oldish woman was, therefore, installed in the office. She sighed deeply as she went for a pail of water, which occupied her about half an hour; groaned as she stirred up the fire; and almost sobbed on being told to get some wood.

Emily saw that she was an oddity, and with difficulty refrained from smiling outright at Miss Eastman's endeavors to praise her up. The house was the largest she had ever seen, the fire the hardest to make, and, “bad luck to the well! what a time it took her to draw the water!” She could scarcely understand anything she was told, although Irish-like, never willing to admit herself ignorant; and Walter, very much amused with her, one day related a spurious anecdote to some visitors, that happened to reach her indignant ears—which, by-the-by, were not where they ought to have been. Walter would now and then tell very queer stories; and the very day after her arrival he related that, having been told to cook something in the spider, she made her appearance after a while with a great daddy-long-legs, and inquired very innocently—

“Would that do yer, ma'am? Sure, and a spider is not to be found in the place for love nor money.”

She gave warning immediately; and Miss Eastman watched her retreating figure with melancholy feelings. Walter should not have done so, certainly; but Emily did not scold him, she only laughed—for it had rid her of one trouble, and she did not know but it might of another before long.

The strawberry-picking was again resumed; and Emily began to make bread and puddings, and all sorts of things, always assisted, of course, by Miss Eastman, “for one couldn't use ceremony with cousins.” The visitor began to ask herself if there was not more chance of felicity at home just now; but Dr. Irving had been there two or three times, and she resolved upon a scheme for taking his heart by storm at once.

She had a slight, graceful figure, and knew that she looked her very best on horseback; but she was almost ignorant of the equestrian art: being a great coward, she had always been afraid to venture. She had, however, brought her riding-habit with her, and a cap with plumes, in

which she considered herself quite irresistible; and after some trouble a horse was procured; although Walter had expressed his regret that he was unable to accompany her. That she did not mind in the least, she had become very courageous; but, notwithstanding, she trembled violently on being lifted into the saddle, and still more when the man who brought it observed that the horse was a very tricky one; though what sort of tricks he patronized was not exactly specified.

Emily, almost frightened on her account, advised her not to go, but Miss Eastman was determined; and Walter whispered in a significant tone, "it won't hurt her."

Martha Eastman had a purpose to effect, which the alleged viciousness of the horse rather helped than hindered. She had observed that every morning Dr. Irving went in one particular direction to visit patients, always returning about the same time. Her idea was to meet him on his return; and if the horse should conclude to perform any of his antics just then, placing her in imminent danger, how very interesting she should appear!

Martha Eastman was a coward, and yet she nodded gaily to the others as she set forth on her journey; the horse, so far, behaving most respectable. He was not at all inclined to runaway, on the contrary he went rather slowly; and anxious to make her best appearance, she gave him a smart cut with the riding-whip to quicken his pace. His horsemanship stood perfectly still; all fears of being runaway with, or thrown off were now forgotten; and another and another lash followed, but with no success. He quietly began eating the leaves of a willow-tree just over where they stood; now and then turning his eye toward his fair burden with a glance which seemed to say, "oh, you are there, are you?"

The young lady's distress was unspeakable; she had prepared herself for being runaway with—for being thrown into some field, to be taken up, perhaps, with a broken arm; she had brought herself to bear with fortitude the idea of almost any mishap that could possibly befall her, but she was not prepared for being stood still with! Just then happening to spy a ragged little boy, she enlisted him in her service; and after pushing the horse behind, and pulling him before, and slapping him between spells, he was at length set a-going, and the boy disappeared.

He went on very well for a short time; but before long he came again to a stand still, and Miss Eastman now saw the doctor approaching. He passed with a graceful bow, while the lady's cheeks burned painfully with the hue of mortification. He passed on, but she still sat there; and happening to turn his head a moment after,

he was surprised to see her still stationary where he had left her. He looked again; and observing that she seemed to be urging her horse on, common politeness prompted him to turn back and offer his assistance. A smile would curl his lip involuntarily, he could not help it; and Miss Eastman observed it. Ridicule, it is said, puts an end to love; and she became reluctantly aware that her prospects were very much dimmed.

It was very evident that the horse had no intention whatever of either returning home, or going forward; and having tied him to a tree, the young doctor assisted Miss Eastman into his gig, and she found herself driving back with feelings which she had little anticipated. Emily too was very much surprised at her visitor's appearance; but on being informed of the catastrophe she was unable to restrain her laughter. Poor Martha! she hurried up to her own room, dashed down the hateful riding-cap, and throwing herself on the bed, indulged in a good cry.

When she came down she announced her intention of returning home the next day, and Emily could not with any truth express her regret. She merely said—

"I am going to have another visitor to-night."

"Are you?" replied Miss Eastman, in surprise. "Who is it?"

"Some one you have seen before," said Emily, with an arch look of secrecy. "But I will not tell you until she comes."

*She?* It was a she, then? But still Martha wondered who it could be, and watched the arrival of the stage with considerable interest. Surely she knew that figure! that graceful, yet commanding step! The veil was lifted—it was—it must be Celine Esserton!

Both started suddenly; but Celine's beautiful lip showed the slightest tendency toward a curl, while Miss Eastman's face was suddenly overspread with a crimson hue. The morning stage conveyed her and her baggage back to town; and Emily was not again troubled with her visits, while the whole family respected Cousin Emily very much when they found that she was not to be imposed upon. It was strange, certainly, but just after Miss Eastman announced her intention of going, a very nice servant made her appearance, and there she has been ever since.

But now about Celine? Emily had told her husband of Martha Eastman's representations, and inquired if the young lady were such a master-piece of art and dissimulation; which Walter indignantly denied, and spoke of his pretty cousin in such glowing terms that Emily wrote and invited her there as soon as her household difficulties were settled.

The two were chatting pleasantly together when Emily spoke of Dr. Irving.

“Dr. Irving?” repeated her companion, “Horrace Irving do you mean?” acquainted with the name of the lady, and she now experienced a very pleasant surprise.

“The very same,” replied Emily. “Are you acquainted with him?” That very evening the two had quite an interesting scene by themselves on the moonlit piazza—Walter and Emily preferring the parlor.

A warm blush lit up Celine’s beautiful face, and this was answer enough. Emily had heard of his engagement, and mischievously withheld it from Miss Eastman, but she was entirely unlightful neighbor and companion. Before long the good people of S—— had another bride to comment upon, and Emily a delightful neighbor and companion.

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## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY EMILY GIRARDIER.

"I AM determined to be master in my own house, Arist," said my friend Simon, the other day; "not from mere obstinacy, for I am the easiest disposition in the world, but from the principle of the thing. Believe me, the best wife on earth has odd caprices, and is driven hither and thither by whims and follies, if not well drilled to obedience."

"But is that so easy, Herr Simon?"

"Everything is in the method, my dear sir. If a husband never refuses or demands anything except from good reasons, which you know, he can always find, the wife learns to regard her husband's will as the wisest, and follows it without resistance."

I was silent with surprise; for, in confidence he it said, the domestic disposition of this honest man was not duly comprehended in the town. On the contrary, every one believed that he was led by his wife in firm, though silken fetters. It would be a sin, thought I, to destroy such a comfortable illusion, such a confidence of power; yet I ventured to remark, that the sultan often mistook the fancies of his favorite slave for his own free will, and that every woman was born a domestic politician.

"All nonsense," cried Simon. "Possibly, one who does not comprehend the female mind, may be deluded by its arts: but whoever is skilled in the windings of their cunning, in the labyrinth of their wiles, may detect their most secret and skilful approaches."

"Friend Simon," said I, "dear friend Simon, there are yet numerous arts upon which you cannot calculate."

Some days after this, I called upon my friend's wife, a friendly, pleasant woman, whose conversation and actions were the mirror of nature.

"What glorious weather!" she exclaimed. "This is the very time to visit the Hallerbrunnen. They say it is a most charming spot: will you join my party?"

"If it can be to-morrow—willingly."

"To-morrow? Well! its settled then; the sooner the better: this fine weather may change."

"If Mr. Simon agrees——"

"Oh, you know," said she, with a peculiar smile, "my husband is an excellent creature, and never refuses me an innocent pleasure.

Only make your preparations; we will set off at six precisely."

At this moment she was called away, and I seated myself in my friend's library. Soon after, Simon entered the adjoining apartment in animated conversation with his wife, and, as I heard the word *Deister*, curiosity tempted me to listen how the affair would be negotiated. I caught the following part of their discourse:

"Thou art right, my dear, it is a tiresome thing—to go rolling over the bare causeway, eat and drink some wretched stuff, fatigue and heat one's self, and all this merely to behold a few trees, which one may see at home every day."

"Arist is possessed with the idea of this drive."

"I would willingly serve my friends; but they must not expect me to weary myself on their account. At all events it cannot be to-morrow, for I have urgent business to attend to, and I scarcely know how I shall get through it. Besides, I dislike all such parties, where pleasure is so methodically pursued, and only found when all is over. Ah, then we wearily exclaim: 'How glad I am to get home again!'"

"Why then do you ladies ever desire to go out?"

"That is just my opinion, and there's an end to it. Arist may seek other companions. No! I will turn this splendid weather to some better account, and I can at length do to-morrow what I have so long intended. Your library here shall be well scrubbed and cleaned. Everything must be turned out and put into a reasonable degree of order. It will dry quickly now, and you will be rid of all that abominable rubbish."

"No, no—not there in heaven's name! that shall not be. Your hubbub and bustle, you well know, are my greatest aversion. Let that rest until another time; I must work to-morrow."

"But, dear husband, can you not sit in the little front parlor for two or three days? The children are not *very* troublesome. I am really ashamed when a stranger comes in here; for you know the mistress of the house bears all the reproach. It must really be done at once."

"Yes, and it shall be done, but when I am not at home."

"You have put me off so several times. Do not be angry, my dear husband, this disorder is little credit to either of us. Is it healthy, is it



agreeable to live in such a kennel? Is it proper to bring any person in here? And I am sure you like a clean room. How pleasant it will be for you when your library is thoroughly aired and purified by the sweet breath of spring!"

"Listen—I have an idea. Since Arist has set his mind upon it—let us drive to the Deister. In the meanwhile, let them flourish their brooms and suds."

"Dear, good man! Go with him then, and enjoy yourself as much as you can; I will attend to everything here."

"No, wife; that was not my meaning. I should lose half the pleasure—without thee I do not stir a step."

"Cannot the clerk take care that no one touches the papers, and attend to the removal and replacing of the books? Is your presence absolutely necessary for this?"

"No, child: but Madam Simon, I desire that you will accompany us, if you please."

"Dear husband!"

"Once for all—one good turn deserves another; and as I have consented to the turning up of my room, you must go with me to the Deister."

"Well, well, dear husband, thy wishes are commands for me. I will make preparations immediately."

We drove to the Deister. As we entered the carriage, Herr Simon warmly pressed my hand, and whispered—

"I owe this pleasure to you; my wife was much opposed to it, but she knows how to obey."

Why cannot every sociable wife conduct her husband to the Deister as often as she desires?

They embraced each other affectionately, and I stole through the back door and down the steps.

## "IT'S BUT A LITTLE MORE."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

LUCY VILLIERS, at eighteen, was the most beautiful girl of her set. Her parents were in moderate circumstances, but had educated her expensively, so that she was fitted by her accomplishments not less than her loveliness to move in the most refined circles. She might have married more than one wealthy admirer, if she had desired; but her affections were early fixed on Arthur Marsfield; and she had too much heart to sacrifice herself for mere lucre.

Arthur was not rich, though he was in a good business; and, for a young merchant, considered well off. But his usual prudence in money matters was laid aside whenever her gratification was in question; and Lucy unfortunately was less considerate than she should have been. She had expensive tastes, and it was her weakness to gratify them.

The young couple, on their return from the bridal tour, began to look out for a house. Several neat and commodious dwellings were pointed out to them, in bye-streets; but Lucy would hear to none of them; she had set her heart on a house in a fashionable quarter; and a tenement was finally selected there.

"It is nearly as large as those we were looking at up town," she said, to her husband, "and so much nearer your store. Besides it's far more genteel to live here than there: and then the rent is but a little more."

So the house was taken, and the furniture bought. Here Lucy's expensive tastes again infringed on her husband's purse. Arthur had set aside a certain sum, which he thought he could spare from his business, for the purpose of buying the furniture, resolving not to exceed it; and Lucy had praised the prudence of the measure. But when she became interested in purchasing, she speedily forgot this.

"Oh! Arthur, what a beautiful Wilton," she exclaimed, as they stood in Orne's carpet store. "How much prettier the patterns come in the Wilton than in the Brussels: and then they tell me the Wilton wears twice as long as the Brussels. True, the price is higher, but not much: and after all, it's but a little more."

So the Wilton was purchased, instead of the Brussels. It was the same way with other things. Arthur had intended to be content with hair-cloth chairs and sofas; but Lucy saw some damask covered ones at Volmar's, which were

far prettier, and in cost, as she said, were only a little more. The other cabinet furniture was bought on the same scale. At Henkel's, to which Lucy went last, there were some superb bedsteads, more elegant than any she had yet seen, and she could not resist buying them. In short, when Arthur came to sum up his accounts, thinking he had only exceeded his estimate by a hundred dollars or two, he found to his dismay that he had spent twice as much as he intended. A little more in every instance had actually doubled the aggregate.

Once fairly established in the new house, Lucy resolved on giving a party; and Arthur approved of the suggestion.

"It will, in part, return the civilities we have received," he said. "I hate to be under obligations. However, love, we must not be too grand in it, but study economy a little." Arthur still winced under the outlay of the furnishing.

That evening, when the sofa was wheeled before the grate, and the gas lighted after tea, Lucy began to plan her party.

"I have been looking about town to-day," she said, "inquiring the price of various articles; and I find, by going to Parkinson, and giving him a general order, I can save myself all trouble; while the cost will be but a little more."

Arthur approved of this suggestion. He did not wish to see his wife worried with anything, on the day of the party, for that would affect her looks: so the order was given to Parkinson.

"And what will you wear, Lucy? Your blue silk becomes you, but it is a little out of style: they wear dresses cut higher in the neck, don't they?"

"Yes," said Lucy, "and I must, therefore, either have another body made for it, or purchase an entirely new dress. To get a fresh body, I must buy more silk, besides having to pay as much almost for altering, as to make a new one. I saw some exquisite silks to-day at Levy's, and very cheap. I could buy a new dress, and get it made, so as to cost but little more."

Thus presented, Arthur saw no extravagance in the suggestion; and, wishing his wife to look as pretty as possible, he told her to buy the dress.

The summer soon came around. Arthur had but two weeks to spare for recreation, as his

partner wished also a holiday; and there was but a month of leisure for both. He thought, at first, of Cape May.

"Oh! don't let us go there," said Lucy, "one meets the same set at Cape May every year—always Philadelphians too, with a sprinkle of Baltimoreans. They charge nearly as high as at Saratoga too. The Wallaces are going to Saratoga, and want us to join the party; I have made a calculation of the cost, and it's only a little more than the Cape May trip would require."

Accordingly they went to Saratoga. But what with the higher fare, the day in New York, and the extravagant habits at Saratoga, Arthur found, on his return, that he had spent twice as much money as he had set apart for his summer trip.

And so it went on. Lucy loved her husband too well to squander large sums of money, which she knew he could not afford; she was never guilty of glaring extravagances, therefore; but she was continually spending "a little more" on everything than was necessary, never considering that each drop swells the bucket, but justifying herself with her favorite adage, "it's but a little more." In her table expenses it was the same way. A turkey would often greet Arthur at dinner, when he had expected only a plain joint; or he would be agreeably surprised by a terrapin supper, when coming home after a hard day's work. "I knew you would be hungry as well as weary," Lucy would say, kissing him, "and so I made something nice for you: and it cost but a little more."

At the end of the year, when all his bills came in, Arthur found that he had largely exceeded the allowance which he and his partner had each agreed to confine themselves within. As he himself had proposed this restriction, in order to increase the capital of the firm, he was now

ashamed to ask for an increase; and accordingly he borrowed money, on his private note, at a slight usury, to liquidate his bills.

He knew all this was wrong. He told Lucy it was absolutely necessary to be economical. But though both husband and wife resolved to be more careful in future, the old foibles remained with both; he was too ready to gratify her, where the expense was not excessive, and she was always wishing the costliest article, because, after all, it cost only a little more. Bad habits are not easily eradicated.

At the end of the second year, Arthur had run still further behind, and, instead of being able to liquidate his note, had to issue another of a larger amount. The third year it was still worse; and the fourth worse yet. The constant necessity he had for money on his private account was injuring his credit; he could no longer borrow except at an extravagant usury; and his partner, coming to a knowledge of his indebtedness, began to wish for a separation, and looked about for some one to supply his place.

Still the old habits continued. Arthur loved his wife too much, and was too weak in his character, to check her foible; and Lucy, though she really tried to be economical, could not get over the practice of buying the most elegant, in preference to the cheaper article, for, she said, "it's but a little more."

Arthur, having been civilly cast off by his partner, is now doing business on his own account. But his capital yearly grows less, while his credit is rapidly declining. Yet both he and Lucy, though they make occasional efforts to reform, are still victims to their old foibles; and, we fear, will continue so while they live. To this day, though now really poor, Lucy always buys a silk dress instead of a merino, "for," says she, "it's BUT A LITTLE MORE."

## JULIA WARREN.

### A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 187.

#### CHAPTER III.

"How do you do, madam? Anything in my way? Capital beets these—the most delicious spinach. Celary, bright and crisp enough to suit an alderman; sold five bunches for the supper-room at the City Hall, not half an hour since. Everything on the stand fresh as spring water, sweet as a rose. Two bunches of the celary, yes ma'am; anything else; not a small measure of the potatoes? Luscious things, always come out of the saucepan twisting their jackets; only one measure. Very well—thank you! Cranberries, certainly!"

Thus, cheerfully extolling her merchandize, busy as a bee, and radiant with good humor, stood a fine old huckster woman, by her vegetable stand in Fulton Market, on the morning after Julia Warren was cast into prison. No customer left her stand without adding something to the weight of his or her market-basket. There was something so hearty and cheerful in her appearance, that people paused, spite of themselves, to examine her nicely arranged merchandize; and though all the adjoining stalls were deserted, Mrs. Gray was sure to have her hands full every morning of the week.

On this particular day she had been busy as a mother bird, serving customers, making change, and arranging her stall, now and then pausing to bandy a good-humored jest with her neighbors, or toss a handful of vegetables into some beggar's basket. The words with which our chapter opens were addressed to a quiet old lady in deep mourning, who carried a small willow basket on her arm, and appeared to be selecting a few dainty trifles from various stalls as she passed along.

"Cranberries! Oh, yes, the finest you have seen this year, plump as June cherries; see, madam, judge for yourself."

The good woman took up a quantity of the berries as she spoke, and began pouring them from one plump hand to the other, smiling blandly now at the fruit man, now at her quiet customer.

"Yes, they are very fine," said the old lady; "do up a small measure neatly, they are for a sick person."

Mrs. Gray looked over her stand for some paper, but her supply was exhausted; nothing presented itself but the morning journal, with which she usually occupied any little time that might be hers between the coming and departure of her customers. This morning she had been too busy even for a glance at its columns; but as her neighbor seemed to be out of wrapping paper also, she took up the journal, and was about to tear off the advertising half, when something in its columns seemed to arrest her eye. She held the paper up and read eagerly. The rich color faded from her cheeks, and you might have detected a faint motion disturbing the repose of her double chin, a sure sign of unusual agitation in her.

"You have forgotten the cranberries!" said the customer, at length, looking with some surprise at the paper as it began to rustle violently in the huckster woman's hands. Mrs. Gray did not seem to hear, but read on with increased agitation. At length she sat down heavily upon her stool, her hands that still grasped the paper dropped into her lap, and she seemed completely bewildered.

"Are you ill?" inquired the old lady, moving softly around the stand. "Something in the paper must have distressed you."

"Yes," answered the huckster woman, taking up the paper, and pointing with her unsteady finger to the paragraph she had been reading, "I am heart sick; see, I know all these people; I loved some of them. It has taken away my breath. Do you believe that it is true?"

The lady reached forth her hand, and taking the paper, read the account of Leicester's murder and Mr. Warren's arrest, to the end. Mrs. Gray was looking anxiously in her face, and, though it was white and still as the coldest marble, it seemed to the good woman as if it contracted about the mouth, and a look of subdued pain deepened around the eyes.

"Do you believe it?" questioned Mrs. Gray, forgetting that the person she addressed was an entire stranger.

"Yes," answered the lady, speaking with apparent effort—"yes, he is dead!"

"What! murdered by that old man? I don't believe it. It's against nature!"

"He died a violent death," answered the lady, shrinking as if with pain.

"Then he killed himself," answered Mrs. Gray, recovering something of her natural energy, "it was like him."

"Oh! God forbid!"

The lady uttered these words in a low, gasping tone, as if Mrs. Gray's speech had confirmed some unspoken dread in her own heart. The noble old huckster woman saw that she was giving pain, and did not press the subject.

"Then some other person must be guilty, it was not old Mr. Warren; I haven't seen much of him, true enough, but he's a good man, my life on it! He's set at my table—a Thanksgiving dinner, marm! I remember the blessing he asked, so meek, so full of gratitude, with as fine a turkey as ever come from a barn-yard, tempting him to be short, and he with hunger stamped deep into every line of his face. I haven't heard such a blessing since I was a girl. This man charged with murder! I wouldn't believe it though every minister in New York swore against him."

The old lady opened her lips to speak again, but Mrs. Gray suddenly laid a hand upon her arm.

"Hush! you see that old woman coming up the market, it is his wife!—Mr. Warren's wife!—see how broken-heartedly she looks about from stall to stall; maybe it is this one she wants. Yes! how her poor eyes brighten."

"A friend in need is a friend indeed; she knows where to look, you see."

By this time the forlorn old woman, who come wandering like a ghost up the market, caught a glimpse of the portly figure and radiant countenance, that always made the huckster woman an object of attention. Her pale face did indeed brighten up, and she forced her way through the people, putting them aside with her hands in reckless haste.

Mrs. Gray left her customer by the stall, and went down the market in benevolent haste, the snowy strings of her cap floating out, and the broad expanse of her apron rippling with the rapidity of her steps. She met Mrs. Warren with a kindly, but subdued greeting, and, without releasing the thin hand she had grasped, led the heart-stricken woman up to her stall.

"There, now, sit down upon my stool," she said, giving another gentle shake of the withered hand before she relinquished it. "You are tired

and out of breath; there, there, keep quiet; cry away if you like, I'll stand before you!"

The good woman had seen tears gathering into the wild eyes of her visitor from the first—for if tears are locked in a grateful heart, kindness will bring them forth—and with that intuitive delicacy which made all her acts so genial, she left the poor creature to weep in peace, shielding her from notice by the breast-work of her own ample person.

"Oh, the cranberries! I have kept you waiting!" she said, to the customer who stood motionless by the stall, apparently unconscious of all that was passing, but keenly interested notwithstanding this seeming apathy.

The lady started at this address, and without answer watched Mrs. Gray as she twisted half of the torn newspaper over her hand, and afterward filled it with berries. She took the paper, mechanically laid down a piece of silver, and waited for the change. All this was done in a cold, strengthless way, like one who does every thing well from habit, and who omits no detail of a life that has lost all interest. She stood a moment after receiving the parcel, and then drawing close to Mrs. Gray, whispered—

"Ask her where she lives!"

Mrs. Gray looked around, and saw that the pale face was bent, and that tears were pouring down it like rain. She leaned forward and whispered—

"Do you live in the old place yet?"

"No," was the broken answer, "I could not stay there alone, if the rent were paid. As it is they would not let me, I suppose."

"Where is your home then? Where is your family?" said the lady, in her cold, gentle way.

"They are in prison; my home is the street!"

"But where do you sleep?"

"Nowhere, I have not wanted to sleep since they took *him*," was the sad reply. "I walk up and down all night; it is a little chilly sometimes, but a great deal better than sitting alone to think."

"She will go home with me," said Mrs. Gray, addressing her customer, and drawing one hand across her eyes, for their soft brown was becoming misty. "Of course she will—I don't know you, marm, but somehow it seems as if you would like to help this poor, unfortunate woman. She needs friends, and has got one, at any rate, but the more the better!"

"If—if you could only persuade the judge to let me stay in prison with them," said Mrs. Warren, lifting her face to the lady with an air of pleading humility. "I don't want a better home than that."

"They! Was it not they you said?" questioned the huckster woman. "Who is in prison

besides Mr. Warren? Not Julia—not my little flower-angel—you do not mean that?"

"They let all go in but me!" answered Mrs. Warren, with a look of pitiful desolation.

"I never said it before!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, untying her apron, rolling it up and twisting the strings around it with a degree of energy quite disproportioned to this simple operation—"I never said it before, but I'm ashamed of my country—it's a disgrace to humanity. I only wish Jacob knew it, that's all!"

"Hush!" said the lady, with her cold, low voice. "There is one stronger than the laws who permits these things for his own wise purposes."

Mrs. Warren looked up. A wan smile quivered over her face. "That is so like him—he said these very words."

"He is right! you must not feel so hopeless, or be altogether miserable, have faith! have charity!" added the gentle speaker, turning from the mournful eyes of Mrs. Warren, and addressing the huckster woman. "You cannot know how many other persons are suffering from this very cause. Let us all be patient—let us all trust in God." She glided away as she spoke, and was lost in the crowd, leaving behind the hushed passion of grief and a feeling of awe, for the calm dignity of her own sorrow subdued the resentment which Mrs. Gray had felt, like the rebuke of an angel.

"Did you know her?" she questioned, drawing a deep breath, as the black garments disappeared. "One would think she understood the whole case."

Mrs. Warren shook her head.

"I suppose she was right," continued the huckster woman—"I *know* she was right, but we can't always feel the faith she wants us to have; if we did there would be no sorrow. Who minds wading a river when certain just how deep the water is, and while banks covered with flowers lie in full sight on the other side. It is plunging into a dark stream, with clouds hiding the shore, and not a star asleep in the bottom, that tries the faith. But after all she speaks like one who knows what such things mean. So be comforted, my poor friend, the river is dark, the clouds are heavy, but somewhere we shall find a gleam of God's mercy folded up in the blackness. Isn't there a hymn—I think there is—that says, 'earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.'"

"Oh! if they would let me stay with him!" answered the poor old woman, with her wan smile, "I could have faith then, that is heaven to me!"

"You shall see him—you shall stay with him from morning till night if you would rather!"

I'll go into court myself. I'll haunt the aldermen like an office-seeker, till some of them lets you in. I'll—yes, I'll go after Jacob, he can do anything; you never saw Jacob—my brother Jacob, he's a man to deal with these courts, Strong as a lion, honest as a house-dog—been half his life in foreign parts. Knows more in ten minutes than his sister does in a whole year, he'll set things to rights in no time. Your husband is innocent—innocent as I am—we must prove it, that's all!"

Mrs. Warren did not speak the thanks that beamed in every lineament of her face, but she took the hand which Mrs. Gray had laid upon hers, and pressing it softly between her thin palms, raised it to her lips.

"Poh—poh, they will see you! Cheer up now, and let us consider how to begin; if Jacob were only here now, or even my nephew, Robert Otis, he would be better than nobody!"

"Thank you, Aunt Gray—thank you a thousand times for this estimate of modest merit," said a voice at her elbow, whose cheerfulness was certainly somewhat assumed.

Mrs. Gray turned with a degree of eagerness that threatened to destroy the equilibrium of her stately person.

"Robert, Robert Otis," she cried, addressing the noble-looking youth, who stood with his hand extended ready for the warm greeting that was sure to be his. "I was just wishing for you, so was poor Mrs. Warren; you remember Mrs. Warren's niece, she is in trouble, great trouble!"

"Yes, I know," said young Otis, remarking the painful expression that came and went on that withered face, "I have been to the prison!"

"Did you see him? Did they let you in?" exclaimed Mrs. Warren, beginning to tremble. "Oh! tell me how he was; did he miss me very much? Was he anxious about his poor wife?"

"I was too early, they did not let me in!" replied the young man, bending a pair of fine eyes full of noble compassion on the old woman: "but I learned from one of the keepers that your husband was more composed than persons usually are the first night of confinement."

The old woman sunk back to her seat with an air of meek disappointment.

"And Julia, my grandchild—did you inquire about her?"

Robert's countenance changed, there was something unsteady in his voice as he replied, it seemed embarrassed with some tender recollection.

"I saw her!"

"You saw her!—how did she look?—what did she say?"

"I got admission to speak with the matron, a fine, motherly woman, you will be glad to know;

but it was early for visitors, and I only saw your granddaughter through the grating!"

"Was she ill?—was she crying? Did she look pale?"

"She looked pale, certainly, but calm and quiet as an angel in heaven."

"Oh! she is like an angel, that dear granddaughter!"

"She was leading a little child by the hand up and down the lower passage, a beautiful creature, who kept his quiet, soft eyes fixed on hers as we sometimes see a house-dog gaze on its owner. I had but one glimpse, and came away."

"Then she did not seem very unhappy?" questioned the old woman.

"I could not say that! Her eyes were heavy as if she had cried a good deal in the night, but she was calm when I saw her."

"Would they let me look at her as you did, if I promised not to speak a word?"

"There is no reason why you should not speak with her, and your husband too. If the keepers refuse, I will obtain an order from the sheriff!"

"Do you think so, really. Can I see them to-day?"

"Be at rest, you will see them within a few hours, no doubt," replied the young man. "But your granddaughter, at least, will, I trust, be at liberty. It was on this subject that I came to see you, aunt."

"And right glad I am you did come, nephew," replied the huckster woman, "I wanted to help the poor things somehow, but didn't know what on earth to begin with; I know just about as much of the law as a spring gosling, and no more. It costs heaps of money, that every one can tell you, but how it is to be spent, and what for, is the question I want answered."

"Well, aunt, the first step, I fancy, is to get the poor woman's grandchild out of that horrid place; I can tell you it made my blood run cold to see her among those women!"

"Yes—yes. But how is it to be done?"

"You must go up to court and give bonds for her appearance; that is, you agree to give five hundred dollars to the treasury if this young girl fails to appear when her grandfather is put on trial. If she appears, you are free from all obligation. If she fails, the money must be paid."

"Fails! I thought better of you, nephew, how can you mention the word; haven't I trusted her with fruit? Didn't I go security for half the flowers in Dunlap's green-house at one time within this very month? Robert, Robert, the world is spoiling you. How could you speak as if that girl—I love her as if she were my own niece, Robert—how could you speak as if she could fail, and her poor grandmother sitting by?"

Was it this energetic rebuke that brought the blood so richly into the young man's cheek, or was it the little word "niece" that fell so affectionately from the old huckster woman's lips? It could not be the former, for a bright smile kindled up the flush, and that a rebuke however kindly intended, was not likely to excite.

"You cannot feel more confidence in her than I do, dear Aunt Gray," he said; "but I thought it right to lay the responsibility clearly before you!"

"That was right—that was like a man of business. Never mind what I said, nephew," cried the noble woman, shaking the youth's hand till the motion flushed his face once more. "Aunt Gray always was an old fool, seeing faults where they never existed, and making herself ridiculous every way, but never mind her—she'll give bonds for the poor child, of course; but then the old gentleman, how much will the law ask for him?"

"I'm afraid it will be out of your power to free him, aunt!"

"What, they ask too much, ha? You think Aunt Gray must not run the risk. But she will though, I tell you that old man is honest, honest as steel. They might trust him with the prison doors open: he will do what is right without fear or favor. I'll give bonds for him up to the last shilling of my savings, if the court asks it. He's innocent as a creeping babe, and I, for one, will let the world, yes, the whole world, know that this is my opinion."

"You will not hear me, aunt. Aunt Gray, I did not advise you against giving bonds, far from it; but Mr. Warren is charged with a crime for which no bonds can be received."

"I did not know that," answered Mrs. Gray, sinking her voice, "still something can be done; see how earnestly she is looking at us! My heart aches for her, Robert."

"Heaven knows I pity her," said the young man, "for I tell you fairly, aunt, the evidence against her husband is terribly strong."

"But you, Robert—you cannot think him guilty?"

"No, aunt, I solemnly believe Mr. Leicester killed himself. But what is my belief without evidence?"

"Then you solemnly believe him innocent?"

"As I believe myself innocent, good aunt."

"I won't ask you to kiss me, Robert, because we are in the open market—but shake hands again. Next to faith in God, I love to see trust in human nature—faith in God's creatures—it's a beautiful thing!—the good naturally have confidence in the good. That old man is a Christian, treat him reverently in his prison, nephew, as you would have bowed before one of the apostles; his

blessing would do you good, though it came from the gallows."

"I believe all this, aunt; something of mystery there is about the man, but it would be impossible to think him guilty of murder! Still there must have been some connection between him and Mr. Leicester as yet unexplained."

"I know nothing of this—nothing but what the papers tell me; but one thing is certain, Robert, no one ever had anything to do with Mr. Leicester without suffering for it. He was kind to you once, but somehow it seemed to wear out your young life. The flesh wasted from your limbs; the red went out from your cheeks. It made me heart-sick to see the boy I loved to pet like a child, shooting up into a thoughtful man. I remember once, when Leicester boarded at our house, Robert, there was a cabbage-rose growing in one corner of the garden—I haven't much time for flowers, but still I could always find a minute every morning before coming to market for these rose-buds when the blossom season came. That summer the bush was heavy with leaves, still there was but a single bud, a noble one though; plump as a strawberry, and with as deep a red breaking through the green leaves. I loved to watch the bud swell day by day. Every morning I went out while the dew was heavy upon it, and saw the leaves part softly as if they were afraid of the sunshine. One morning, just as this bud was opening itself to the heart, I found Mr. Leicester bending over the bush, tearing open the poor rose with his fingers. His hands were bathed in the sweet breath that came pouring out all at once upon the air. The soft leaves curled around his fingers, trying to hide, it seemed to me, the havoc his hands had made. It was hard to condemn a man for tearing open a half-blown rose, nephew, but somehow this thing left a prejudice in my heart against Mr. Leicester. The flower did not live till another morning. I told him of this, and he laughed.

"'Well, what then? I had all the fragrance at a breath,' he said. 'Never let your roses distill their essence to the sun, drop by drop, Mrs. Gray, when you can tear open the hearts and drink their sweet lives in a moment.'

"I remember his answer, word for word, for it came fresh to my mind many times, when I saw you, my dear boy, pining away, as it were, under his kindness. It seemed to me as if he were softly parting the leaves of your young heart, and draining its life away!"

"And you really thought my fate like that of your rose, dear aunt?" The youth uttered these words with a pale cheek and downcast eyes. The good woman's words had impressed him strangely.

"It kept me awake many a long night, Robert."

"But you did not think that Uncle Jacob was

at hand? Had he been in your garden, Leicester would not have found an opportunity to kill your pet rose: he might have breathed upon it, nothing more."

The huckster woman looked earnestly into that noble young face; and Robert met her glance with a frank, but somewhat regretful smile.

"And Jacob, my brother, stood between you and this bad man," she said, at length, with a degree of emotion that made the folds of her double chin quiver.

"He made me wiser and better—he was my salvation, Aunt Gray."

"God bless my brother—God bless Jacob Strong!" cried the huckster woman, softly clasping her hands, while her eyes were flooded with tears—grateful tears, that hung upon them like dew in the husks of a ripe hazelnut.

"Amen!" said the young man, in a low voice. "Now, aunt, let us go to this poor woman: observe how earnestly she is watching us."

The aunt and nephew had stepped aside as their conversation became personal; and old Mrs. Warren had been eagerly regarding them all the time. They were the only friends she had on earth. To her broken spirit, they seemed to hold the power of life and death over the beings she loved so devotedly. Robert had promised that she should see her husband and her grandchild: the heart-stricken woman asked for nothing more. She never, for an instant, questioned his power, but sat with her eyes turned reverently upon his fine person and noble features, as if he had been an angel empowered to unlock the gates of heaven for her.

Robert and his aunt approached her as their conference ended, and the young man took out his watch.

"Is it time? Would they let me in now?" questioned the poor woman, half rising as she saw the movement.

"Are you strong enough?" he answered, observing that she trembled.

"Oh! yes, I am strong—very strong. Let us go!"

With her thin, eager hands she folded the shawl over her bosom and stood up, strong in her womanly affections, in her Christian humility, but oh! how weak every way else.

Mrs. Gray folded herself in an ample blanket shawl, and tying on her bonnet, led the way out of the market, forgetting, for the first time in her life, that her stall was unattended.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

If there is any portion of the city prison more cheerful than another, it is the double line of cells looking upon Elm street; plenty of pure



light pours in through the glazed roof, filling the space open from pavement to roof with a pleasant atmosphere. The walls that form this spacious parade-ground are pierced with cells up to the very skylights. Each tier of cells is masked by a narrow iron gallery: and each gallery is bridged with that opposite, by a narrow causeway, upon which a keeper usually sits smoking his cigar, and idly reading some city journal. In the day time the prisoners, who inhabit these various cells, take exercise and air upon the galleries. Even those committed for the highest crimes, often enjoy this privilege, for the ponderous strength of the walls, and the vigilance of the authorities, render a degree of freedom safe here, which could not be dreamed of in less secure buildings.

I do not know that there is any rule requiring that persons charged with capital crime should be confined in the upper cells, but usually they are found somewhere in the third gallery, enjoying some degree of liberty till after sentence; but closed between that time and death, as it were, in a living tomb: thick walls encompass them on every side: doors of ponderous iron bolted to the stone, shut them in from the galleries. A slit in the walls, five or six feet deep, lets in all the breath and light of heaven which the wretched man must enjoy till he is violently plunged into a close cell, whence breath and light are forever excluded. A narrow bed, and perhaps a small, rude table, are all the furniture that can be crowded in with the prisoner. But books are seldom if ever denied him; and occasionally these little cells take a domestic look that renders them less prison-like, and less gloomy as the taste and habits of the inmates develop themselves.

Old Mr. Warren was placed in one of these cells the day of his examination. He followed the officers along those dizzy galleries, submitting to the curious gaze of his fellow prisoners with unshrinking humility, that won upon the kind feelings of his keepers. He entered the cell, looked calmly around, and then with a grateful and patient smile, thanked the officer for giving him a place so much better than he had expected.

The officer was touched by the grateful and meek air with which he spoke these simple thanks, and replied kindly, "that he was willing to render any comfort consistent with the prison rules." After this he looked around to see that everything was in order, and went out, closing the heavy door with a kind regard to the noise, and shooting the bolt as softly as so much iron could be moved.

And now the old man was alone: utterly alone, locked and bolted deep into that solitude which must be worse than death to a guilty soul. At

first his brain was dizzy, the tragic events that cast him into prison had transpired too rapidly for realization. They rose and eddied through his mind like the phantasmagoria of a dream. He could not think—he could not even pray.

He sat down on the bed, and bowing his forehead to his hands, made an effort to realize his exact situation. His eyes were bent on the floor; once or twice his lips moved with a faint tremor, for in all the confusion of his ideas he could recollect one thing vividly enough. His wife and grandchild—the two beings for whom he had toiled and suffered—they were torn from his side. His poor old wife—her cry, as she strove to follow him, still rang in his ear. She had not even the comforts of a prison. He looked around the cell—it was clean and dry—the walls snowy with whitewash—the stone flags swept scrupulously. In everything but size it was more comfortable than the basement from which the officers had taken them. True, it was but a hole dug into the ponderous walls of a prison, but if she had been there the poor old man would have been content—nay, grateful, for as yet he had found no strength to realize the terrible danger that hung over him.

Thus, hour after hour went by, and he sat motionless pondering over all the incidents of his examination like one in a dream. None of them seemed real—but the voice of his wife—the wild, white face of his grandchild as she was borne away through the crowd—these things were palpable enough. He tried to conjecture where his wife would go—what place of refuge she would find—not to their old home, the floor was still red with blood. She was a timid woman, dependant as a child; without his calm strength to sustain her, what could she do? Perish in the street, perhaps; lie down, softly, upon some door-stone and grieve herself to death.

There is nothing on earth more touchingly holy than the tenderness which an old man feels for his old wife; the most ardent love of youth is feeble compared to the solemn devotion into which time purifies passion. The mere habit of domestic intercourse is much, independent of those deeper and more subtle feelings which give us our first glimpses of Paradise through the joys of home affection. It was not the prison—it was not the charge of murder that held that old man spell-bound and motionless so long. His desolation was of the heart; his spirit fled out from those huge walls, and followed the lone woman who had been thrust rudely from his side for the first time in more than thirty years. It was not with this keen anguish that he thought of Julia, for in her character there was freshness, energy, something of moral strength beyond her years. She might suffer terribly, but some-

thing convinced the grandfather that the sublime purity of her nature would protect itself. She was not a feeble, broken spirited woman like his wife. Yet his heart yearned as he thought of this young creature so pure, so beautiful, so full of sensitive sympathies, among the inmates of that gloomy dwelling.

It was of these two beings the old man pondered, not of himself. After awhile keen anxiety goaded him into motion. He stood up and began to pace back and forth in his cell. A narrow strip of the floor lay between his bed and the wall, and along this a little footpath had been worn in the stone. Who had thus worn the prints of his solitary misery into the hard granite? What foot had trodden there the last hard step of destiny? This question drew the old man's attention for a moment from those he had lost. He became curious to know something of his predecessor—what was his crime? How did he look? Had he a wife and child to mourn? Did he leave the cell for liberty, other confinement, or death?

The word death brought a sense of his own condition for the first time before him. He became thoroughly conscious that a terrible charge had been made against him, and that appearances must sustain that charge. From that instant he stood still, with his eyes bent upon the floor, pondering the subject clearly in his mind. At length a faint smile parted his lips, and he began to pace the narrow cell again, but more calmly than before.

I will tell you why that old man smiled there, alone, in his prison cell, because it will convince you that guilt alone can make any one utterly wretched. He had thought over the whole matter—the charge of murder—the impossibility of disproving a single point of the evidence. Nothing could be more apparent than the danger in which he stood—nothing more certain than the penalty that would follow conviction. But it was this very truth that sent the smile to those aged lips. What was death to him but the threshold of heaven? Death, he had never prayed for it, for his Christianity was too holy and humble for selfish importunity, even though the thing asked for was death. He was not one to cast himself at the footstool of the Almighty, and point out to His all-seeing wisdom the mercies that would please him best. No—no, the religion of that noble old man—for true religion is always noble—was of that humble, trusting nature that says, “nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.” He was only thinking when he smiled so gently, how much greater sorrow he had encountered than death could bring.

This gave him comfort when he thought of his wife also. She would go with him, he was certain of that as of anything in the future. He

remembered, with pleasure, that old people, long married and very much attached, were almost certain to die within a few weeks or months of each other. How many instances of this came within his own memory. It was a comforting theme, and he dwelt upon it with solemn satisfaction.

The keeper, when he came to bring the old man's dinner, gazed upon his benign and tranquil features with astonishment. Never in his life had he seen a prisoner so calm on the first day of confinement. It was impossible for philosophy or hardihood to assume an expression so painful, and yet so full of dignity.

“Tell me,” said the old man, as the keeper lingered near the door—“tell me who occupied this cell last. It is a strange thing, but with so much to distract my thoughts, a curiosity haunts me to know something of the man whose bed I have taken.”

The officer hesitated. It was an ominous question, and he shrank from a subject well calculated to depress a prisoner.

“I have made out a portion of the history,” said the prisoner; “enough to know that he was a sea-faring man, and had talent.”

“And how did you find this out?” inquired the officer.

“There, upon the wall, is a rough picture, but one can read a great deal in it!”

The old man pointed to the wall, where a few waving lines drawn with a pencil, gave a rude idea of waves in motion. In their midst was a ship with her masts down, plunging downward with her bows already engulfed in the water.

“Poor fellow, I thought it had been white-washed over!” said the officer. “He did that the very week before—before his execution.”

“Then he was executed?”

“Yes; nothing could have saved him.”

“Was he guilty then?”

“It was as clear a case of piracy as I ever saw tried; the man confessed his guilt.”

“Guilty! Death must be terrible in that case, very terrible!” said the old man, with a mournful wave of the head.

“He was a reckless fellow, full of wild glee to the last, but a coward, I do believe; I found his pillow wet almost every morning. The last month he kept a calender of the days over his bed there, penciled on the wall. The first thing every morning he would strike out a day with his finger; but if any one seemed to pity him, he frequently broke into a volley of curses, or jeered at sympathy that he did not want.”

“Have you ever seen an innocent man executed?” said the prisoner, greatly disturbed by this account; “that is a man who met death calmly, neither as a stoic, a bravo, or a coward?”

"I have no doubt innocent men have been executed again and again all over the world; but I have never seen one die knowing him to be such."

The officer went out after this, leaving the old man alone once more. His face was sad now, and he watched the closing door wistfully.

"Why should I seek other examples?" he said, at length. "Was not *he* executed innocently? Is it not enough to know how my Lord and Saviour died?"

It was a singular thing, but from the first, old Mr. Warren never seemed to entertain a hope of escaping from the prison by any means but a violent death. It was to this that all his Christian energies were bent from the earliest hour of confinement.

The night came on, its approach perceptible only by the blackness that crept across the loop hole which served as a window. In the darkness that soon filled the cell the old man lay down in his clothes and tried to sleep. Now it was that his soul yearned toward the poor old wife who had been so long sheltered in his bosom; the fair granddaughter too, it seemed as if his heart would break as their condition rose before him in all its fearful desolation. Deep in the night he fell asleep, and then his brain was haunted with dreams, bright, heavenly dreams, such as irradiate the face of an infant when the mother believes it whispering with angels: but this sweet sleep was of brief duration. He awoke in the darkness, and, unconscious where he was, reached out his arm. It struck the cold, hard wall, and the vibration went through his heart like a knife. She was not by his side. Where, where was his poor wife? He asked this question aloud; his sobs filled the cell; the miserable pillow under his head soaked up the tears as they rained down his face. The fear of death could not have wrung drops from those aching eyes; but tears of affection reveal the strength of a good man. There are times when the proudest being on earth might be ashamed not to weep.

He did not close his eyes again that night, but wept himself calm with broken prayers. Low, humble entreaties for strength, for patience, and for charity, rose from his hard bed. Slowly the cell filled with light, and then he saw, for the first time, a book lying on a tiny shelf fastened beneath the window. He arose, eagerly, and took it down. A glow spread over his face. It was one of those cheap Bibles which the Tract Society scatter through our prisons. As he opened the humble book, a sunbeam shot through the loop hole, and broke in a shower of light over the page. Was it chance that sent the golden sunbeam? Was it chance that opened the book to one of the most hopeful and comforting passages of Scripture?

He took an old pair of silver spectacles from his pocket, and sat down to read. Hours wore away, and still he bent over those holy pages as if they had never met his eyes before. And so it really seemed, for we must suffer before all the strength and beauty of the book of books can penetrate the heart. A noise at the door made him look up. His breath came fast. It required something heavier than that iron door to lock out the sympathies of two hearts that had grown old in affection. His hands began to tremble: he took off the spectacles, and hastily put them between the pages of his Bible. It was of no use trying to read then.

The bolt was shot, the door swung open with a clang, and there stood a group of persons ready to enter.

"Husband! oh, husband!" said old Mrs. Warren, reaching both hands through the door as she stooped to come in.

The prisoner took her hands in his and kissed them ardently, as he had done years ago when those poor withered fingers were rosy with youth. The door closed softly then, for old Mrs. Gray was not one to force herself upon an interview so mournful and so sacred.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## JULIA WARREN.

### A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 227.

#### CHAPTER V.

JULIA WARREN slept little during the night. The state of nervous excitement in which she had been thrown, the shrinking dread which made her quail and tremble at the approach of her fellow prisoners—even the rude kindness of the strange being who took a sort of tiger-like interest in her—frightened sleep from her eyes.

A cell had been arranged for her, and the woman who still shielded her from the other prisoners meek as a wild beast might protect her young, consented that the infant boy should be her companion through the night. This was a great comfort to the poor girl: to her pure belief there was protection in the sleeping innocence of the child who lay with his delicately veined temples pressing that coarse prison pillow, softly as if it had been fragrant with rose-leaves.

Julia could not sleep, but it was pleasant in her sad wakefulness to feel the sweet breath of this child floating over her face, and his soft arms clinging to her neck. To her poetic imagination it seemed as if a cherub from heaven had been left to cheer her in the darkness. Sometimes she would start and listen, or cringe breathlessly down to her pretty companion, for strange, fierce voices occasionally broke from some of the cells on either side, smothered sounds as of spirits chained in torment, wailing and wild shouts of laughter, for with some of those wretched inmates memory grew sharp in the midnight of a prison, and others dreamed recklessly as they lived—shouting fiercely in the sleep which was not rest, but the dregs of lingering inebriation.

Of the mind and heart of this young girl we have said but little. The few simple acts of her life have been allowed to speak for her extreme youth. The utter isolation of her life, even more than her youth would in ordinary characters have kept her still ignorant and uninformed. But Julia was not an ordinary character, there was depth, earnestness, that extreme simplicity in her nature which goes to make up the beauty and strength of womanhood. Suffering had made her precocious, nothing more—it sent thought

hand in hand with feeling. It threw her forward in life some three or four years. Gratitude so early and so deeply enkindled in her young heart foreshadowed the intensity of affection, nay, of passion when it should once be aroused.

In this country the most abject poverty need not preclude the craving mind from its natural element, books. Julia had read more and thought more than half the girls of her age in the very highest walks of life. Her first love of poetry was drawn from the most beautiful of all sources, the Bible. Her grandfather was a good reader, and possessed no small degree of natural eloquence. Gushes of poetry, of solemn, sweet feeling were constantly breaking through the prayers which she had listened to every night and morning of her life; the very sublimity of his faith, the simple trust which never forsook him in the goodness of his Creator: the cheerful humility of his entire character, all this had aroused the sympathetic emotions in his grandchild's heart. It is the good alone who thoroughly feel how keen and sweet intellectual joys may become. When we water the blossoms of a strong mind with dew from the fountains of a good heart, the whole being is harmonious, the rarest joys of existence are secured.

But though the Bible contains the safest and most beautiful groundwork of all literature, history, biography, ethics, poetry, and even that pure fiction which shadows forth truth in the parables, the mind that has first tasted life there will crave other sources of knowledge. A few old volumes, so shabby that the pawnbrokers refused loans upon them, and the second-hand book-stalls rejected them at any price, still remained in her basement home. These she had read with the keen relish of a hungry mind. Then old Mrs. Gray had a few books at her farm house: she had never read them herself, good soul, and whenever the beauties of "Paradise Lost" were mentioned, had only a vague professional idea that our first parents had been driven forth from a remarkably fine vegetable and fruit garden just before the harvest season. Still she

had great respect for the man who could mourn so great a loss in verse, and so delighted in lending the volumes to her young friend whenever she had time to read.

From these resources and the patient teachings of her grandfather, Julia had managed to obtain the most desirable of all educations. She had learned to think clearly, to feel rightly, but she felt keenly also, and a vivid imagination kindling up these acute feelings at midnight in the depth of a prison, made every nerve quiver with dread that was more than superstitious. One picture haunted her like death, her grandfather's white and agonized face stooping over that dead man. Never had the beautiful, stern face of the stranger beamed upon her so vividly before: she saw every lineament, it was enameled on the midnight blackness. She longed to arouse the child and ask it if the face were really visible, but was afraid to speak or move: the very sound of his soft breath as the boy slept terrified her. But while this wild dread was strongest upon her, the child awoke and began to feel over her face with his little hands. Softly, and with the touch of falling rose-leaves, his fingers wandered over her eyes, her forehead, and her mouth: they were like sunbeams playing upon ice those warm, rosy fingers. The young girl ceased to feel frightened or alone. She began to weep: she pressed his hands to her lips, and drew the child close to her bosom, whispering softly to him, and pressing her lips to his eyes now and then to be sure they were open. But all her gentle wiles were insufficient to keep the little fellow awake; he began to breathe more and more deeply, and, overcome by the soft mesmerism of her breath, she fell asleep also.

It would have been a lovely sight had any one looked upon those two calm, beautiful faces pillowed together upon that prison bed. Smiles dimpled around the rosy lips, upon which the breath floated like mist over a cluster of ripe cherries. The bright ringlets of the child fell over the tresses that shadowed the fair temple close to his, lighting them up as with threads and gleams of gold. It was a picture of innocent sleep that those green walls had perhaps never sheltered before since their foundation. It was natural that Julia should smile in her sleep, and that a glow like the first beams of morning when they penetrate a rose, should light up her face. She was dreaming, and slumber cast a fairy brightness over thoughts that had perhaps vaguely haunted her before that night; for memories mingled with the vision and the scenes which wove themselves in her slumbering thought had been realities—the first joyous realities of her young life.

She was at an old farm-house, half hid in the

foliage of two noble maples, all golden and crimson with a touch of frost. Her grandparents stood upon the door-stone with old Mrs. Gray talking together, and smiling upon her as she sat down beneath the maples, and began to arrange a lapful of flowers that somehow had filled her apron, as bright things will fall upon us in our sleep. These blossoms seemed with perfume more delicate than anything she had ever seen or imagined, and, though coarse garden flowers, their breath was intoxicating.

Dreams are independent of detail, and the sleeper only knew that a young man whose face was familiar, and yet strange, stood by her side, and smiled gently upon her as she bent over her treasure. Was her dreamy imagination more vivid than the reality had been, or had her nerves ever answered human look with the delicious thrill that pervaded them in the dream?—was it the shadow of a memory haunting her sleep? Oh, yes, she had dreamed before—dreamed when those soft eyes had nothing but their curling lashes to veil them, and when the thoughts that were now floating through her vision even left a glow upon that young cheek. It was true the angel of love haunted Julia in her prison.

The real and the imaginary still blended itself in her vision, but indistinctly, and with that vague cloudiness that makes one sigh when the dream becomes a memory. A harrassing sense that her grandfather was in trouble seemed to blend with the misty breath of the flowers. She still sat beneath the tree, and saw the old man in the distance, struggling with a throng of people, half engulfed in a storm-cloud that rolled up from the horizon. She could not move, for the blossoms in her lap seemed turning to lead, which she had no power to fling off. She struggled, and cried out wildly, "Robert—Robert Otis!"

The blossoms breathed in her lap again; flashes of silver broke up the distant cloud, and stars seemed dropping one by one from its writhing folds. Robert Otis was now in the distance, now at her side; she could not turn her eyes without encountering the deep smiling fervor of his glance. His name trembled and died on her lips in broken whispers, then all faded away. Balmly quiet settled on the spirit of the young girl, and she slept softly as the flowers sleep when their cups are overflowing with dew.

From this soft rest she was aroused by the sharp clang of iron, and the tread of feet in the passage. The door of her own cell was flung open, and a tin cup full of coffee, with coarse, wholesome bread, was set inside for her breakfast. The dream still left its balm upon her heart, which all that prison noise had not power to frighten away. She smoothed her own hair, arranged her dress, and then arousing the child

from his sleep with kisses, bathed and dressed him also. He was sitting upon her lap, his fresh rosy face lifted to hers, while she smoothed his tresses, and twisted them in ringlets around her fingers, when his mother entered the cell. She scarcely glanced at the child, but sat down, and supporting her forehead with one hand, remained in sombre stillness gazing on the floor. There was nothing reckless or coarse in her manner. Her heavy forehead was clouded, but with gloom that partook more of melancholy than of anger.

She spoke at length, but without changing her position or lifting her eyes from the floor.

"Will you tell me the name?—will you tell me who the man was they charge your grandfather with murdering? Was it—was it—" The low husky tones died in her throat: she made another effort, and added almost in a whisper, "was it Edward Leicester?"

The question arrested Julia in her graceful task: her hands dropped as if smitten down from those golden tresses, and she answered in a faint voice, "that it was the name."

"Then he is dead; are you sure—quite sure?"

"They all said so; the doctor, all that saw him!"

"You did not see him then?"

"Yes—yes!" answered the young girl, closing her eyes with a pang. "I saw him—I saw him!"

"Why did your grandfather kill him? Had Leicester done him any wrong?"

"I do not know what wrong he had ever done," answered Julia; "but I am certain if he had injured him ever so much, grandpa would not have harmed a hair of his head."

"Who did kill him then?" said the woman, sharply.

"I think," said Julia, in a low, firm voice—"I think that he killed himself!"

"No. It could not be that!" muttered the woman, gloomily. "No doubt the old man did what others had better cause for doing; tell me how it happened!"

Julia saw that the woman was growing pale around the lips as she spoke: her hand also looked blue and cold as it shaded her face.

"Don't be afraid of me. Go on, I could not harm a mouse this morning," she said, observing that Julia hesitated, and sat gazing earnestly upon her. "I have been in prison here two weeks, and never heard of the death till now!"

"Did you know Mr. Leicester?" questioned Julia.

"Yes, I knew him!"

There was something in the tone of her voice that surprised Julia, more of bitterness than grief, and yet something of both.

"Will you tell me what I asked you?" said the woman, with a touch of her usual impetuosity.

"Yes," answered Julia. "It distresses me to talk of it; but if you are really anxious to hear, I will!"

She went on with painful hesitation, and told the woman all those details that are so well known to the reader. The woman listened attentively sometimes holding her breath with intense interest: again breathing quick and sharp, as if some strong feeling were curbed into silence with difficulty. When Julia ceased speaking she folded both hands over her face, and lowering it down to her knees, rocked to and fro without sob or tear, but the very stillness was eloquent.

She got up after a little and went out. Half an hour after Julia went with the child to his mother's cell. The strange woman was lying with her face to the wall, motionless as the granite upon which her large eyes were fixed. She did not turn as they approached, but waved her hand impatiently that they should leave the cell.

Holding the child by his hand, Julia lingered in the passage. After a few careless, and in some cases rude manifestations of interest, the prisoners left her unmolested, to seek what consolation might be found in observation and exercise.

Thus the day crept on. The confusion which her youth and terror created the day before had settled down in that dull, sullen apathy which is the most depressing feature of prison life. The women moved about with a dull, heavy tread: some sat motionless against the wall gazing into the air, to all appearance void of sensation, almost of life: some slept away the weary time, but depression lay heavily upon them all.

Julia had lingered near the grating, for the gleams of sunshine that shot into the broad hall beyond, whenever the outer door was opened to admit access and egress to the officers, had something cheerful in it that rendered her hopeful. The child, too, felt this pleasant influence, and his prattle was now and then broken with a soft laugh that was music to the poor girl.

"Come, love—come, let us go away. Some one is at the door!" she cried, all at once striving to lead the child away.

"No—no. It is brighter here, I will stay," answered the little fellow, leaping roguishly on one side. "It's only the matron; don't you hear her keys jingle. She will take me up into her pretty room, and you as well. Just wait till I ask her."

The door opened and a black-eyed little woman, full of animation and cheerful energy, stepped into the passage. She paused, for Julia stood in her way, making gentle efforts to free her dress from the grasp which the little boy had fixed upon it. The beauty of the young girl, her shrinking

manner, and the crimson that came and went on her sweet face, all interested the matron at once. She smiled a motherly, cheering smile, and said at once—

"Ah, you have found one another out—ha! George is a safe little playmate—ain't you, darling? Come, now, tell me what her name is, that's a man?"

"She hasn't told me yet," lisped the child, loosening his grasp, and nestling himself against the matron.

"My name is Julia—Julia Warren, ma'am," said the young prisoner, blushing to hear the sound of her name in that place.

"I thought so: I was sure of it from the first; there, there, don't be frightened, and don't cry. Come up to my room—come, George! Tell your young friend that somebody is waiting for her up there—some one that she will be very glad to meet."

"Tell me—oh! tell me who!" cried the poor girl, breathlessly.

"Your grandmother, so she calls herself—and——"

Julia waited for no more, but darted forward.

"There—there. You will never get on without me!" cried the matron, laughing, while she turned a heavy key bright with constant use in its lock, and opened the grated door. "Come, now, I and Georgie will lead the way."

Julia stood in the outer passage while the heavy door was secured again, her cheeks all in a glow of joy; her limbs trembling with impatience. Little George, too, seemed to partake of her eagerness, he ran up and down in the bright atmosphere like a bird revelling in the first gleams of morning. He seized the matron by her dress as she locked the door, and shaking his soft curls gleefully, attempted to draw her away. His sympathy was so graceful and cheering that it made both Julia and the matron smile, and though they mounted the stairs rapidly, he ran up and down a dozen steps while they mounted half the number.

Neither Julia nor her grandmother spoke when they met, but there was joy upon their faces, and the most touching affection in the eyes that constantly turned upon each other.

"And now," said old Mrs. Gray, coming forward with her usual blunt kindness, "as neither of you seem to have much to say just now, what if Robert and I come in for a little notice?"

Julia looked up as the kind voice reached her, and there, half hidden by the portly figure of his aunt, she saw Robert Otis looking upon her with the very expression that had haunted her dream that night, in the prison. Their eyes met, the white lids fell over hers as if weighed down by the black lashes, through which the lustre kindlings

beneath gleamed like diamond flashes. She forgot Mrs. Gray, everything but the glory of her dream, the power of those eloquent eyes.

"And so you will not speak to me—you will not look at me!" said the huckster woman, a little surprised by this reception, but speaking with great cordiality, for she was not one of those very troublesome persons who fancy affronts in every thing.

"Not speak to you!" cried the young girl, starting from her pleasant reverie to the scarcely less pleasant reality. "Oh! Mrs. Gray you knew better!"

"Of course I did," cried the good woman, with a laugh that made her neckerchief tremble, and she shook the little hand that Julia gave with grateful warmth, over and over again. "Come, now, get your bonnet and things."

Julia looked at the matron.

"But I am a prisoner!"

"Nothing of the sort. I've bought you out; given bonds, or something. Robert can tell you all about it; but the long and the short is, you're free as a black-bird. Can go home with me, grandma too; I'm old—I'm getting lonesome—want her to keep house when I'm in market, and you to take care of her."

"But grandfather, where is he? Oh! where is he?"

Mrs. Gray's countenance fell, and she seemed ready to burst into tears.

"Don't ask me, Robert must tell you about that. I did my best; offered to mortgage the whole farm to those crusty old judges, but it was of no use."

"We couldn't leave him here alone!" said Julia, with one of her faint, beautiful smiles.

Robert Otis came forward now.

"It would be useless for either of you to remain here on his account, even if the laws would permit it. You will be allowed to see him quite as frequently if you live with my aunt, and with freedom you may find means of aiding him."

Julia raised her eyes to his face: her glance instead of embarrassing seemed to animate the young man.

"It admits of no choice," he added, with a smile. "Your grandfather himself desires that you should accept my aunt's offer, and she—bless her—it would break her heart to be refused."

"He desires it—Mr. Otis desires it. Shall we not go, grandma?"

"Certainly, child; he wishes it, that is enough; but I shall see him every day, you remember, ma'am. Every day when you come over I come also. It was a promise!"

"Do exactly as you please, that's my idea of helping people," answered Mrs. Gray, to whom

the latter part of this address had been made. "The kindness that forces people to be happy according to a rule laid down by the self-conceit of a person who happens to have the means you want, is the worst kind of slavery, because it is a slavery for which you are expected to be very grateful. I've heard brother Jacob say this a hundred times, and so have you, Robert."

"Uncle Jacob never said anything that was not wise and generous in his life!" answered the young man, with kindling eyes.

"If ever an angel lived on earth he is one!" rejoined Mrs. Gray, looking around upon her audience as if to impress them fully with this estimate of her brother's character.

A sparkling smile broke over Robert's face.

"Well, aunt, I hope you never fancied the angels dressing exactly after Uncle Jacob's fashion!" he said, casting a look full of comic meaning on the old lady.

"Oh! Robert, you are always laughing at me!" replied the good-humored lady, turning from the young man to her other auditors. "It was always

so; the most mischievous little rogue you ever saw. I thought he had grown out of it for awhile, but nature is nature the world through."

Robert blushed. His aunt's encomiums did not quite please him, for the character of a mischievous boy was not that which he was desirous of maintaining just then. In the soft eyes turned so earnestly upon his face, he read a depth and earnestness of feeling that made his attempt at cheerfulness seem almost sacriligious. Julia saw this and smiled softly. She had not intended to rebuke him by the seriousness of her face, and her look expressed this more eloquently than words could have done.

When most sorrowful, there are times when cheerfulness in those around us has a healthful influence. The joyous laugh, the pleasant word may fall harshly upon a riven heart at first, but imperceptibly they become familiar again, and at length sweep aside the gloom with which the mourner loves to envelope himself. Give the soul plenty of sunshine and it grows vigorous to withstand the storm. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



## JULIA WARREN.

### A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 264.

#### CHAPTER VI.

It was decided that Julia and her grandmother should accompany Mrs. Gray at once to her old homestead on Long Island. They were about to leave the room, when Julia remembered, with a pang, that she must surrender the little boy to his mother again. Her cheek blanched at the thought. The child had kept by her side since she first entered the room, and now grasped a fold of her dress in his hand almost fiercely. His cheeks were flushed, and his dimpled chin was beginning to quiver, as if he were ready to burst into tears at some wrong that he anticipated.

Tears swelled into Julia's eyes as she bent them upon the child. "What shall I do? He seems to know that we are about to leave him," she murmured.

"Come with me, I will take you to mamma!" said the matron, laying her hand on his head. "There, Georgie, be a little gentleman, dear!"

The tears that had been swelling in the little fellow's bosom broke forth now. He began to sob violently, and shaking off the matron's hand, clung to her new friend.

"Take me up—take me up, I will go too," he sobbed, lifting his little hands and his tearful face to the young girl.

Julia took him in her arms, and putting the curls back from his forehead, pressed a kiss upon it.

"What can I do?" she said, turning her soft eyes unconsciously upon Robert Otis.

Robert smiled and shook his head; but old Mrs. Gray, whose heart was forever creaming over with the milk of human kindness, came forward at once.

"What can you do? Why take him along; the homestead is large enough for us all. It will seem like old times to have a little shaver like that running around, now that Robert is away."

"But he has a mother in the prison," said the matron, "a strange, fierce woman, who somehow or other has persuaded the authorities to leave him with her for the few days she will be here."

"His mother a prisoner, poor thing. Let me go to her, I dare say she will be glad enough to get a nice home for the boy," answered the good woman, hopefully.

"I'm afraid not," was the matron's reply, "she seems to have a sort of fierce love for the child, and is very jealous that he may become attached to some one beside herself. It was from this feeling she forced him from the poor woman who took him to nurse when only a few weeks old. He was very fond of her, and always fancies that any new face must be hers. I wonder she submits to his fancy for this young girl!"

"But it's wrong, it's abominable to keep the little fellow here. I'll tell her so, I'll expostulate," persisted Mrs. Gray; "just let me talk with this woman—just let me into her cell, madam."

The matron shook her head, and gave the bright key in her hand a little, quiet twirl, which said plainly as words, that it was of no use: but she led the way down stairs, and conducted Mrs. Gray to the prisoner's cell.

The woman was still lying with her forehead against the wall, quite motionless, but she turned her face as the matron spoke, and Mrs. Gray saw that it was drenched with tears.

The huckster woman sat down upon the bed, and took one of the prisoner's hands in hers. It was a large, but beautifully formed hand, full of natural vigor, but now it lay nerveless and inert in that kind clasp, and, for a moment, Mrs. Gray smoothed down the languid fingers with her other plump palm.

The woman, at first, shrank from this mute kindness, and, half lifting herself up, fixed her great black eyes upon her visitor in sudden and almost fierce astonishment, but she shrank back from the rosy kindness of that face with a deep breath, and lay motionless again.

Mrs. Gray spoke then in her own frank, cheerful way, and asked permission to take the little boy home with her. She described her comfortable old house, the garden, the poultry, the birds that built their nests in the twin maples,

the quantity of winter apples laid up in the cellar. All the elements of happiness to a bright and healthy child she thus laid temptingly before the mother. Again the woman started up.

"Are you a moral reformer?" she said, with a sharp sneer.

"No!" answered Mrs. Gray, with a puzzled look. "At any rate not as I know of, but in these times you have so many new fangled names for simple things, that I may be one without having the least idea of it!"

"A philanthropist then—are you that?"

"Haven't the least notion what the thing is," cried Mrs. Gray, with perfect simplicity.

"Are you one of those women who hang around prisons to pick up other peoples' children, while their own are running wild at home—who give a garret-bed and second-hand crusts to these poor creatures, and then scream out through society and newspaper reports for the world to come and see what angels you are? Who pick up a poor wretch from the cells here, and impose her off upon some kind fool from the country, whom she robs, of course: and before she has been tried three weeks, blaze out her reformation to the whole world, forgetting to tell the robbery when it comes? Do you want my boy for a pattern? Do you intend to have it shouted in some paper or anniversary, how great a thing your society has done in snatching this poor little imp from his mother's bosom as a brand from the burning fire? In short, do you want to hold him up as a lure for the innocent country people who pour money into your laps, honestly believing that it all goes for the cause, and never once asking how yourselves are supported all the while? Are you one of these, I say?"

"Goodness gracious knows I ain't anything of the kind," answered Mrs. Gray. "Never sat up for an angel in my life, and never expect too on this side the grave."

"Then you are not a lady president?"

"In our free and glorious country," answered Mrs. Gray, now more at home, for she had listened to a good many Fourth of July orations in her time. "In this country it's against the law for old women to be Presidents. At any rate, I never heard of one in a cap and white apron!"

A gleam of rich humor shot over the prisoner's face. "Then you are not a member of any society?" she said, won into more kindly temper by the frank cordiality of her visitor.

Mrs. Gray's face become very serious, and her brown eyes shone with gentle lustre.

"It is my privilege to be a humble member of the Baptist church; but unless you have a conscience against immersion, I don't know as that ought to stand in the poor boy's way, especially as he may have been baptized already."

"Then you are not a charitable woman by profession? You are willing to take my boy for his own good? What will you do with him if I say yes?"

"Why, pretty much as I did with Nephew Robert; let him run in the garden, hunt eggs, drive the geese home when he knows the way himself; and do all sorts of chores that will keep him out of mischief and in health; as he grows old enough I will send him to school, and teach him the Lord's prayer myself. In short, I shall do pretty much like other people: scold him when he is bad: kiss him when he is good. In the end make just such a handsome, honest, noble chap as my Robert is—that nephew of mine. Everybody admits that he is the salt of the earth, and I brought him up myself every inch of him!"

"And among the rest you will teach him to forget and despise his mother," said the woman, bending her wet eyes upon Mrs. Gray with a look of passionate scrutiny.

"I never wilfully went against the Bible in my life. When the child learns to read he will find it written there, 'honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'"

"Can I see him when I please?"

"Certainly—why not?"

"But I am a prisoner; I have been here more than once."

"You are his mother?" was the soft answer.

"You will be ashamed to have me coming to your house."

"Why so? I have been a quiet neighbor: an upright woman, so far as my light went, all my life. Why should I fear to have any one come to my own house?"

"But he will be ashamed of me! With a comfortable home, with friends, schooling, *he*, my own child, will learn to scorn and hate his mother!"

"No," answered Mrs. Gray, and her fine old face glowed with the pious prophecy—"no, because his mother will herself be a good woman, by-and-bye, it is sure. You are not dead at the root yet: want care, pruning, sunshine: live to be a useful member of society before long—I have faith to believe it. God help you—God bless you. Now speak out at once, can I take the little fellow?"

"Yes," answered the woman, casting herself across the bed, and pressing both hands hard against her eyes—"yes, take him—take him!"

And so Mrs. Gray returned to her old homestead with three new inmates that night. It was a bleak, sharp day, and the maple leaves were whirling in showers about the old house as they drove up; a crisp, hard frost had swept every

flower from the beds, and all the soft tints of green from the door-yard and garden. Still there was nothing gloomy in the scene; the sitting-room windows were glowing with petted chrysanthemums, golden, snow-tinted and rosy, all bathed and nodding in a flood of light that poured up from the bright hickory-wood fire. Robert had ridden on before the rest, bearing household directions from Mrs. Gray to the Irish servant girl. A nice supper stood ready upon the table, and a copper tea-kettle was before the fire, pouring out a thin cloud of steam from its spout, and starting off now and then in a quick, cheerful bubble, as if quite impatient to be called into active service. The fine bird's-eye diaper that flowed from the table—the little old-fashioned china cups, and the tall, silver candlesticks, from which the light fell in long, rich gleams, composed one of the most cheering pictures in the world.

Then dear old Mrs. Gray was so happy herself, so full of quiet, soothing kindness: the very tones of her voice were hopeful. When she laughed, all the rest were sure to smile, very faintly it is true: but still these smiles were little gleams won from the most agonizing grief. Altogether it was one of those evenings when we say to one another, "well, I cannot realize all this sorrow when the soul becomes dreamy, and softly casts aside the shafts of pain that goad it so fiercely at other times."

Little George fell asleep after tea, and Julie sat upon the crimson morceen couch under the windows, pillowing his head on her lap. The chrysanthemums rose in a flowery screen behind her, their soft shadows penciling themselves on her cheek, and dying in the deeper blackness of her hair. Robert Otis spoke but little that night, and his dear, simple old aunt felt quite satisfied that the gaze which he turned so steadily toward the windows was dwelling in admiration on her flowers.

Be this as it may, his glance brought roses to that pale cheek, and kindled up the soft eyes that lay like violets shrouded beneath their thick lashes, with a brilliancy that had never burned there before. Julia's heart was far too sorrowful for thoughts of love, but there was something thrilling her bosom deeper than grief, and more exquisite than any joy she had yet tasted.

But Robert Otis was more self-possessed. His thoughts took a more tangible form, and though he could not have accounted to himself for the feeling of vague regret that mingled with his admiration as he gazed upon the young girl, it was strong enough to fill his heart with sadness. Mrs. Gray noticed the gloom upon his brow as she sat in her arm-chair, basking in the glow of that noble wood fire. A dish of the finest

crimson apples had just been placed on the little round-stand before her, and she began testing their mellowness with her fingers, as a hint for her nephew to circulate them among her guests. Robert saw nothing of this, for he was pondering over the miserable position of that young girl, in his mind, and had no idea that his abstraction was noticed.

"Come—come," said Mrs. Gray, "you have been moping there long enough, nephew, forgetting manners and everything else. Here are the apples waiting, and no one to hand them round, for when I once get settled in this easy-chair"—here the good woman gave a smiling survey of her ample person, which certainly overflowed the chair at every point, leaving all but a ridge of the back and the curving arms quite invisible—"it isn't a very easy thing to get up again. Now spring up, and while we old women rest ourselves, you and Julia there can try your luck with the apple-seeds. I remember the first time I ever surmised that Mr. Gray had taken a notion to me, was once when we were at an apple-cutting together down in Maine. Somehow Mr. Gray got into my neighborhood when we ranged round the great basket of apples. I felt my cheeks burn the minute he drew his seat so close to mine, and took out his jack-knife to begin work. He pared and I quartered. I never looked up but once—then his cheek was redder than mine, and he held the jack-knife terribly unsteady. By-and-by he got a noble, great apple, yellow as gold, and smooth as a baby's cheek. I was looking at his hands sideways from under my lashes, and saw that he was paring it carefully as if every round of the stem was a strip of gold. At last he cut it off at the seed end, and the soft rings fell down over his wrist as I took the apple from his fingers.

"'Now,' says he, in a whisper, bending his head a little, and raising the apple-peel carefully with his right hand, 'I'm just as sure this will be the first letter of a name that I love as I am that we are alive.' He began softly whirling the apple-peel round his head; the company was all busy with one another, and I was the only one who saw the yellow links quivering around his head, once, twice, three times. Then he held it still a moment, and sat looking right into my eyes. I held my breath, and so did he.

"'Now,' says he, and his breath came out with a soft quiver. 'What if it should be your name?'

"I did not answer, and we both looked back at the same time. Sure enough it was a letter, no pen ever made one more beautifully. 'Just as I expected,' says he, and his eyes grew bright as diamonds—'just as I expected.' That was all he said."

"And what answer did you make, aunt?"

asked Robert Otis, who had been listening with a flushed face. "What did you say?"

"I didn't speak a word, but quartered on just as fast as I could."

What was there in Mrs. Gray's simple narrative that should have brought confusion and warm blushes into those two young faces? Why after one hastily withdrawn glance did neither Robert Otis nor Julia Warren look at each other again that night?

## CHAPTER VII.

THE passions take their distinctive expression from the nature in which they find birth. The grief that rends one heart like an earthquake, sinks with dead, silent weight into another, uttering no sound, giving no outward sign, and yet powerful perhaps as that which exhausts itself in tumult. Some flee from grief, half defying, half evading it, pausing breathless in the race now and then to find the arrow still buried in the side, rankling deeper and deeper with each fierce effort to cast it off.

Thus it was with the woman to whom our story tends, Adeline the insulted, beautiful and suffering wife of Edward Leicester. There had been mutual wrong between the two: both had sinned greatly: both had tasted deep of the usual consequences of sin. During his life her love for him had been the one wild passion of existence—now that he was dead her grief partook of the same stormy nature. It was wild, fierce, brilliant: it thirsted for change: it was bitter with regrets that stung her into the very madness of sorrow.

As an unbroken horse plunges beneath the rider's heel, the object of grief like this seeks for amelioration in excitement. It is a sorrow that thirsts for action: that arouses some kindred passion, and feeds itself with that.

Adeline Leicester was not known to be connected, even remotely, with the man for whose murder old Mr. Warren was now waiting his trial. She was a leader in the fashionable world; her very anguish must be concealed: her groans must be uttered in private: her tears quenched firmly till they turned to fire in her heart. All her life that man had been a pain and a torment to her: the last breath she had seen him draw was a taunt: his last look an insult, and yet these very memories embittered her grief. He had turned the silver thread of her life into iron, but it broke with his existence, leaving her appalled and objectless. She never had, never could love another, and what is a woman on earth without love as a memory, a passion, or a hope?

Her grief became a wild passion: she strove to assuage it in reckless gaiety, and plunged into

all the excitements of artificial life with a fervor that made every hour of her existence a tumult. The opera season was at its full height: morning dances by gas-light took place in some few houses where novelty was an object. Society had once more concentrated itself in New York, and still Adeline was the brightest of its stars. Not a week after Leicester's death her noble mansion was closed for a morning revel: every pointed window was sealed with shutters and muffled with the richest draperies. Light in every form of beauty—the pure gas-flame—the soft glow of wax-candles—the moonlight gleam of alabaster lamps flooded the sumptuous rooms, excluding every ray of the one glorious lamp which God has kindled in the sky. Dancers flitted to and fro in those lofty rooms; garlands of the most choice green-house flowers scattered fragrance from the walls, and veiled many a classic statue with their impassable mist.

Never in her whole life had Adeline appeared more wildly brilliant. Reckless, sparkling, scattering smiles and wit wherever she passed; now whirling through the waltz: now exchanging bright repartees with her guests amid the pauses of the music: fluttering from group to group like a bird of Paradise, dashing perfume from its native flower thickets. Now sitting alone in a dark corner of the conservatory, her hands falling languidly down, her face bowed upon her bosom, the fire quenched in her eyes, and the very life ebbing, as it were, from her parted and pale lips. Thus with the strongest contrasts, fierce alike in her gaiety and her grief, she spent that miserable morning. The transition from one state to another would have been startling to a close observer, but the changes in her mood were like lightning: the pale cheek became instantly so red: the dull eye so bright that her guests saw nothing but the most fascinating coquetry in all this, and each new shade or gleam that crossed her beautiful face brought down fresh showers of adulation upon her. The usual quiet elegance of her manner was for the time forgotten. More than once her wild, clear laugh rang from one room to another, chiming in or rising above the music, and this only charmed her guests the more, it was a new feature in their idol. It was not for her wealth or her beauty alone that Adeline Leicester became an object of worship that day. Like a wounded bird that makes the leaves tremble all around with its anguish, she startled society into more intense admiration by the splendor of her agony.

At mid-day her guests began to depart, pouring forth from those sumptuous rooms into the glare of day, where delicate dresses, flushed cheeks and languid eyes were exposed in all the disarray which is sometimes picturesque when

enveloped in night shadows, but becomes meretricious in the broad sunshine.

A few of her most distinguished guests remained to dinner that day, for Adeline dreaded to be alone, and so kept up the excitement that was burning her life out. If her spirits flagged, if the smile fled from her lips even for an instant, those lips were bathed with the rich wines that sparkled on her board, kindling them into smiles and bloom again. The resources of her intellect seemed inexhaustible: the flashes of her delicate wit grew keener and brighter as the hours wore on. Her table was surrounded by men and women who flash like meteors now and then through the fashionable circles of New York, intellectual aristocrats that enliven the insipid monotony of those changing circles as stars give fire and beauty to the blue of a summer sky. But keen-sighted as these people were they failed to read the heart that was delighting them with its agony. All but one, and he was not seated at the table, he spoke no word, and won no attention from that haughty circle, save by the subdued and even solemn awkwardness of look and manner, which was too remarkable for entire oblivion.

Behind Adeline's seat there stood a tall man, with huge, ungainly limbs, and a stoop in the shoulders. He was evidently a servant, but wore no livery like the others, and those who gave a thought to the subject saw that he waited upon no one but his mistress, and that once or twice he stooped down and whispered a word in her ear, which she received with a quick and imperious wave of the head, which was either rejection or reproof of something he had urged.

Nothing could be more touching than the sadness of this man's face as the spirits of his mistress rose with the contest of intellect that was going on around her. He saw the bitter source from which all this brightness flowed, and every smile upon those red lips deepened the gloom so visible in his face.

"Now," said Adeline, rising from the table, and leading the way to her boudoir, for it had been an impromptu dinner, and the drawing-room was yet in confusion after the dance—"now let us refresh ourselves with music. An hour's separation, a fresh toilet, and we will all meet at the opera—then to-morrow—what shall we do to-morrow?"

She entered the boudoir while speaking, and as if smitten by some keen memory, lifted one hand to her forehead, reflecting languidly, "to-morrow—yes, what shall we do to-morrow?"

"You are weary, pale: what is the matter?" inquired one of the lady guests, in that hurried tone of sympathy which is usually more sweet than sincere. "We have oppressed you with all this gaiety!"

"Not in the least—nothing of the kind!" exclaimed the hostess, with a clear laugh. "It was the perfume from those vases. It put me in mind—it made me faint!"

She rang the bell while speaking, and the servant, who had stood all dinner time behind her chair, entered.

"Take these flowers away, Jacob," she said, pointing to the vases, "there is heliotrope among them, and you know the scent of heliotrope affects me—kills me. Never allow flowers to be put in these rooms again. Not a leaf, not a bud—do you understand?"

"Yes, madam," answered the servant, with calm humility, "I understand! It was not I that placed them there now!"

Adeline seated herself on the couch, resting her forehead upon one hand, as if the faintness still continued. Her lips and all around her mouth grew pallid. Though the flowers were gone, their effect still seemed to oppress her more and more. At length she started up with a hysterical laugh and went into the bed-chamber. When she came forth her cheeks were damask again, and her lips red as coral, but a dusky circle under the eyes, and a faint, spasmodic twitching about the mouth revealed how artificial the bloom was: from that moment all her gaiety returned, and in her graceful glee her guests forgot the agitation that had for a moment surprised them.

Later in the evening, Adeline drove to the Opera House, where she again met the gay friends who had thronged her dwelling at mid-day. Still did she surpass them all in the superb but hasty toilet which she had assumed, and in the splendor of her beauty. Many an eye was turned admiringly upon her sofa that night, little dreaming that the opera cloak of rose colored cashmere, with its blossom-tinted lining and border of snowy swan's-down covered a bosom throbbing with suppressed anguish. Little could that admiring crowd deem that the brilliants interlinked with burning opal stones that glowed with ever restless light upon her arms, her bosom, and down the bodice of her brocade dress, were to the wretched woman as so many pebbles that the rudest foot might tread upon. Her cheeks were in a glow; her eyes sparkled, and the graceful unrest which left her no two minutes in the same position, seemed but a pretty feminine wile to exhibit the splendor of her dress. How could the crowd then suppose that the heart over which those jewels burned was aching with a burden of crushed tears.

She sat amid the brilliant throng unmindful of its admiration. The music rushed to her ear in sweet gushes of passion. But she sat smilingly there unconscious of its power or its pathos. It sighed through the building soft and low as the

spring air in a bed of violets, but even then it failed to awake her attention. Unconsciously the notes stole over her heart, and feeling a rush of emotions sweeping over her she started up, waved an adieu to her friends, and left the Opera House. Half a dozen of the most distinguished gentlemen of her party sprang up to lead her out. She took the nearest arm and left the house, simply uttering a hurried good-night as she stepped into the carriage. There was no eye to look upon her then. Those who had followed her with admiring glances as she left the opera, little thought how keen was her agony as she rolled homeward in that sumptuous carriage, her cheek pressed hard against the velvet lining: her fingers interlocked and wringing each other in the wild anguish to which she abandoned herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## JULIA WARREN.

## A SEQUEL TO PALACES AND PRISONS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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## CHAPTER VIII.

THE servant who sat waiting in the vestibule was startled by the hard, tearless misery of Adeline's face as she entered her own dwelling that night. He looked at her earnestly, and seemed about to speak, but she swept by him with averted eyes and ascended the stairs.

It was the same man who had stood beside her chair at dinner that day. The look of anxiety was on his features yet, and he pressed his lips hard together as she passed him, evidently curbing some sharp sensation that the haughty bearing of his mistress aroused. He stood looking after her as she glided with a swift, noiseless tread over the richly carpeted stairs, her pale hand now and then gleaming out in startling relief from the ebony balustrade, and his stony face marking the glow of her rose colored mouth. She turned at the upper landing, and he saw her glide away in the soft twilight overhead. He stood a moment with his eyes riveted on the spot where she had disappeared, then he followed up the stairs with a step as firm and rapid as hers had been. Even his heavy foot left no sound on the mass of woven flowers that covered the steps, and the shadow cast by his ungainly figure moved no more silently than himself.

He opened several doors, but they closed after him without noise, and Adeline was unconscious of his presence for several moments after he stood within her boudoir. A fire burned in the silver grate, casting a sunset glow over the room, but leaving many of its objects in shadow, for save a moonlight gleam that came from an alabaster lamp in the dressing-room, no other light was near.

Adeline had flung her mantle on the couch, and with her arms folded on the black marble of the mantel-piece, bent her forehead upon them, and stood thus statue-like gazing into the fire. A clear amethystine flame quivered over the coal, striking the opals and brilliants that ornamented her dress, till they burned like coals of living fire upon the snow of her arms and bosom. Thus with the same prismatic light spreading from the

jewels to her rigid face, she seemed more like a fallen angel mourning over her ruin than a living woman.

At length the servant made a slight noise. Adeline lifted up her head, and a frown darkened her face.

"I did not ring—I do not require anything of you to-night," she said.

"I know it. I know well enough that you require nothing of me—that my very devotion is hateful to you. Why is it? I came up here, to-night, on purpose to ask the question—why is it?" answered the man, with a grave dignity, which was very remote from the manner, which a servant however favored is expected to maintain toward his mistress. "What have I done to deserve this treatment?"

Adeline looked at him earnestly for a moment, and then her lip curled with a bitter smile.

"What have you done, Jacob Strong? Can you ask that question of Edward Leicester's wife, so soon after your own act has made her a widow?"

"But how?—how did I make you a widow?" said he, turning pale with suppressed feeling.

"How?" cried Adeline, almost with a shriek, for the passion of her nature had been gathering force all day, and now it burst forth with a degree of violence that shook her whole frame. "Who sat like a great, hideous spider in his web, watching him as he wove and entangled the meshes of crime around him? Who stung my pride, spurred on all that was unforgiving and haughty in my nature, till I too—unnatural wretch—who had wronged and sinned against him—turned in my unholy pride, and drove him into deeper evil? It was you, Jacob Strong, who did this. It was you who urged him into the fearful strait that admitted of no escape but death. The guilt of this self-murder rests with you, and with me. My heart is black with his blood: my brain reels when the thought presses on it. I hate you—and oh! a thousand times more do I hate myself—the pitiful tool of my own menial!"

"Your menial, Adeline Wilcox, have I ever been that?"

"No," was the passionate answer, "I have been your tool, your dupe. You have made me his murderer. I loved him, oh! Father of mercies, how I loved him!"

The wretched woman wrung her hands, and waved them up and down in the firelight so rapidly that the restless brilliants upon them seemed shooting out sparks of lightning.

"I thought he would come back. He was cruel—he was insolent—but what was that? We might have known his haughty spirit would never bend. If he had died any other death—oh! any thing, anything but this rankling knowledge, that I, his wife, drove him to self-murder!"

Jacob Strong left his position at the door, and coming close up to his mistress, took both her hands in his. He could not endure her reproaches. Her words stung his honest heart to the core.

"Sit down," he said, with gentle firmness—"sit down, Adeline Wilcox, and listen to me. There is yet something that I have to say. If it will remove any of the bitterness that you harbor against me, if it can reconcile you to yourself, I can tell you that there is great doubt if your—if Mr. Leicester did commit suicide. Thinking it might grieve you more deeply, I kept the papers away that said anything of the matter; but even now a man lies in prison charged with his murder!"

"Charged with his murder!" repeated Adeline, starting. "How!—when? She—his mother—said it was self-destruction!"

"She believes it, perhaps believes it yet, but others think differently. He was found dead in a miserable basement, alone with the old man they have imprisoned. Why he went there no one can guess; but it is known that he was in that basement, the night before, but a little earlier than the time when he appeared at your ball. If he had any portion of the money obtained from us about him, that may have tempted the old man, who is miserably poor."

Jacob was going on, but his mistress, who had listened with breathless attention, interrupted him.

"Do you believe this? Do you believe that he was murdered?"

"Very strong proofs exist against the old man," replied Jacob—"the public think him guilty." Adeline drew a deep breath.

"You have taken a terrible load from my heart," she said, pressing one hand to her bosom, and sinking down upon the couch with a low, hysterical laugh. "He is dead, but there is a chance that I did not kill him. I begin to loathe myself less."

"And me!—me you will never cease to hate?"

"You have been a good friend to me, Jacob

Strong, better than I deserved," answered Adeline, reaching forth her hand, which the servant wrung rather than pressed.

"And this last act," he said, "when I tried to free you from the grasp of a vile man, was the most kind, the most friendly thing I ever did!"

Adeline started up and drew her hand from his grasp.

"Hush, not a word more," she said, "if we are to be anything to each other hereafter. He was my husband—he is dead!"

She sank back to the cushions of her couch a moment after, and, veiling her eyes with one hand, fell into a reverie. Jacob stood humbly before her, for though they spoke and acted as friends, nay, almost as brother and sister, he never lost the respectful demeanor befitting his position in Adeline's household.

She sat up at length with a calmer and more resolute expression of countenance.

"Now tell me all that relates to his death," she said. "Who is charged with it? What is the evidence?"

Jacob related all that he knew regarding the arrest of old Mr. Warren. In his own heart he did not believe the poor man guilty, but he abstained from expressing this, for it was an intention rather than a belief, and Jacob could not but see that his own exculpation in the eyes of the fair creature to whom he spoke, would depend upon her belief in another's guilt. Jacob had no courage to express more than known facts as they appeared in the case. The vague impressions that haunted him were, in truth, too indefinite for words.

Adeline listened with profound attention. She had not been so still, or so firm before, since her husband's death. It required time for feelings strong as hers to turn into a new channel, and the passage from self-hatred to revenge was still as it was terrible.

She remained silent for some minutes after Jacob had told her all, and when she did speak the whole character of her face was changed.

"If this man is guilty, Leicester's death lies not here!" she said, pressing one hand hard upon her heart, as she walked slowly up and down the boudoir. "When he is arraigned for trial I am acquitted or convicted. You also, Jacob Strong, for if this old man is not Leicester's murderer, you and I drove him to suicide."

Jacob did not reply. In his soul he believed every step that he had taken against Edward Leicester to be right, and he felt guiltless of his death no matter in what form it came; but he knew that argument would never remove the belief that had fixed like a monomania upon that unhappy woman, and wisely, therefore, he attempted none.



"I have told you all," he said, moving toward the door. "In any case my conscience is at rest!"

She did not appear to heed his words, but asked abruptly,

"Are the laws of America strict and searching? Do murderers ever escape here?"

"Sometimes they do, no doubt," answered Jacob, with a grim smile, "but then probably quite as many innocent men are hung, so that the balance is kept about equal."

"And how do the guilty escape?"

"Oh, by any of the thousand ways that a smart lawyer can invent. With money enough it is easy to evade the law, or tire it out with exceptions and appeals."

"Then money can do this?"

"What is there that money cannot do?"

A wan smile flitted over Adeline's face.

"Oh! who should know its power better than myself?" she said. Then she resumed. "But this man, this grey-headed murderer—has he this power?—can he control money enough to screen the blood he has shed?"

"He is miserably poor!"

"Then the trial will be an unprejudiced one. If proven guilty he must atone for the guilt. If acquitted fairly, openly, without the aid of money or influence, then are we guilty, Jacob Strong, guilty as those who hurl a man to the brink of a precipice, which he is sure to plunge down."

"No man who simply pursues his duty should reproach himself for the crime of another," was the grave reply.

"But have I done my duty? Can I be guiltless of my husband's desperate act?"

Jacob was silent.

"You cannot answer me, my friend," said Adeline, mournfully.

"Yes! I can. Edward Leicester's death, if he in fact fell by his own hand, was the natural end of a vicious life."

Adeline waved her hand sharply, thus forbidding him to proceed with the subject, and entering her dressing-room, closed the door.

Jacob stood for a time gazing vacantly at the door through which she had disappeared, then heaving a deep sigh, the strange being left the boudoir, but a vague feeling of self-reproach at his heart rendered him more than usually sad all the next day. True, he had changed the current of Adeline's grief, had lifted a burden of self-reproach from her heart, but had he not filled it with other and not less bitter passions?

## CHAPTER IX.

For the first time since her husband's death Adeline slept soundly, till deep in the morning. But her slumber was haunted by dreams that

sent shadows painful and death-like over her beautiful face. More than once her maid, stealing from the dressing-room into the rosy twilight of the bed-chamber, stooped anxiously over her mistress as she slept, for the faint moans that broke from her lips, pallid even in that rich light, and parted with a sort of painful smile—startled the servant more than once as she prepared her mistress' toilet.

It was almost mid-day when this unearthly slumber passed off, but the brightest sun could only fill those richly draped chambers with a twilight atmosphere, that allowed the sleeper to glide dreamily from her couch to the pursuits of life. When the mechanics throughout the city were at their noonday meal, Adeline crept into her dressing-room, pale and languid as if she had just risen from a sick bed. Upon a little ebony table near the fire a breakfast service of frosted silver, and the most delicate Sevres china stood ready, and as Adeline sank into the great, easy-chair, cushioned with blossom colored damask, which gleamed through an over drapery of heavy point lace, the maid came in with chocolate, snowy little rolls, just from the hands of her French cook, and two crystal dishes, the one stained through with the ruby tint of some rich foreign jelly, the other amber-hued with the golden honeycomb that lay within it. Delicate butter, moulded like a handful of strawberries, lay in a crystal grape-leaf in one corner of the salver, and a soft steam floated from the small chocolate urn, veiling the whole with a gossamer cloud.

Altogether that luxurious room, the repast so delicate, but evidently, her ordinary breakfast; the lady herself in all the beautiful disarray of a muslin wrapper, half hidden, half exposed by the loosely knotted silk cord that confined her crimson dressing-gown quilted and lined with soft white silk—all this composed a picture of the most sumptuous enjoyment. But look deep in that woman's face! See the dark circles beneath those heavy violet eyes, mark how languidly that mouth uncloses when she turns to speak, see the nervous start which she makes when the crystal and silver jar against each other, as the maid places them upon the table—is there not something in all this that would make the rudest mechanic pause before he consented to exchange the comforts won by his honest toil, for the splendor that seemed so tempting at the first glance?

Adeline broke a roll in two, allowed one of the golden strawberries to melt away in its fragments, and then laid it down untasted. Her heart was sick, her appetite gone, and after drinking one cup of the chocolate, she turned with half loathing from that exquisite repast.

"Move the things away!" she said, to the waiting-woman.

"Will you choose nothing else?" said the servant, hesitating and looking back as she carried off the tray.

"Nothing," replied her mistress. The tone was one that forbade further inquiry, so the maid left the apartment; and Adeline was left alone.

She was restless, feverish, unhappy. She rose and walking to the window looked out; but a few minutes spent thus appeared to tire her; and throwing herself again into her chair, she took up a book, and tried to read. But she still found no occupation for her thoughts. At last she flung down the volume, and rising, paced the chamber.

For the reflection grew and grew upon her, that if the old man should be convicted of the murder, she would be free from the guilt of Leicester's death. Her mind had been in a morbid condition ever since that event, or she would not now have thought this, nor have before regarded herself as criminal. That the old man should be proved guilty became an insane wish on her part. She clutched at it with despairing hope. The more she thought of this means of escape from her remorse, the wilder became her desire to see the prisoner convicted. Soon the belief in his criminality became as fixed in her mind as the persuasion of her own existence.

A stern, passionate desire for revenge now took possession of her. The very idea that the accused might yet escape, through some technicality, drove her almost to madness; and as she conjured up this picture, her eyes flashed like those of an angry tigress, and the workings of her countenance betrayed the tumult of her soul.

At last, catching the reflection of her person in a mirror, she started at her wild appearance; a bitter smile passed over her face, and she said,

"Why do I seek this old man's blood? Am I crazed, or a woman no longer? But heaven knows," she added, clasping her forehead with her hands, "that I have endured enough to transform me out of humanity."

With a sad, half mocking smile she rang the bell, ordered her maid to dress her, and then directed the carriage to be in waiting.

When Adeline Leicester descended to her coach, radiant in her majestic beauty, the last thought that would have presented itself to a spectator would have been that this queenly woman was unhappy. But the color in her cheek; the blaze of her brilliant eyes; and the proud, almost disdainful step with which she

crossed the side-walk; these, which so increased her lofty beauty, were purchased with inexpressible pangs like the hues of the dying dolphin are paid for by intolerable anguish.

The day was bright; the breeze was fresh; everything around was beautiful and exhilarating. But the pleasant face of nature failed to allay the fever of Adeline Leicester's soul. One thought only possessed her: it was, "what if the old man should be acquitted?" This idea grew upon her, and still grew. She tried to shake it off. She endeavored to become interested in the equipages glancing past, in the green fields, in the sails dotting the river far away; but she could not.

That dark thought clung to her. And now it rose into a terror. A new idea too crossed her mind. If the murderer should escape, and her husband be unavenged, would not her guilt be then almost as great as if she had driven Leicester to suicide?

Everything now became a blank around her: she was only conscious of this one thought. She saw nothing, heard nothing; for her whole soul was absorbed in her morbid idea. It became a monomania. Finally she pulled the check string, and, in a sharp tone, directed the coachman to drive back to the city.

The man looked around, startled, and was alarmed at the aspect of her countenance, which was almost livid. He showed his terror by his look: but she did not notice it: she closed the curtain, and threw herself back on the cushions.

At the entrance of the city, the coachman asked whether he should drive home.

This roused her from her stupor. A distance of five miles had been traversed since she had last spoken, yet the interval had appeared to her scarcely a minute. She looked out with surprise. Recognizing the place, she smiled mockingly, and directed the servant to drive to the office of a celebrated advocate, renowned, especially in criminal cases, for his searching cross-examinations not less than for his eloquence.

The lawyer was at home when the carriage drew up at his door. He started when he saw Adeline Leicester, whom he knew as a leading star in society, enter his office in agitation. He rose, bowed profoundly, and handed her a chair.

His visitor hesitated a moment, and then said,

"There is a man now in prison charged with the murder of Edward Leicester—you know the case, perhaps—and I have called on you to make it impossible for the prisoner to escape unless he is really innocent." She emphasized these last words, uttering them slowly, and keeping her eye fixed on the advocate as she spoke. "Remember,

unless he is really innocent," she repeated, "and that I am certain he is not! There is such a thing, I believe, as the friends of the victim, in instances like this, securing assistance, in the event of the commonwealth being lax or indifferent?"

"Oh! yes, madam," placidly said the lawyer. "The thing is of common occurrence."

"Very well," said Adeline, slowly, taking a note of large value from her silver-wrought *portemonnie*. "I wish you to see the state-attorney, and assist him in this trial."

"You would retain me—I understand your wish," said the lawyer, too polite to touch the

note which she laid before him, yet unable to prevent a glance at its denomination; and bowing again profoundly, as his visitor rose to go, he continued, "the guilty man shall not escape, madam, as too many do."

He escorted her not only to the door, but even to the steps of her carriage, for, though a celebrated advocate, he considered it an honor to have so beautiful a woman, and one so high in society, for a client.

And Adeline Leicester drove home with a lighter heart, and feeling as if a great duty had been discharged. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## NINA BLAND.

BY MARIEN MAY.

NINA BLAND was a child of strong passions. She realized everything. Her heart was like a harp in perfect tune: if joy touched its chords, her whole soul thrilled to the blissful harmony, or if the hand of sorrow swept its strings, the mournful music was echoed through her heart's deep chambers. In form she was faultless. Tall and slender but not stiff, there was that easy motion which is ever seen in nature, as a graceful heliotrope swayed by a gentle zephyr, or rose-leaves stirred by a summer breeze—it was what we seldom meet in this world of “forms and ceremonies.” The expression of her face varied with her feelings. When happy, it was like sunlight—a smile seemed to illuminate her face. If sad, her eyes were dark and dreamy as a lake at twilight, or if excited they flashed like lightning. Such was Nina Bland! And yet she was not called pretty. Neither is the star that sparkles on Aurora's brow, but we look upon it with a feeling akin to worship, because it is lofty, and pure, and bright as its Creator formed it. So in the soul of Nina Bland the light that descended with it was not quenched, and the glimmering of that genius shone in all she said and did.

Horace Jones was exactly her opposite. He was self-possessed, dignified and firm, and by all but Nina charged with being cold-hearted. He had a mind that could meet all things unflinchingly, whether slander, or hatred, or disappointment, or misfortune—he could conquer all of them with the strength of his deep, strong soul. His acquaintance with Nina began when she was just bounding through the first arch of teens. He was introduced to Mr. Bland by the minister of the church he attended, and the good pastor begged for him the privilege of occasionally visiting his extensive library. This was granted unhesitatingly, and the two departed. This same library happened to be Nina's study-room, but the young lawyer soon atoned for his intrusion by doing hard sums, and, that most difficult of all things, beginning compositions. This last became his regular task, for Nina declared he should do it, to pay for hearing her pet canary sing his morning song. Mr. Jones thought it was “dear bought pleasure—the conditions were very hard,” but Nina was firm: “Jack,” she said, “should be sent out of the room unless he complied.” These controversies became less frequent, until at last she had nothing to do but

lay her little white hand on the page he was reading, and point to a sheet of paper which she had placed on the table. By the time she could feed her bird, and have some very sensible conversation with him, the work would be done. He used occasionally to throw in a sprinkling of advice gratis, and remonstrance, too, if necessary; but it was just as her mood happened to be, whether it was received very meekly or not.

It was a beautiful evening in May when the two met in that little room for the last time. Next morning by early dawn Nina was to leave her home to attend boarding-school. There was little in that home to make her regret leaving it. She was an only child, and had never known a mother's love; its expiring beams faded in her first morning; and her father's heart was not full of the “milk of human kindness.” On his daughter he lavished all that wealth could bestow, but withheld that sympathy and love which to her nature was absolute necessity. She sat on a large, richly wrought ottoman—the work of her own fingers. Beside her, in a low, study-chair, was Horace, silent and sad. She talked incessantly of the glorious sunset, the fading light, and hailed with delight the first star. Suddenly her departure crossed her mind—the glow vanished from her face, and sadness, like the shadow of a cloud upon water, settled on every feature. He laid his hand upon her head, and by a slight pressure placed it with its wealth of golden curls upon his breast. She made no resistance, but looked up into his face till her sad, earnest eyes glistened with tears. He drew her yet closer to his heart. She smiled faintly, and closed her heavy eyelids to keep back the tears that dimmed her sight. He kissed her warm lips again and again—they had read each others souls. Another embrace, and a low “God bless you,” and he hurried from the house. Nina was bewildered—her head was full of strange thoughts. Long she sat, her hands clasped on her knee, and a smile, beautiful as moonlight, beaming from her face—or was it not that newborn inward light which enveloped her whole form? She seemed floating in an atmosphere of music; every sense was steeped in ecstasy; and the heaving of her bosom was like the gentle swell of a summer sea. Who can describe the first emotion of love? It rises in the soul, sheds a beautiful radiance on all the distant hills of

thought, and lifts up sweet vales of pleasure that ever before slept in deepest shadow. All things look beautiful, for the heart knows not yet what *care* it is to love; but as fresh dewy plants spread wide their leaves to drink in the light of heaven, so the soul extends all its powers to be tinged with this new joy.

This love so early awakened mingled with all Nina's pursuits. The dull music-lesson, the difficult problem, the long translation, all came under its sway, and her teachers were astonished at her progress. No letters passed between her and Horace in her absence, but during vacations they met daily: yet not once did either say "I love thee." And when after her final return, Horace, as if by chance spoke of his attachment, he did it as if it had been revealed long before; and she neither blushed nor was surprised. It was a sweet interview, but scarcely more so than many others in which the subject was not mentioned; because they always perfectly understood each other, and their mutual sympathy and confidence had never been wavered. Their love for each other had increased, it was stronger but less passionate than at first. Love at sixteen is like a rose-bud in its first carnation blush, its leaves folded closely around its heart, or like a rivulet dancing in the sunbeams and singing sweet roundelays with birds and flowers. The rose in full bloom, but of softer hue—the rivulet become a river, deep, and wide, and strong, this is the love of twenty.

In a small village of western Pennsylvania lived two men, one named Samuel Jones, and the other James Bland; and these two constituted the aristocracy of the place. Their houses occupied opposite corners of the street, and were particularly conspicuous from being the only brick houses in the place. They were built precisely alike—had the same number of windows in front, and the same number of apartments within. At the time of their settlement in P—these two families were on the most intimate terms. Both made pretensions to a greater degree of refinement than surrounded them, and the grotesque dress and uncouth manners of the simple villagers afforded Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Jones a never-failing source of amusement. Every Monday afternoon they dissected the bonnets and shawls that had attended church the day previous. Their oldest children were boys, and within a few months of the same age. Between these two boys the parents, especially the mothers, endeavored to cultivate a spirit of friendship, but in vain, and in a short time a simple aversion became a settled dislike.

Samuel Jones, Jr. was a robust and high-spirited boy, though in the main a good-hearted lad, but a little disposed to be overbearing.

James Bland, Jr. was sullen and morose, but though he seldom gave vent to his anger in words, it burned none the less fiercely. On their way from school one day the two boys got into a dispute about some trifle; they differed just for the sake of being on opposite sides of the question whatever it might be. Samuel first lost his equanimity, and poured on his companion a torrent of abuse. James bore it in silence for some time, but at last passion gained the mastery, and with a single blow he laid his antagonist on the ground. The poor boy ran to his terrified mother with the blood streaming over his face, who, as soon as her fright subsided, went over to Mrs. Bland for explanation. Neither parent was willing to lay the whole blame of the affair on her own son, so they parted unsatisfied. The coolness thus created increased daily, until all intercourse ceased. The feeling spread to every member of the two families, and from them to their neighbors, so that in a short time the village was divided into two classes equally respectable, but hostile to each other. Mr. Jones and Mr. Bland were merchants, and the effects of it were soon seen in their business transactions: competition ran high. Mr. Bland had a card posted on his door with "coffee nine cents per pound," printed in large letters; in less than half an hour a larger card with larger letters appeared on the door opposite, "coffee eight cents per pound, superior quality." The junior partners of the establishments alone remained unchanged, they had always most heartily despised each other, and the feeling was not abated by the new state of things. This spirit of enmity prevailed throughout their childhood, at college, and when they entered society. To "cap the climax" both fell desperately in love with pretty Kate Parsons, the village belle. Both were equally assiduous in their attentions, and both equally anxious to win the prize, for the double motive of securing their own happiness and the rival's misery. The question was finally decided by the young lady herself in favor of Samuel Jones. James Bland was furious. He raved and swore, and threatened, but there was no appeal—in three months from that very day Kate, "the jilt, the angel, the flirt, the beauty," would be married to the man whom, above all others, he hated. The next stage bore him to "parts unknown." His destination was a mystery—he had been found drowned in the mill-pond, in the river with his face dreadfully bruised, and at the foot of a precipice in the mountains, most horribly mangled by the fall; but notwithstanding these terrible rumors, on the night of Kate's wedding one of the guests took from his pocket a Philadelphia paper, and read the following

paragraph:—"Married, on Thursday, the tenth instant, James Bland, of P——, to Miss Amelia Lee, of this city." The bride smiled, the bridegroom looked happy, and all the company decided that it was much better than being plunged over head and ears in cold water, or bruising one's face against sharp rocks.

Time passed away. To some its flight was like a dream—to many it dragged heavily and alone. To some it seemed an angel scattering from its rushing wings wreaths and gems—to others it was a merciless robber stealing away their richest jewels, and leaving them to sit alone beside cold, dark hearth-stones. To James Bland time brought wealth, and magnificence, and luxury, and it laid upon his bosom a fragile rose-bud, but the same hand bore away the frail, drooping lily that for six years had bloomed by his side. Gentle and sweet, and pure was Amelia Bland, and the gloom that shrouded her husband's spirit was dissipated by her influence; but when she was taken from him it returned. The feelings which she had called forth went back to his heart, and sank in its arid waste. The bud was left to heaven's sunbeams and dew-drops, its soft petals expanded one by one—that rose-bud in its blooming pride is Nina Bland. To Samuel Jones time brought treasures, not of gold—voices of music, and eyes of light made his home a Paradise, and Kate, his wife, sat amidst the rosy circle, with as smooth a brow and as blooming cheeks as the Kate that stood beside her.

"Nina Bland! Nina Bland!" rang out a clear voice from the first platform on the stairs, "where do you keep yourself?—well, really! shut up in your chamber such a glorious afternoon as this! and in your pink morning dress, as I'm alive! I should think it would turn sky blue at being caught in the parlor at four o'clock. Why, in all the world, were you not at the party last night? I was so disappointed. There was a young Englishman there—a sprig of nobility, they say—proud as Lucifer, and thinking all the time how much the company was honored by his presence—I do despise Englishmen. I wanted to see him smitten, brought down from his lofty place, and made to beg for a few smiles and kind words from one of the 'natives,' and I knew you were just the one to do it. But I am quite out of breath: now you may talk."

"Miss Kady could not finish my dress, and you have forbidden me wearing white any more," replied Nina. "Besides, neither I nor my new dress could make any impression on the heart of an Englishman, if he did not bow at the shrine of Matilda Harlow."

"There—that is the first compliment I ever had—what do folks say on such occasions?"

"I cannot tell," said Nina, so faintly that her friend looked steadily in her face. The smile was gone, and it wore an expression of anguish, deep and unutterable. Her head fell back against the wall, and the small, white hand hung loosely over an arm of the sofa.

"What—what ails you? Nina are you ill?" cried Mattie.

"Yes, dearest," she replied, and her white lips quivered as she spoke. "Go, Mattie, leave me alone. The sun shines, does it not?—such as you should live in sunlight—it is all dark shadows here—go, Mattie."

"Tell me, do tell me what has happened."

"No, not now—you are too happy."

"I am not happy, I am miserable because you suffer, and will not tell me why."

"Well, come—you are all the sister I have—it is only—only that father has driven Horace away. I thought I could be calm while you were here—perhaps I will be to-morrow, but now my heart—oh, it is so heavy and cold!"

"But what does it mean? Your father knows that Horace has been visiting you these six years?"

"Horace happened to say something while he was here this morning, about going to P—— on a visit—I saw father's face was flushed with anger—he inquired his father's name—he was a man whom he had always hated. Then commenced a scene which I cannot describe. The last I remember about it is, that Horace put one arm around my waist, and said, 'nothing, not even a tyrannical father, shall take her from me.' When I recovered, I was in my chamber alone, and there I have been ever since."

"But do you think, Nina Bland, that I would give up my happiness for such a foolish whim?"

"I would never elope, not even with Horace; Dick brought me a note from him proposing it, and I had only strength to write, 'I cannot do that.' In half an hour there came another, written hurriedly, 'then I start this afternoon for England, but shall love you forever.'" The poor girl groaned heavily.

"Good-bye, Nina," said her friend, suddenly.

"Where are you going?—don't leave me so soon."

"I am going to see Horace Jones: if he is in the city."

"No—no, I do not wish to see him," cried Nina, "you must not. I have given him up, and it would but open the wound again."

"Then what can I do?"

"Nothing. Guard your own heart, dearest, that it make no idols. Now, Mattie, go with me to my chamber a little while; and then leave me alone—you have a bright home—you have a mother—oh, Mattie, if I had a mother now."

Five years have passed away since last we met Nina Bland. There have been many changes since then in empires, in kingdoms, in communities, in families, but many, many more in that inner world, the human heart, but these have no record, except that which is written with tears wept in secret.

In the affairs of Mr. Bland everything is changed. He seemed marked by misfortune. His ships returned from long, profitless voyages, and, after expensive outfits, again spread their sails for distant ports. In less than one year all these were lost in a severe gale. About the same time a large factory, his pride, was burned to the ground, the very night, too, that his insurance expired. He received a note one day from a friend and debtor to a large amount, conveying the agreeable intelligence that he was completely bankrupt. Loss followed loss, accident succeeded accident, till his almost princely fortune had vanished like melting snow, and the wretched old man became what had always been his abhorrence, a poor man. It fell upon him with crushing weight. In his days of prosperity he had avoided all social intercourse—his face brightened no fireside—his voice was music to no heart, and in his adversity there was no voice of pity, no tear of sympathy, but for his daughter, and she needed it not. That one severe ordeal had completely subdued her pride and since then her soul had kept its trust in God. Their rich furniture was sold piece by piece, until all was gone, but enough to furnish a small house in the suburbs of the city. The morning of their departure came, a bright, balmy spring morning, beautiful even where the soft blue sky was cut up in angles and squares by slate roofs and brick chimneys. Nina wandered from room to room thoughtful and sad, not that she mourned for departed splendor, but she could not leave her childhood's home without a sigh. In the parlors all was confusion—the chairs were all in one corner not yet removed and a sofa was in the centre of the room. The curtains were taken away, and the shutters thrown wide open, let in a glare of sunlight on the uncarpeted floor. In passing she ran her fingers lightly over the keys of her piano, but it sent a chill to her heart. The splendid paintings which had graced the walls, were all gone but one, and before it she stood wrapped in thought. It was a Sybil. In her hand was a pen, and before her the book of Fate, one page half written in mysterious characters. Inspiration beamed upon her brow, and the lustrous black eyes and parted lips gave to the whole face an expression of the most intense earnestness. "Oh read to me my future—but no, it is better sealed," Nina exclaimed, aloud, at the moment two rough-looking men in blue overalls entered

the room. She next ascended the stairs, but the sound of her footsteps startled her. The chambers were all empty and she passed quickly through them—at last she came to the library door, a smile lit up her pensive face—not one article had been removed. The stranger who bought the house had also purchased all in that room. Nina sat down by the table, and drew toward her the large Bible, as she read from its sacred pages, melancholy faded from her face and left it serene, almost cheerful. A sweet, melodious trill called her to the window.

"Poor Jack has had no breakfast—Jack must sing in our new house louder than he ever did before." The bird chirped, gave snatches of song, hopped about his cage and ate the seeds his mistress gave him. As she turned to go out her eye fell upon an ottoman and chair. "Oh! I should like to have that," her eyes filled with tears, she was thinking of other days. As she descended, a turn in the stairs brought her face to face with her father—he was the picture of despair. "Why father, dear father! I was never more happy in my life," she said, throwing her arms around his neck. A deep groan was her only answer. From that moment Nina devoted to him her life, a new feeling sprung up in her soul—love for him she had always feared.

"Come, child, get your bonnet, it is time we were going," said the old man, with effort. In a moment Nina was ready. She tripped lightly through the hall and down the marble steps, greeting with a bright smile a fashionable acquaintance who happened to be passing, but it was returned with a bow so light that it scarce disturbed her snowy plumes. Nina would have greeted her washer-woman with the same smile, for there was gushing up in her heart a sparkling well-spring, and all things were beautiful seen through its pearly spray.

They turned many corners and crossed many streets. Mr. Bland's step grew slower, it was a weary walk to him. At last they came to a little gate which led to a small house, but it was painted white, and a sweet, pretty multiflora shaded the windows. He shrank from the dark iron knocker—he had never before crossed so lowly a threshold. The low, narrow passage was no less forbidding. "Has it come to this," it was all he could say. Nina opened the next door and passed on to the centre of the room, while her father stood spell-bound at its entrance. A beautiful, if not a rich carpet was on the floor, neat, handsome chairs arranged around the room. In the midst of the splendidly bound books which lay on the centre-table, stood a tall vase filled with flowers whose odor filled the room. One window was open, and its snowy curtain looped up with a blue ribbon. Green leaves were dancing

gleefully against the frame, and one dainty little bud just raised its blushing cheek above the sill, peeping in so slyly at its new neighbors. Close by the window was the old arm-chair and a pair of slippers. Mr. Bland was overcome, his chin quivered, but the words died on his lips, he could only open his arms to receive his child, and clasp her to his bosom. In that short moment both parent and child thanked God for reducing them to poverty. Wealth! they had never known it till now.

"Now, father, sit down in your chair, for it is a long walk we have had, and you must be weary. See what a beautiful view we have from this window—it is charming."

"I don't see anything—I'll not try to see anything, till I know what it all means. What witch has been here? Some of these mornings we shall find ourselves in the moon."

"Not the least danger of that."

"Well how *did* it all happen? I sold every carpet. I did not even feel able to keep my chair, and am very sure I sold it yesterday."

"I'll tell you all about it, father, and you will see that it is no great mystery after all. You used to allow me fifty dollars a month, and, be as extravagant as I could, it was more than I could spend. The sum accumulated to four hundred dollars—it is all your own, dear father. Since last Monday Mattie and I have spent our forenoons here, and I see by those flowers and this open window that she has been here to-day. But here comes Dick," and she ran to relieve him of his burthen, which was nothing but the cage of her darling Jack. The old negro had woven sprigs of myrtle in the wires of his cage, and the captive bird sung as blithely as if he had been in his native bowers.

Nina soon became a pattern of a housekeeper, and though humble, hers was indeed a "sweet home." Gradually the shadow faded from her father's brow, and his daughter was blessed with affection she had never known amidst all the splendor of her early years.

"Well, here we are at last—isn't it a perfect

bird's nest—and hush—listen—do you hear the bird? I don't think you are very polite to push me aside in that way—for that you shall walk behind me, and wait patiently till I open and shut all the doors, and then take a seat in the parlor, as a gentleman ought to do, while I summon the lady of the house. Please be seated, sir." This was spoken between the little gate in front of the house, and a chair in the darkest corner of the parlor. Surely that merry voice can be no other than Mattie Harlow's.

"Folks that live so far out of the way don't deserve to have visitors. Guess I'll rest here till that song is ended—'t would be a pity to interrupt it—sit still, I'll go then." Mattie softly opened the door and said to her friend. "There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to speak with you for a moment—he is a foreigner—splendid!" she added, in a whisper. "I thought you hated foreigners—wonder how it happens that you are escorting one around."

"Oh, well, he is not an Englishman; and I have not spoken a word of French for a year—tell him I am engaged."

"Engaged! to whom, to, whom, for heaven's sake," and Horace Jones rushed into the room."

"Well, if this isn't pretty work. It is time for me to leave," cried Mattie. Well enough to retreat Mattie, when your eyes are full of tears.

"Thank God that I live to see this day," said a voice, choked with emotion. "Yes, thank God that I can make my angel child happy as she deserves to be. She is your own, Horace Jones, you alone are worthy of her, but remember she is the treasure of her old father's heart."

And they were married, Horace Jones and Nina Bland, and live—where think ye?—in a splendid house in — street, in which is a little library, and a magnificent painting of a Sybil in the front parlor. A friend whom he had commissioned purchased it during his absence. Mr. Bland is now in his evening time, but it is brighter and happier than ever was the morning or meridian of his life.



## "SAYS SHE AND YOU KNOW."

BY T. S. ATLEE.

"Give us something spicy, with a moral to it."—MAJOR RED-PEPPER.

I LIKE your old-fashioned set-downs—a good, long sociable talk—when a friend has time to gossip leisurely and innocently, and enjoy a merry joke, without fear of impertinent interruption. My excellent neighbor, Sam Happyfellow, often "drops in," of a pleasant evening, to exchange kindly greetings, and discuss pipes and philosophy. Smile not, gentle reader, at the friendly *conjunction* between pipes and philosophy; for "there is more in it than is seed at first sight," as Billy Fizzle says.

If, after all, the best wisdom consists in a happy and contented mind here, and an earnest desire to be found meet for the life hereafter; let me assure you no man possessed it in a higher degree than Sam Happyfellow. Sam was a smoker—*ergo*, Sam was a Christian and philosopher! Much as I dislike digression, I *must* pause a moment, to give a hasty sketch of my excellent friend. He was a short, stout man, of benevolent and ruddy phiz, with a head, round, white, and polished as a fresh peeled onion—and about as much "*phrenological development*"—a hem!—how a learned quotation helps one out, sometimes!—most laughter-loving eyes, and mouth, and a magnificent nasal "*organ*"—that's the very word! His step varied with the mood he happened to be in—now quick, now slow, and his old ivory-headed cane always kept him company; rapping applause, like a cunning courtier, at every joke of its master. He had an odd habit, whenever he said anything particularly good, of tapping his pipe vigorously on the top of his cane—a practice that shattered about a dozen long-stems, at each sitting. But every man has a way of his own—to use a common phrase—and that was his; besides, he couldn't *mend* it; for as he very justly remarked, he was too old to learn better.

But to return. We were smoking very happily together, the other evening—a lovely evening, calm, mild, and moonlight—it was the third round; Sam had broken six pipes, and was in the midst of a triumphant chuckle at his own wit, the cane just ready to give an approving rap; when the shrill tones of *Miss Touchmenot* (aged thirty-two!) broke suddenly upon us.

"Now for a nice bit of scandal, in modern and approved style," observed Sam, "sprinkled with

lots of '*says she and you know!*'" I couldn't avoid laughing at my friend's "aside," for it took off the immaculate spinster to a charm: "On an even start, she can beat any ten men I ever saw—and then her clapper outdoes all others in town—the *big* church bell into the bargain!"

*Ding-dong-ding—ding-dong*; on she went, singing for marriages, tolling for deaths, until I really began to fear her tongue would fall out. Sam whispered there was no danger, as it was "*hung in the middle and loose at both ends!*"

*Mem.* Pipe the seventh shattered.

However, nothing could stop our village bell, (excuse a pun) now in full chime over the supposed delinquencies of a nameless fair one, the hem of whose garment *she* was not worthy to touch.

"Well, gentlemen, you may laugh as much as you please; but, you know, Mrs. Blank said, *says she*, Mrs. Tittletattle told Miss Tattle, that Mrs. Whatyoucallher told Miss Fudge—who told *her*, you know, who told *me*, you know—*says she*, Miss Touchmenot, *says she*, there's no doubt, *says she*, but that there story is true about that 'ere girl, *says she*. Due tell! *says I—yes, says she*. Well, Mrs. Happyfellow, *you know?*"

"No, I don't know anything at all about it," rejoined Sam—"don't want to—I smoke my pipe in peace, and mind my own business—*pity every body didn't do the same!*"

Rap went the cane, crack pipe No. 8—the fire flew—and as Miss Touchmenot had advanced her right foot considerably forward, to give more weight to her assertions—(she wore slips and white cotton hose) the burning mass fell on her instep, parting in beautiful scintillations, and rolling down between slipper and stocking.

Such nimble motion on "the light fantastic toe" I never saw excelled. Celeste and Ellsler, in their best jumps and "Highland flings," could not begin. The way she *did* bound and flutter was beautiful!

Now Sam is a good-hearted fellow, and though a bachelor, a gallant man. So he ran to her aid; but, unfortunately, his zeal got the better of his judgment; for the suddenness with which he arrested the errant limb destroyed Miss Touchmenot's balance; and over they went, pell-mell;

Sam holding on, resolutely, to the burning stocking!

It was too much for Miss Fudge's nerves—she fainted; and ever after her abominable "*says she and you know,*" stopped ringing, to the great relief of the villagers. She failed rapidly, however; and at the interesting age of thirty-two years, nine months and a day she died—for want of breath—never having entirely recovered the shock her maiden modesty received on the eventful night in question.

As Sam observed on returning from her grave, "*she was the best specimen of a genuine scandal*

*monger and immaculate spinster* the world ever saw."

We smoked long and devotedly to her memory, and engraved the following appropriate epitaph upon her tomb:—

Here lies Miss Tabby Touch-me-not,  
Our village bell—  
The clapper broke at last!  
Her friends, before her death,  
Had got a notion,  
They'd found, without a doubt,  
"Perpetual motion!"  
But ere they swore a patent out, she died;  
The speculation fail'd; she's here tongue-tied!

## THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

BY CLIFTON MAY.

THERE is a peculiar charm about the reminiscences of the olden time. Every one will tell you how the bosom swells with struggling thoughts too big for utterance, when for the first time he trod the streets of Athens or Rome, and the recollections of its better days came over him. The ivy-covered ruins around him are re-animated with the spirits of the mighty dead. From out the slumbering chaos before him a living image of the lifeless past starts up. The forum again rises in its stately proportions, and shakes off the dust of ages beneath which it has so long lain entombed; and so, as each scene in the vast panorama of the mystic past rolls by us, in imagination we people it with the moving forms of departed ones, who once walked amid those fountains, or traversed those lofty colonnades. The winds which sweep through the groves of the academy, seem to bear upon their wings the inspired teachings of Pluto; and as we wander through the ruins of the Senate House, every stone, with hidden mouth, seems babbling its "*et tu Brute*."

BUT to him who digs earnestly in the glittering mines of literature, there is no scene that calls up feelings of such bitter disappointment and regret as that of the destruction of the celebrated library at Alexandria. Wander with me along the course of time, back to the days when it stood a shining monument of art, untouched by the hand of desolation. Blot from the records of earth the fifteen centuries that have intervened, and let us look upon it as it was. It stood upon a gentle eminence in the midst of that beautiful city, surrounded by all the wealth and grandeur for which Alexandria was so celebrated. From amidst the magnificent edifices by which it was encompassed, it towered aloft superior to them all. It was constructed of dazzlingly white marble from the isle of Paros, and on every side of it stood a triple row of massive pillars of the most elaborate workmanship. Each marble column was surmounted by a fluted capital, which, in every touch of the chisel, displayed the efforts of a master hand. Descriptions of these elaborated capitals have come down to us in the writings of the ancients, glowing with all the tropes and metaphors of rhetoric. You ascend to the broad entrance by a flight of marble steps almost innumerable; and above upon a broad tablet over-arching the entrance were inscribed these simple

words, "*medicamenta mentis*"—the medicine of the mind, a motto worthy so noble a structure. Standing beneath it and glancing upward, one is oppressed with a feeling of the vastness of the structure, and to make the circuit of it was a most laborious task.

THUS did the temple of Jupiter Serapis appear to the eye of the beholder from without—but let us enter—and we will be struck with a spectacle which far eclipses the exterior for resplendency of lustre. Gaze round the serapion. Behold upon its shelves lie the accumulated love of ages. Huge files of manuscript hang upon its walls. Look upon those old time-worn parchments that are clustered around you, and which appear so worthless—they are the very gems of thought—the priceless jewels of knowledge. Here you are surrounded by the living, breathing thoughts of the voiceless dead—the fragments of deathless minds. Here you can hold converse with the gifted spirits of all former time, and amid the stillness of the temple converse with giant mind. Pause as you enter, and behold by whom you are surrounded. Yonder, leaning over the table of stone, you recognize the scholar poring over some old manuscript. Watch well the expression of his pallid cheek. As he reads behold how thoughts flitting through his mind stamp their image on his face. Unmindful of what is passing around him, he pores over the volume without even lifting his eyes. Now see the self-approving smile overspread his countenance, but as he reads on mark how it changes to bitter disappointment. Creep noiselessly behind him and catch the title of the work. Ah! well can I excuse his abstractedness, for I perceive that the volume he reads treats of Alchemy. The philosopher's stone dazzles his vision while it eludes his grasp, and the elixir of life beckons him on. He is lost amid the rosy dreams and golden visions of the beautiful, but seductive science in which he is reveling.

WHILE you are yet watching the scholar, a figure wrapt in a long, flowing mantle, sweeps by you with noiseless steps. Approaching one of the shelves, he takes from it a scroll, and as he unrolls it you perceive that it is covered with cabalistic figures and hieroglyphic symbols. Leaning against one of the pillars that support the lofty architrave, his mind is soon absorbed by the mystery before him. By his dark robe

you divine that he is one of the priests of the temple, and has come to the library to search into and understand something connected with the mysteries which it is his duty to perform when he ministers to Isis Osiris or Serapis, those monsters of Egyptian mythology. Having finished the perusal of the scroll, he rolls it up, and replacing it, he steals out as noiselessly as when he entered.

Around you, you behold the representatives of every class and every clime. From all parts of the world they come to the temple to glean from its shelves the information which they require. Hither comes the astrologer to consult the elders of his profession—the physician to gain information with respect to the origin of disease—the artisan to consult the masters of science—the Jew to catch some faint foreshadow of the appearance of the long-expected Messiah—the Christian to draw consolation for a wounded spirit and a broken heart from the mild teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus—the Pagan to search out the meaning which underlies the mysterious formality of their image worship. Hither flock all—the wise and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, and each with a purpose as different as the pursuits of the human mind.

These, and such as these were the scenes that were daily enacted within the temple of Jupiter Serapis, at Alexandria, before the barbarian had trod her streets, or the fanatic had set foot upon her shores. But in the very midst of her grandeur the fell destroyer came upon her, and razed her fair temples and her magnificent buildings with the ground. This was a dark day for literature, when a treasure so rich and enclosed in so noble a casket was lost forever. Well may we mourn, for on that day were lost works which the loftiest intellects of modern times have never been able to replace. From specimens which have come down to us, snatched from the burnings with which these all-conquering barbarians enwrap the civilized world, we are warranted in the supposition that many more were destroyed, probably infinitely superior to anything that has been saved. Let us glance at the picture. Behold the fair proportioned temple on the night before its destruction. In the midst of that part of the city called Bruction, which was the abode of royalty, it rose gracefully overlooking the edifices around. The inhabitants are hurrying to and fro within the walls of the city. Theo-

dosius the Great, the scourge of literature, at the head of a band of fanatical Christians, has stormed and taken the city, and is marching with fearful strides toward Bruction and the Serapion. As the shades of evening descend upon the city, look ye! what a blended throng surround the beautiful structure. Theodosius has uttered his barbarous mandate that the temples and palaces of Alexandria shall be burnt, and the preparations are being made to put it in practice. Seized with affright lest the library which he so dearly prized should be destroyed, Pheleponus, the grammarian, begs the Caliph Omar to interpose his feeble authority to save the temple, but Omar silences his entreaties by the cold, stoical answer. "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God they are useless and need not be preserved, if they disagree they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed." How different from the mild teachings of Christianity, and how degrading is a system of ignorant fanaticism which professes to be based upon the pure religion of the Bible. The besiegers receive the answer of the caliph with a shout of savage satisfaction, and soon the blazing torch is applied to the piles of faggots clustered round the temple. At length the entrance is forced, and the crowd rush in. Then commences the work of devastation. The ruthless invaders cast the precious manuscripts into the street, where they are torn to atoms by the mob. Those who had rushed in, after having kindled the flames within the temple, return to the street, and in an instant the whole interior is wrapt in a sheet of flame—upon the exterior the faggots piled high around the temple shoot up their forked flames; and within and without the whole fair fabric is covered with a mantle of fire. Her lofty ceilings of such exquisite workmanship, and such costly material become food for the devouring element, and her rich mosaic floors are laid open in wide fissures by the intensity of the fire. At last the heat becomes so powerful that the massive marble roof uplifts, and falls down with a crash outrivalling the loudest thunder, and burying and crushing beneath its ruins thousands of the multitude below. Thus fell the glory of Alexandria—the pride of Egypt. After the burnings had ceased, nothing was left of that once magnificent structure save its blackened walls and its broken columns—a mournful picture of beauty in desolation and ruins.

## THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"WHAT a woodland beauty!"

"A perfect Lady of the Lake!"

The speakers were two young men, whose dress and air betokened them to belong to the favored class of wealth, if not of fashion. They stood on the shores of a forest lake, screened by the thick trees from observation: and their exclamations were occasioned by the appearance of a female directing a light skiff, which at that instant shot around a point ahead.

The beauty of this fair apparition warranted the enthusiasm with which the two young men spoke. A skin of dazzling whiteness; eyes of the fairest blue; and locks that were really "brown in the shade and golden in the sun," united to a form of exquisite symmetry, made her seem, indeed, a second Ellen of the Lake. She was attired in white, with a single rose in her bosom. As she stood, poising the light oar, while her skiff floated down toward the spectators, each inwardly declared that he had never seen any thing so lovely.

Suddenly a noble dog, which attended one of the young men, perceived the skiff and its occupant; and breaking through the undergrowth, gained the immediate shore of the lake, where he stood barking furiously. The unexpected appearance, so close at hand, of she scarcely knew what, startled the fair stranger. She lost her balance, and in the effort to regain it upset the skiff. A slight scream as she beheld her danger, a vain look at the blue sky overhead, and then her white form disappeared, with a splash, beneath the deep waters.

The two young men remained, for an instant, paralyzed spectators of this catastrophe. Then the taller of the two, and the one who had first spoken, rapidly parted the underbrush before him, and pausing on the rocky shore to mark where the white dress was sinking in the lake, plunged headlong down. The Newfoundland dog,

at the same moment, leapt into the lake, following his master.

Like an arrow shot from the sky, through the profound depths of the waters, went the form of the rescuer. In less than a minute the form of the drowning girl was encircled by one arm of the stranger, while, with the other, he assisted his ascent to the surface of the lake. Here his Newfoundland dog, with a glad bark, sprang to his assistance. The young man allowed the noble animal to seize the sleeve of the inanimate female, and, continuing to assist supporting her, she was now easily borne to the shore.

Here, laid gently on a shelving rock, where the sunbeams shone brightly, she drew a deep breath, and opened her eyes. A deep blush suffused her cheek on recognizing two young men, both strangers, watching her anxiously. She rose upon one arm, looking inquiringly around.

"Be, not alarmed," said her rescuer, respectfully, "you are safe—it was but a moment's immersion—allow us to conduct you home."

"Yes," replied the other, "the hotel is but a few paces off, across this belt of woods, and, in a few minutes, I will have a carriage at the cross-road, if you will meet me there." And, without further words, he disappeared.

Left thus alone together there was, as we may suppose, something of embarrassment between the maiden and her rescuer. But, after a moment's silence, the gentleman, seemingly ashamed of his rudeness, opened a conversation, which he conducted with a grace and tact that soon put his companion at her ease; and when, accepting his arm, she had walked to the cross-roads, she felt so much at home with him that his fellow traveller, when he brought the carriage, found her jesting on her half-drowned appearance.

The distance the young men had to drive was not far, the home of the rescued maiden being a large, old-fashioned farm-house, at the head

of the little lake. On parting with her new acquaintances she blushing invited them to call again, saying how glad her parents would be to thank them; but, though she addressed both, her looks were directed only toward one.

"We shall certainly do ourselves the honor of calling," said her rescuer, "but, meantime, let us give our names. My friend is Henry Wharton, and I am Arthur Courtland, both Bostonians, but now on a summer trip to the watering-place here, with a party of friends. For whom shall we ask when we call?"

"For Catharine Butler," was the response.

The gentlemen bowed, for the whole farm-house was now turning out, in dismay at the plight of their young mistress; and, with mutual smiles, the three parted.

"Quite an adventure, if faith," said Wharton, as he drove rapidly away, "yet anything but romantic to look at: you appear like a drowned water-rat, and she——"

"Don't profane her with your abominable comparisons," laughingly interrupted Courtland. "She looked a perfect Undine, and that I shall always maintain, let matter-of-fact prosers like you say what you will. But come, lay on the lash: I want dry clothes."

That very evening Courtland, accompanied by his companion, called at the farm-house gate, to inquire after Miss Butler's health. He was answered, almost immediately, by the appearance of herself. All rosy and smiling, she advanced to the gate, followed by both her parents, to insist on the young men entering, an invitation which, thus backed, they could not refuse. The whole party was soon seated in the parlor, where a thousand thanks were awarded to Courtland for his gallantry, by the daughter, however, more by looks than words.

"Kate is too bold, as I have often told her," said Mrs. Butler. "But, luckily, she came to no harm. Had it not been for you, sir, however, what would have been the consequence? I shudder to think of it."

"Had it not been for me," replied Courtland, "or rather for my dog, she would not have lost her balance and fallen into the water. I shall never forgive myself for having exposed your sweet daughter, even for a moment, to peril."

The young men discovered the Butlers to be excellent people, while the daughter was sensible and accomplished, in addition to her beauty. Mr. Butler, indeed, was a farmer of some means, a fair representative of the honest, intelligent agriculturalist, the most independent class of men the United States affords. Mrs. Butler was a quiet, motherly dame. As for Kate herself, her sportive wit, not less than her beauty fascinated the young men; and when, at a late hour,

they left the farm-house, both united in praises of her.

Day after day Courtland repeated his visits to the farm-house; for, after the first day, Wharton shrewdly found an excuse for not going, except occasionally. At last the frequent absence of Courtland began to attract attention with the party to whom he belonged. The adventure of the skiff had got out, through the servants at the farm-house, and had finally reached the ears of the companions of the two young men.

"What is this we hear of a dripping nymph, a rescue, and all that?" said the fair Florence Hastings, one morning at the breakfast-table: and she looked sarcastically at Courtland.

Florence was a belle, an heiress, and a woman of the world. Some said she was a wit, but others called her only a shrew. She was now a little *passé*, but still younger in years than Courtland, on whom people said she had set her heart, and who had actually become half involved in her meshes, such was the art of her manoeuvres. Since he had met Kate Butler, however, his delusion with respect to the heiress had been wearing away. He answered, therefore, boldly, though not without a blush.

"You allude, I suppose, to an unlucky accident, which my dog caused, and which neither Wharton nor I thought of sufficient importance to mention!"

"Oh! Mr. Wharton has a hand in it!" replied the heiress, with a sneer. "I did not know this, for we have not missed him. You, however, it is said, were actually seen weeding turnips, or something of that kind, with a red-armed country girl, the other day."

This sally, as untrue as it was bitter, created a laugh nevertheless; for when were idle tourists not ready for sport at another's expense? Courtland, however, was too much of a gentleman to reply in a similar tone. He bowed, and said laughingly,

"I should not consider it at all degrading even to weed turnips, Miss Hastings; but I fear I am too fastidious to do it in company with a red-armed partner, at least from choice."

The rebuke was so pointed, yet so polite that the heiress bit her lip, and changed the conversation.

"Miss Hastings is as jealous of you as a tiger of her cubs," said Wharton, to his friend, a few days later. "She has actually forced the party to consent to depart to-morrow, for no other reason, I am positive, than that she wishes to tear you from Miss Butler."

"Well, I am ready to go, if the majority so decide. We all started together, on an agreement to travel in company, and I shall not be rude enough to break up the affair."

"What? Will you leave Kate? Really, I began to think you were in love with her; but, perhaps, it is better you are not."

"Better I am not! And why?"

"Because, as you can easily see, Florence is desperately in love with you. She has, at least, a hundred thousand, which, added to your own fortune, would make you one of the richest men of your years in Boston. A rich, witty, fashionable, and handsome woman—for Florence is all these—is not to be despised in the way of a wife."

"I shall never marry Miss Hastings," quietly said Courtland.

"And why?"

"I will tell you—I am engaged to Miss Butler."

"The deuce you are!" And Wharton sprang to his feet. "What, to a farmer's daughter, without position, and probably without a cent except the reversion of the old homestead."

Courtland smiled. "You are a pretty sensible fellow, Harry," he said, "but have a little of the weakness of the man of fashion, the denizen of the town—in a word, you think too much of the tinsel of life. What do I care for wealth in a wife? Have I not sufficient fortune for all my reasonable wants? I love Miss Butler, and she loves me—I won from her that blessed acknowledgment last night. She is intelligent, sprightly, accomplished, with a natural born manner, and beautiful as few city women are—why should I not marry her? If I were to seek a wife, for twenty years, ay! for my whole life time, I should never find one half so fitted to make me happy. She is the *beau ideal* of which I have long dreamed."

"Does she know what a catch you are? Are you sure she does not marry you for money?"

"Had anybody else put that question, I should have been angry, Harry. But I know you mean well. I have not yet said a word of my wealth, nor shall I till to-night, when I expect to see her father to solicit his consent."

"Florence will be bitterly disappointed. She thought she had secured you."

"I confess that her adroit flattery, and her artful manoeuvres had bewildered me; and I was fast resigning myself to paying such continued attention to her, as would have made it a point of honor with me to marry her. But fortunately we met Miss Butler, and I was saved. Had I married Florence Hastings, what a miserable man I should have been!"

"Well, God bless you," replied Harry, warmly, "you deserve to be happy; and, after what you have said, I have every confidence in your choice. Indeed, to tell the truth, if I had dared, I should have fallen in love with Miss Butler myself; but I saw, from the first, that her rescuer was a very superior person, in her eyes, to Harry Wharton."

"Ah!" said Courtland, "when I contemplate the virgin purity of her mind, when I mark the freshness of her conversation, when I see the thorough good sense of her opinions, and when I contrast these things with the heartlessness, the tameness, and the folly of women of mere fashion, such as crowd our cities, I wonder at the hallucination which, even for a moment, led me to admire Florence Hastings. Take my advice, Wharton, and seek a partner for life in some pure-minded, yet intelligent girl, away from the false tinsel of the town."

And Harry followed the counsel. For when, a few months later, he accompanied Courtland back to —, that the latter might claim his bride, he found his merry little partner, a cousin of Kate, so bewitching in contrast with the city belles he had just parted from, that he lost his heart before the wedding festivities were over.

That winter two of the most beautiful women in the more refined circles of Boston were the brides of Harry Wharton and Arthur Courtland; but, of the two, the one pre-eminent for grace, accomplishments, and every excellent quality also, was our old friend, Kate.

Mrs. Courtland has been a wife for several years, and is at the head of society. Even Florence Hastings, now an old maid, is glad to be patronized by the accomplished woman, whom, she used sneeringly to call, the FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

## THE SACRIFICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM."

## I.

"Come hither, my child," said a feeble voice.

A young female, in the bloom of early womanhood, emerged from the shadow of the curtains and stood at the bedside.

She was one whom, once seen, was not soon forgotten. The face of Anne Malcolm was inexpressibly beautiful, but with the loveliness of a pure soul, not of mere physical contour. The dove-like eyes and the winning smile declared her to be one peculiarly formed for confidence and affection; but the broad brow and the decided mouth bore testimony that, with all this, there was nothing of weakness in her character. She was one to love only the noble and worthy; but, having chosen, to be inflexible.

"What is it, mother?" she said.

Her voice was low and sweet, but firm, just such a voice as might have been expected from her countenance.

The invalid lifted her eyes faintly, and a pang, as of mental anguish, passed across her face: then she spoke.

"I am dying, Anne," she said. "You know it?"

The daughter's mouth quivered, and a big tear gathered in her eye; but she made a violent effort, and conquered these outward manifestations of grief. Seeing that her parent waited a reply, she bent her head slowly in acquiescence, accompanying the gesture, however, with a look of the divinest love.

"You will grant me one favor," said the dying woman, "will you not, Anne?"

The daughter still answered not in words, but her large eyes, distended in surprise, were fixed on the mother's face in rebuke and inquiry.

It is a serious thing I am about to ask of you," continued the invalid, "a great, a very great sacrifice!" She paused a moment, and, with her gaze intensely fixed on Anne, added, brokenly, "your brothers and sisters—when I am gone they will have none to take care of them—oh! my child, can I ask you to be to them a mother, to care for their bodily health, to train them to righteousness? Your father, immersed in business, cannot do this aright: he is a man, too, and knows not the mysteries of a child's soul as a woman does. Say you will do this and I will die in peace."

The invalid, in her eagerness, had half risen

in bed, and grasping Anne's hand, gazed earnestly up into her face.

Over that face had passed many changes even during the brief interval while Mrs. Malcolm spoke. At first a look of unutterable agony had been there; then a heroic resolution succeeded; next, her glance, for one moment, had been raised to heaven as if she prayed inwardly; and now, as the mother ceased, a holy light beamed forth from those dove-like eyes, penetrating to the very depths of the dying woman's soul, as dew falls upon and refreshes the parched earth.

"I promise," she said, in a firm, but sad voice, retaining the pressure of her mother's hand. "With God for my help, I promise to be to them a second mother!"

The invalid's eyes gushed with tears, and she raised her look to heaven.

"Father of mercies, I thank thee," she said. "In this child, which I have labored to bring up to please thee, thou hast bestowed on me a treasure. Forgive me if I have asked of her too great a sacrifice! Oh! may the consciousness of this noble act of self-denial—this yielding of love to duty—sustain her when she comes to an hour like this, and bear her up through the waters of the dark river."

Big tears were now silently rolling down the cheeks of the daughter. It had not been without a severe pang that she had given the promise her mother had exacted of her. Plighted with the full consent of both her parents, to one whom she loved with all the devotion of a first affection, Anne beheld, in thus undertaking to be a mother to her brothers and sisters, the inevitable frustration of all her hopes: and she saw that her parent considered it in the same light also. There had been, therefore, a momentary struggle between duty and love; but only a momentary one. Anne, with the exception of an older married sister, was the eldest of the family, and she knew that, if she refused, the dear old household must be broken up. It was not merely this, however, that she dreaded, it was the consequences that would flow from it. Deprived of a proper home education, who could tell the evil courses that her brothers and sisters might imbibe! A moment she had hesitated; but then came the resolution to make the sacrifice. Oh! woman, thou constant martyr to duty, what secret sacrifices of thy dearest hopes the day of judgment



will reveal. Patriots dying on the scaffold, are made immortal for the momentary pang they endure; but woman, whose heart the world breaks on its wheel forever, suffers and lingers on, yet none call her blessed. But the angel forgets her not—thank God for that!

## II.

Mrs. MALCOLM, having finished her broken prayer, turned again to her daughter. Anne had hastily wiped the tears from her eyes, resolute, in her heroism, to conceal the full extent of her sacrifice.

"Call the family," said the dying woman, faintly, for her late emotion had terribly exhausted her. "The light grows dim—I am going."

Anne rushed to the mantel-piece and violently pulled the bell: then she hastened to the window, which she threw up. Retiring to the bedside, she found her mother gasping for breath, in a paroxysm of her disease, which was consumption. Supporting the invalid in her arms, so as to elevate the head, Anne tenderly fanned her; and, while thus doing, the family came into the room.

There were seven of them, beside the father, seven children, all younger than Anne; and even in that hour, she could not help shuddering at the responsibility she had assumed. And yet she did not, even for an instant, regret it.

When the dying woman became easier, she turned, with a sweet smile—oh! how like the smile of Anne—to her husband and said,

"James—the hour has come—you see I am dying. This dear child," and she glanced up at Anne, "has promised to fill my place to our motherless babes, and you will, I know, assist her, as far as you can, in her holy task. I am weak now, and cannot speak much. Come, one by one, and kiss me. Oh! do not weep. God bless you all."

When the sad, tearful procession, to each one of which she addressed some word of comfort or admonition, had filed by, she turned to Anne and said,

"And now, my love, one last request! Let all remain in the room, while you read me the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians. I would hear its cheering words once more before I die."

The daughter tenderly surrendered her mother's head to the husband and father, went to the little table where lay the family Bible, and began in a firm, sweet voice, to read. As she proceeded, frequent sobs broke from the rest, even from Mr. Malcolm, but with the self-control of her high character, she continued composed to the last. The glorious promises of inspiration seemed gradually, moreover to kindle her soul

into enthusiasm, until her eye kindled, her cheek glowed, and her tones became triumphant even at that bed of death.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead," she read. "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body."

The countenance of the dying mother, as these words fell from the daughter's lips, became rapt like that of a saint: especially when the reader reached the passage,

"Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality."

The eyes of the dying woman were fixed above, her hands were clasped, her lips moved in prayer; and her countenance, as if from some inward light, oh! with what a glory it seemed radiating.

Anne read on.

"So when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written. Death is swallowed up in victory. Oh! death, where is thy sting? Oh! grave where is thy victory."

I wish you could have heard the triumphant, the almost exulting tone in which the daughter read these words, her countenance the while beaming with the lofty inspiration of her theme.

She paused an instant before she proceeded. But now a voice from the bed took up the holy text. It was a voice so clear, so full, so loud that it seemed impossible to be that of the dying saint; and all turned, with astonishment, not unmixed with awe, toward the couch.

And yet it was the voice of the mother. Half sitting up in bed, as if in the full possession of her strength again, she looked now radiantly lovely: the glow on her cheek, the light in her eyes, the rapture of her face were indescribably beautiful!

"Oh! death where is thy sting? oh! grave where is thy victory," she repeated, triumphantly; and then with a fervor of gratitude that no words can paint, she added, "thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

It was the voice of a saint winging for heaven.

The burst of rapture had scarcely left her lips, before she fell back as if fainting, and, ere she reached the pillow, she was dead.

Yes! even at the moment that the husband, feeling the dull weight of a corpse in his arms, reverently laid the body down, the disembodied spirit, we may well believe, was already before the great white throne.

So, when our hour arrives, may we all die!

### III.

AND now the time had come when Anne Malcolm was to fulfil the promise she had made at her mother's death-bed. The arrangements of the funeral, the endeavor to assuage her father's terrible grief, and other imperative duties had prevented her, hitherto, from writing to her lover; but the time had come when this could no longer be deferred.

She sat down accordingly to her little table and essayed to write. But when she thought of all she was about to give up, she could not go on: tears rained on the paper; and, at last, completely unnerved, she rose, threw on a shawl, and went out to seek, by a walk in the open air, strength and resolution.

For she was making no ordinary sacrifice, in surrendering the hand of her plighted husband. Frederick Vernon was already, at twenty-five, fast rising into eminence as a physician, in the great city to which he had removed on receiving his diploma, with the heroic resolution to aim at once at success where success was most difficult, and, therefore, most honorable. From earliest childhood Anne had known Frederick. When she was a little girl but seven years old, and he a lad of fourteen, he had been her constant attendant, climbing the rocks to pull the flowers of the clematis, and wading into the lake to gather the whitest of the water lilies for her. When he came home from college at twenty-one, Anne was just fourteen; and the acquaintance, neglected since childhood, was now renewed. Two years later, during a visit of the young physician to his parents, this acquaintance changed into an intimacy; and that, finally, into a mutual love. The affection, therefore, that existed between Anne and Frederick was no sudden and illusory passion, the growth of a morbid imagination; but a profound sentiment, based on the fullest knowledge of each others character, and strengthened by an entire conviction that their sympathies were such as to render a union happy and wise. The marriage had been arranged to take place when Anne was eighteen, but the declining health of her mother had caused it to be put off. And now an impenetrable barrier had been forever raised against its consummation! Yet such is life.

It was a breezy, autumn day when Anne left the house, and as she passed down the gravel-walk to the gate, the dead leaves, from the trees in the little lawn, were whirled in myriads around

her path. She reached the turnpike, and leaving the house on the left, ascended the long hill which here bounded the village of —. When, at last, she reached the top of the acclivity, a landscape, many miles in extent, dotted with farms—in summer bright with golden grain, but now covered with russet brown—stretched before her eyes; while the breeze, fresh from the north-west, in the direction of the valley, swept cold and powerful across her cheek. Far away in the distance was the old farm-house, where my own childhood had been spent: and, close at hand, the venerable church-yard where my ancestors had been laid. Here also, under the walls of the grey old building, the mother of Anne slept; and to this spot she directed her steps.

A walk of a mile and more brought her finally to the grave-yard. It stood, close by an ancient wood, a little off from the high road, fenced in with dilapidated palings. A dozen hoary sycamores, now entirely leafless, and whose white branches, like skeleton bones, rattled in the wind, stood sentinel over the crowded tombs below; for the cemetery had been in use during a century and a half, and numerous generations of a populous district were laid there. Many of the graves had long since sunk in; over others the green stones tottered to a fall; and, in several places, the huge brick tombs, with the marble slab covered with armorial bearings, such as our forefathers in their pride erected, were tumbling to ruins. In one corner of the yard stood the church, an antiquated structure, built in a style long since out of date, and with bricks imported from England. Through the shutterless windows a view could be had of the cold, inhospitable interior, with the tall pews and the brick floor; but the half dilapidated old place was dear to Anne, as to me, because there, in our earliest childhood, we had first learned to worship a Creator.

The scene suited the melancholy of Anne's present feelings. Other considerations, however, had called her here. She wished to pray by the grave of her mother, and there gather strength to consummate her sacrifice. For never, for a single instant, did she think of re-calling her promise, but only of preparing herself to execute her task.

When, at last, she rose from her knees, it was with renewed courage, and even with something like peace of mind. The long walk, through the bracing air, had invigorated her physical frame, as she had expected, and this assisted to calm her spirit, and strengthen her nerves. For Anne well knew that the body was subject to the laws of nature; and hence instead of weakly giving up to depression, she rallied her powers constantly against it, employing all the means she could command to maintain her health and spirits, so

that she might the better be able to go through with the duties of life: Brave, wise girl!

It seemed to her, as she turned for a last look at the old church-yard, that even the hoary sycamores waved with a cheerful sound, so great was the change in her own heart. The sun, too, shone brighter, in her eyes, than when she had set out. And so, when she returned to her little parlor, it was with a firm hand that she wrote to Frederick his dismissal.

#### IV.

SHE told him, at once, that they could never marry, frankly assigning the cause, both because it was due to him, and because it would cut off all hope. The youngest of her sisters was but three years old, and, until this child had grown to woman's estate, Anne considered herself, she said, bound by her promise. She wrote kindly; in every line indeed her affection was perceptible; but she wrote also with a calmness that showed how firm she was. One or two tears, toward the close, dropped on the letter; and her signature was a little flurried; but that was all.

#### V.

Two days after, Frederick appeared at Mr. Malcolm's. He had come down immediately on receiving her letter, not waiting even to visit his patients, but sending a hurried note to a brother physician to take his place.

He entered the house without announcing himself, for he feared that Anne might deny herself to him, and he was determined to see her, in order to try the effect of a personal interview. He knew her well enough to be convinced that no mere letter could move her. He trusted, however, to surprise her out of herself, by his passionate appeals, by his representations that she owed a duty to him as well as to her family. He had yet to learn how inflexible she was, in the path of right, even against the pleadings of her own heart.

Anne had dreaded this conduct on the part of her lover. She was aware of his energetic mode of action; she knew also his eloquence, at least over her; and she had resolved, as Frederick feared, to refuse to see him.

But when she beheld him before her, and read his purpose in his countenance, she determined no longer to fly the danger, but bravely to meet it.

Frederick was the first to speak. He held her letter open in his hand, and he was terribly agitated.

"Can you mean this, Anne?" he began, as he took her proffered hand.

A faint, sad smile came over Anne's face, as she replied,

"Sit down, dear Frederick, and be calm. You

know me well, enough to be certain that I mean it."

He looked at her at first incredulously, then with pain, and finally almost in anger. She met his eye, through all these changes of mood, without flinching, with the same half beseeching, half reproachful, but ever deeply sorrowful gaze.

"You cannot be so cruel," at last he said. "Duty! Do you owe no duty to me? Oh! Anne, Anne, you are doing a great wrong, under the name and belief of a duty. If you persist in thus casting me off, you will be the cause of my ruin."

He really felt all that he said. He was more impulsive than Anne, and, in the horror of losing her forever, he believed, at the moment, that life would be valueless to him.

The tears came into Anne's eyes. In spite of his injustice, she loved him too well not to feel hurt; and she replied, making an effort, however, to control herself,

"No, Frederick," she said, "it is not cruel, nor am I deceived. Do not think I have not maturely considered the subject, or imagine that my decision has been without pain to me. But, though I owe a duty to you, I owe a greater one to these motherless children, whose destiny, both for this life and the next, perhaps, depends on my accepting the trust delegated to me. I am a poor, weak girl, I know; but this burden has been laid upon me; and I trust that my heavenly Father will give me the wisdom and strength necessary to discharge the task. It is cruel in you, Frederick, indeed, indeed it is," she said, with streaming eyes, "to endeavor to persuade me selfishly to abandon my duty, and neglect this motherless family."

Frederick was inexpressibly touched. His generous heart felt already that he had been wrong, and he loved Anne the better for her noble sacrifice. He had been walking, in agitation, up and down the room, while she spoke; he now stopped opposite to her, and exclaimed,

"You are an angel, Anne! Forgive my selfish petulance. But," he added, after tenderly regarding her for a moment of silence, "do not insist on breaking off our engagement! I will wait for you, though it may be years."

Anne's resolution was almost shaken by this proposal. But she reflected that, before her trust would be over, she would have long passed the season of youth; and her generous heart could not consent to keep Frederick waiting for her. The sacrifice must be complete, not a half-way one. So she answered,

"No, Frederick, I cannot consent to take advantage of your noble heart. I cannot agree to keep you waiting, till long after the prime of life, subject to the many circumstances which

may arise entirely to forbid our union. Better meet the inevitable fate at once. Our paths of duty lie clear before us."

Frederick made no immediate reply. He was again traversing the parlor with rapid and excited steps. Men, even the best of them, are more selfish than women; and he could not fully comprehend this martyr-like heroism of Anne. He began to believe, what he had at first suspected, that the charge of her mother's children was not the only reason why Anne desired to break the engagement. He answered under the influence of these feelings, stopping angrily before her.

"You do not love me, Anne, or you would not speak thus. Oh! if your affection was like mine, you would be content to wait for a life-time."

The color mounted to Anne's cheeks. Pure, and noble, and self-sacrificing as she was, Anne had yet the feelings of a woman, and a high-spirited one too. Injustice, though it pained her when coming from those she loved, did not the less render her indignant. Once before, during this interview, Frederick had been unjust to her; and she had then conquered herself sufficiently to expostulate with him. But she could do so no longer. She rose proudly, therefore, as if to terminate the interview.

"I did not expect to meet reproach, at least from you," she said. "But since it has come to this, the sooner we part the better."

Frederick had not looked for this. He was stunned at the consequences of his words, but neither her language nor her manner entirely removed his suspicions: he, therefore, made no

retraction, offered no apology, but stood regarding her, half coldly, half angrily.

Reader, we are not weaving a mere romance, but telling a story of the hard realities of life. Our characters are not, therefore, perfect. They are such as actually once lived, and sinned, and suffered: and we must describe them as we knew them.

So they stood regarding each other, for the space of a minute, he with a gloomy brow, she with haughty indignation. Then each, seeing that there was no relenting in the other, turned away.

The next moment Anne was alone.

She flung herself now on the sofa in an agony of tears. All her pride had deserted her.

"Oh!" she cried, "this is more than I can bear. To part in anger!—could I think it would come to this? Father in heaven," she cried, lifting her eyes above, "let me have strength to drink this cup, for it is bitter, bitter indeed."

Suddenly she thought she heard a step in the hall. She started up, with a fluttering heart, thinking Frederick might be returning. But the step passed on, and she recognized it now as that of her father.

She turned involuntarily, after this, toward the window. The form of her lover, at that instant, emerged from the gate on the highway; and, without a single look backward, he passed down the road.

"And thus we part forever!" cried Anne, sobbing afresh.

It is a terrible thing, sometimes, to walk in the way of duty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE SQUALL.

BY C. J. PETERSON, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

"How is it ahead, Mr. Danforth?" said the officer of the deck to me, as I stood on the fore-castle looking-out.

"Wild as a whirlpool, sir, and black as pitch," I cried. "But the sky lifts a little now, over the weather-bow."

"Lifts," said Taffrail, who, at that instant, approached. "Then God preserve us! There's a squall coming up, or I know nothing of the signs of the sky. Look there!"

He had scarcely spoken, when the wind, which was a point or two on the weather-bow, screamed out an instant, and then suddenly ceased. A few moments of supernatural stillness ensued, during which the dark curtain of clouds abeam of us was lifted up; and a spectral lightness flung over the stormy seas, disclosing the agitated vortex before and around us, and casting into bold relief the huge, dark billows that rose like the bosom of a panting monster, heaved against the sky. This second of boding stillness had scarcely passed, before a low wail rose and died away in the distance, as if it were the lamentation of some spirit of the storm; then came a melancholy moan, gradually deepening as it neared us, until it was lost in the wild roar of the hurricane, that rushing ruthlessly along, leveled the waves before its resistless fury, marking its track with a line of driving foam, and which, bursting at last upon the devoted ship abeam, tore, screamed, and howled through the rigging, burying us to the lee-scuipers, as it bowed our tall masts like willow wands to the water. The officer of the deck had but time to shout,

"Meet it with the helm—in with every rag—away there all," before the vast fabric was lying almost on her beam ends, while torrents of water poured over her sides and down into her waist. A minute more and she seemed settling forever: and wild cries rose up and rang along her decks, as the startled crew, aroused from their hammocks, rushed tumultuously up the gangway—while the rapid orders of the quarter-deck mingling with the roarings of the tempest, and the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe produced a tumult, that seemed the forerunner of inevitable destruction. At last the frigate seemed to heave a little, she rolled heavily from her prostrated situation, and was just beginning like a jaded courser to urge slowly ahead, when a crack louder than thunder was heard above, and the

huge topsail, torn from its fastenings and whipped into shreds, streamed out a moment from the mast, and then went like a snow flake down the wind. The ship staggered, reeled, and fell dead into the trough. A stifled shriek, as of a hundred men, rose partially upon the gale, but the stern discipline of a man-of-war forbade it to find full vent. I gave up all for lost.

"Hard up, quarter-master, hard up!" thundered the old commodore, making his appearance at this emergency.

"Hard up it is," growled the veteran at the binnacle.

"Does she come round yet?"

"Not yet, sir—she's as dead as a log."

There was no chance for us unless to cut away our masts. It was a dreadful necessity, as it would force us to give up our cruise and disable us in case of emergency. But it was our only hope.

"Away there, boarders, with your axes—stand by to cut away the lanyards of the mizzen rigging," thundered the commodore.

The men darted to their duty, each one holding by a rope as the seas poured in cataracts over our sides. A minute the old man paused before he gave the order to make a wreck of his darling frigate, and then came in a thick voice, full of pent-up emotions, the loud command,

"Cut away there—sharp—sharper, my lads!" and we heard the dull strokes of the axes, the crash, and the mast with all its beautiful hamper went a wreck over our quarter.

It was an awful moment that ensued. The ship groaned audibly, and seemed powerless; she was apparently settling faster into the water than before; and six hundred men, holding their breath in the agony of suspense, drew a long respiration and gave up all for lost. Meanwhile, the surges rolled over and into her, as if already revelling in their prey, and deluges of white, frothy foam swept whirling along her decks. All felt that life depended on that minute. Many a wild prayer rose up then, from lips that had not prayed for years, and many a poor father groaned as he thought of his distant little ones, and saw no hope of his ever pressing them to his heart again. One—two—three seconds slowly crept by, a dead feeling of hopelessness came, crushing the hearts of all, when suddenly I felt the tempest shifting more aft, and at the

same instant, the old commodore at the binnacle, shouted clearly through the hurricane,

“She pays off—God Almighty be praised for his mercy!” and trembling irresolutely a second, her bows fell rapidly away, she whirled around on her heel, and gathering headway as the tempest struck her aft, rolled, struggled and plunged for a cable’s length, and then drove like a race horse before the gale.

After the momentary tumult had subsided, the clear voice of the commodore was heard again,

“Clear away the wreck,” he said. “We’ll scud till morning, Mr. Sands. Get the frigate neat again, and then send the watch below to their hammocks; the poor fellows must be wearied out.”

The next morning broke bright and joyous. The sun danced on the billows; the breeze whistled pleasantly overhead; and, in the exhilaration of the hour, we almost forgot the horrors of the night.

Two days afterward we made the land, and before long were quietly moored in Norfolk harbor, where we hastened to refit.

## THE VALLEY FARM; OR, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ORPHAN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 212.

THE interview with Mrs. Warren, which I have just described, convinced me that my residence at the Hall would soon become insupportable. I had needed, indeed, all the assistance I could derive from religion, to enable me to endure the polite insolence of my employer.

I saw neither of the elder sisters that morning; but I guessed where one of them was. And, more than once, I was tempted to think with bitterness that the time had been when I was as petted, as admired, as happy as herself.

Late in the afternoon I stole out of the house, and sought a secluded walk in the park. My nervous system had been completely prostrated by the events of the last twenty-four hours; my head ached terribly; and I felt feverish and ill. The path I repaired to came out, at one point, on the river side, and crossing a rustic bridge that spanned a little rivulet, afforded a fine view of the wooded bluff lower down, which bounded the park on the side next to the river.

The sun was about to set, and as the stream looked toward the west, his almost level rays danced along the surface of the water, which was now rippled by a pleasant breeze. I took off my bonnet, and leaning against the wooden railing of the bridge, gazed at the sunset until I was lost in reverie.

Suddenly I heard the sound of many voices, accompanied by the tramping of horses' feet; and almost immediately a troop of gay equestrians came in sight. The riders were of both sexes, and only about fifty yards distant, being however separated from me by a bit of open woodland. The floating plumes of the ladies; the gallant bearing of the gentlemen; and the gay action of the thorough-breds, as the party glanced between the trees, formed a picture as spirited as can be conceived.

Involuntarily I drew back behind a high clump of rhododendron, for my heart told me Carrington was of the party; and, in a few seconds, the equestrians were out of sight.

I was just congratulating myself on my escape, when I heard again the tramp of the horses, and

directly the whole party appeared dashing down the gravelly hill, which led to the little bridge. The woods, at this part of the park, meandered in a perfect labyrinth through the original forest; and the equestrians, taking a sudden turn, had come down upon me, to my surprise, in the manner I have stated.

It was impossible for me to get away, for if I had moved forward, I should soon have been overtaken, so I shrank again under the shade of the rhododendron, hoping to escape recognition, yet almost certain I should not. I had scarcely done this when I heard Julia's voice, rising gaily above the merry conversation.

"Look down the river, Mr. Carrington, as you go by: the view of the wooded banks is very fine. At the extreme point, where the tower is, you can see the gilded vane glittering like fire in the sunset."

Down came the gay cavalcade, scattering the hard gravel under their horses' hoofs, laughing and chatting as if earth had not a care for them. Foremost of all rode Carrington, mounted on a powerful animal, which he controlled with an ease that made rider and horse seem one. Julia pressed close beside him.

At the edge of the bridge Carrington reined up his steed for an instant; and with his proud, quick eye took in the whole scene at a glance. He was so close to me that he might almost have heard the beating of my heart—or, if not that, at least my hurried breathing. Perhaps he did, for suddenly he turned, and his eye rested on me. Our glances met. A desperate resolution seized me; my look did not quail before his; I was resolved to read his very soul. He appeared to be actuated by the same motive. That calm, steady gaze of inquiry I shall never forget. At last, I could endure it no longer; I felt my cheek burning; my knees tottered; and, catching for support at the rhododendron, I dropped my eyes on the ground.

This scene had not lasted as many seconds as I have taken to describe it. Carrington had been ahead of the cavalcade, which now coming up,

crowded on the bridge, and his horse became restive. He curbed the high mettled animal, and looked again toward me, though still without a sign of recognition. But just at this moment, Julia playfully gave his horse a cut with her riding-whip, and the noble animal sprang forward, followed immediately by all the equestrians. In less than a minute the cavalcade had vanished from sight as rapidly as it had appeared.

When I began to reflect, I was mortified and angry. What right had Carrington to stare at me so rudely? Did his exalted position give him the license to insult one beneath him: no not one beneath him, but only less fortunate? He was changed from the Carrington I once knew, or he would not have acted thus to an unprotected female.

This indignation did more to take the bitterness from regret, than all my reasonings. I turned homeward, with a quick, proud step, and was soon in my own apartment.

The day following I kept close to the school room, seeing neither the young ladies nor their mother; and, on the whole, performed my duties with more calmness than at any time during the last forty-eight hours. The unworthiness of Carrington was now so firmly impressed on me, that I began to despise him: I felt as if he would be the one honored by a notice, not I.

At first I had resolved strictly to seclude myself, in order to avoid the repetition of insult; but as the day progressed, I changed my determination. "I will go out as usual," I said. "My health shall not suffer because of him, nor will I seem to avoid his presence. If he dares to approach me, I can protect myself."

Accordingly, after dinner, I took a book and sauntered out into the park. I chose, however, the least frequented parts of it, and when I heard voices, invariably turned aside. I had other reasons in this than the fear of meeting Carrington, for on both this and the preceding day, one of the whiskered fops, who had seen me in the drawing-room, had passed and re-passed beneath the school-window, as if to attract my notice.

Evening was drawing on, and it became time to return to the house. I, therefore, retraced my steps. I was already nearly in sight of the mansion, when I heard a quick tread behind me: it was a step I had once been familiar with, and my heart began to throb; but true to my purpose of neither avoiding nor seeking Carrington, I walked on at the same slow pace I had been pursuing.

In a moment my pursuer was at my side. I felt him turn toward me, though I did not look up; for I had been reading as I walked, and I kept my eyes on my book.

"Miss Lennox," said a hurried, agitated voice: and the shadow on the walk showed me Carrington hat in hand.

I still did not look up; but I felt my cheek tingle.

"Miss Lennox," repeated he, his tones agitated and trembling. "Surely I am not mistaken—for heaven's sake relieve this suspense——"

"Sir," I said, now raising my eyes, and looking him full in the face.

He shrank back abashed, and became pale as ashes. I had stopped, and drawn myself up to my full height, measuring him disdainfully, with my eye, from head to foot.

"Sir," I repeated, "I expect, as a woman, to be safe from insult, from a *gentleman*; but if my sex does not protect me, I shall appeal to Mrs. Warren, who can."

I turned coldly and haughtily away, and moved again toward the house, but without accelerating my pace.

For a full minute Carrington stood where I had left him, as if astounded; but soon I heard him again coming up the walk.

This time he passed me rapidly, and wheeling directly in front, cut off my further advance. His face was flushed, excitement marked his manner: I had never indeed seen him so agitated. Yet there was a look in his eye as if he had concluded on a purpose, which no power on earth could stay his carrying out. I soon discovered what that purpose was.

"Pardon me," he said, firmly, but respectfully. "I may appear insolent and rude; but I cannot be mistaken as to this being Miss Lennox I address; for though her whom I once knew as a courted heiress, I now see a dependant, and apparently friendless, there is that in her voice, her looks, her air, which not even the altered position, nor the change of name can conceal."

I found I could not pass without rudeness, so I drew back a step with a scornful lip.

"You despise me, or you think I would insult you," said Carrington, sadly. "Ah! Mary," he continued, suddenly changing his voice to its old, winning tone, "you do me injustice. Nay! pardon the use of that familiar name, but it is one endeared to me by a hundred associations. I have watched all day to see you. I recognized you, last night; but you would not speak to me; and I was afraid to bow first lest you should think me presuming; but afterward I resolved to see you at every risk, and leaving my company, I galloped back to where I had left you; but you were gone."

He spoke these last words in such a sad, mournful tone, that I began to be softened: there was evidently something here that I ought to know, before I fully condemned him.



"I hear you have been here some time," he resumed, "and that you were in the drawing-room, the other evening——"

"Then you did not see me?" I said, surprised into speaking.

"No; I was at the other end of the room," he replied, quickly, "engaged in conversation. Once, as I waltzed around with Miss Warrene, I thought I recognized something familiar in the person of the lady at the piano; but your back was toward me; and, a few minutes later, when I thought of it again, you had gone."

His allusion to Julia hardened anew my fast melting resolutions. I was again cold as an icicle.

He had stopped, thinking I would speak, but finding I did not, he went on.

"I could not have fancied, for a moment, that I would find you thus. I had heard that you no longer lived with your uncle, or I would have waited on you long ago. For nearly two years I have been anxious to see you. Once, months since, I thought, for an instant, I had found you: it was when walking with the Rev. Mr. N——, in the city; but your attire, the twilight, the strange town, all assured me it was not you; and this opinion was confirmed when I found, from my companion, who knew you, that your name was a strange one to me. But it is the name, I now find, you go by here; and it was you, I know, that I met."

Again my anger gave away. He had desired, for more than two years, to see me. What could it be for? I would, at least, hear. Besides, his voice had an influence over me I had not calculated upon; for it re-called a thousand old associations.

"I knew you," I said.

"Did you?" And his eyes sparkled, and he drew a step nearer to me.

I began to tremble, said it was late, and quickened my step. Why I did so, I can scarcely, even at this day, tell.

"There is still half an hour till dusk," said Carrington, earnestly, "and I beseech you, as you would not do a fellow creature injustice, grant me that little interval of time? I have that to tell you which, now that I have thus providentially met you at my cousin's house——"

"Your cousin's house!" I said, in astonishment, suddenly stopping, and looking into his face.

I thought of Julia, and of his waltzing with her. If she was his cousin, my jealousy was entirely groundless; for this close relationship explained his attentions to her. "Your cousin's house!" I said.

"Certainly! Did you not know that the Warrens and I are first cousins?" he answered,

eagerly, perhaps suspecting what was passing in my mind. "My father was a Warrene, but changed his name in a fit of anger at my grandfather, because the latter entailed this noble estate on his elder brother, the father of Julia. Why I thought you knew all this?"

"No, I did not." I stammered these words out, I knew not how. I felt that I was blushing crimson, and that Carrington's eyes were upon me; and I feared he was reading what passed in my heart.

I should have been vexed, at any other time, at having thus betrayed myself; but my joy was too great, at this moment, for any other emotion. I knew enough of Carrington to be certain that he would never marry a first cousin; for, I had heard him frequently speak of such unions as in violation of the laws of nature. I no longer feared Julia.

And if he did not love her, I reflected, he was not trifling with me. His earnest, submissive manner now had its full weight with me. Throughout the whole interview, up to this point, I had been unable to reconcile his behavior to Julia with his deference to me; but now all was clear. A rush of delicious emotions swept through me as my heart whispered that he loved me.

His penetrating eyes were still upon me. Gradually they beamed with the old look of affection. I felt that I could not meet them, without betraying myself, so I looked resolutely on the gravel-walk. But I could not conceal the trembling of my whole person.

Carrington had walked, for a moment, beside me without speaking. He now placed my hand silently within his arm, and turned down a leafy avenue through which streamed, in bars of gold, the rays of the setting sun.

I did not resist him. How could I? My agitation, notwithstanding my efforts to conceal it, increased every moment.

"Mary," he said, with a voice low and winning, and with a look eloquent with respectful affection, as my eyes met his an instant as he spoke. "Mary, I am no longer a penniless, unknown young lawyer, who while he loved with his entire soul, yet feared, in consequence of his poverty, to press his suit. I am, on the contrary, of competent means, and not without reputation, as the world goes. More than this, I have become, within little more than a year, heir to this splendid property, by the death of my uncle's only son; for Warrene Hall is entailed on the heir-male. But all that I have, or ever expect to have, I would willingly lay down, if I could live over the last three years of my life."

He had taken my hand, meantime, which lay across his arm. I did not withdraw it. Indeed

I was scarcely conscious, just at that instant, of the action, for I was thinking that his being, the heir explained why Julia so evidently courted him.

My silence, and my permitting this liberty, encouraged him to proceed.

"I would live it over willingly, at any sacrifice," he resumed, bending low toward me, "for there was a time when, if you did not love me, you did not scorn me; and I fear that my conduct may have made you despise me since, and inevitably so. But, Mary, through all I have loved you; and my seeming forgetfulness has sprung entirely from that love. I was poor, and did not know but you were too. To have asked you to be my wife would have been to consign you to comparative want, and require sacrifices from you which I was too proud to ask. Report indeed called you an heiress, but the same pride would have checked me, had you been one; for, at that period, I was too haughty to accept fortune from a bride. Yet it was a terrible struggle. At one time, I conquered this pride, and gave myself up entirely to the hope of winning you; but a conversation—you may remember it—on the last evening we met, shook my purpose, by again alarming my haughty, my foolishly haughty spirit."

He pressed my hand, as he spoke. My heart was beating fast and loud. I remembered that, in the eventful interview he spoke of, I too had given way to pride; and had expressed sentiments which might well have irritated, even angered him.

Oh! how I reproached myself now for the misery I had brought upon Carrington and myself. Instinctively, as if I owed him some expiation, I returned faintly the pressure of his hand. He clasped my fingers tightly in his own, and went on breathlessly.

"As I could not resist your influence, while in the habit of seeing you, I resolved to cease visiting at your uncle's house, hoping to overcome my passion. Stoically and resolutely I deprived myself of what was the dearest of privileges. I persuaded myself that it was selfish, if you were poor, to seek your hand; that it was mean and dishonorable, if you were rich. But I could not conquer my love for you. A hundred times have I walked by your window, at midnight, watching till your candle should be extinguished, and happy if I could catch occasionally the shadow of your person on the curtains. They say that a strong man can easily subdue an affection; but I do not believe it: certainly, if the object is worthy of it, he cannot. And, in spite of all, I worshipped you, in my heart, as worthy in all respects of the most enthusiastic love: a woman who would suffer all things,

conquer all things, dare all things for affection's sake."

He looked at me as he thus spoke, and our eyes met. Mine were full of tears, joyful, exulting tears; and his beamed with a respectful, yet deep devotion, which was inexpressibly dear to me.

"You did me but justice," I faltered.

Speech was scarcely necessary between us now. Our souls questioned and answered, through our looks, with electric rapidity.

He whispered, at last,

"Am I forgiven?"

I made no answer in words; I do not even know that I looked at him; the only recollection I have is of a feeling of gentle reproach that he should doubt it. But, the next instant, he had drawn me toward him; my face was buried on his broad chest; and his manly strength supported my trembling and agitated limbs.

I knew that I was beloved, and that he had never scorned me. His desertion had sprung from the proud chivalry of a high and noble nature, a fault that I, or any loving woman, could forgive, and with rapture.

After a while Carrington spoke.

"I have long seen my error," he said, "for I am wiser, I trust, than when I was younger. I then doubted the readiness of your sex to make sacrifices, perhaps because I had seen too much of mere conventional females, girls like my cousin Julia, or her sister. Ah! had I known *you*, as you are, I should have had more faith; and I ought to have known you too. That I did not has been my reproach. Can you indeed forgive me?"

I could, I did. But I thought, "had man half the faith of woman, how much happier both would be." Perhaps Carrington surmised my thoughts, for he said,

"I fancied I knew human nature too well to expect that you, a petted heiress, would accept the fortunes of a poor and unknown lawyer. Disappointments had made me distrustful. But I did injustice to your pure and unselfish nature."

"And to that of every true woman," I replied.

"Oh! believe me, there is no greater happiness, when we love, than to make sacrifices for those to whom we have given our affections."

I looked up enthusiastically as I spoke. He clasped me again to his bosom, saying,

"Heaven bless you! you are a saint: too good, and noble, and forgiving for one like me. What would man be without woman's less selfish spirit: you are celestial messengers, sent to purify us on earth, and prepare us for Paradise."

I slid from his embrace, yet with tears in my eyes, for I felt the contagion of his enthusiasm. But I replied, smiling,

"Nay! if you are going to indulge in rhapsodies, I must leave you. And, seriously," I said, with sudden alarm, "my absence from the Hall will be missed: it grows dark: indeed, indeed I must return."

He had begun to shake his head in the negative, but my earnestness silenced him; and as I now walked hurriedly in the direction of the house, he accompanied me.

When we had nearly reached the end of the walk, terminating in the lawn before the house, which was usually at this hour crowded with visitors, I looked at him imploringly. He understood me.

"I will leave you now," he said, "to spare you the curious stare of these empty fools of fashion; but, to-morrow, when I have explained all to Mrs. Warrene, I may expect—may I not?—an afternoon's walk with you."

I thought of Julia, and her disappointment, for I knew she really liked him; and, strange as some may think it, I commiserated her.

I gave him my hand: he raised it to his lips; and then, springing through the shrubbery, he disappeared from sight.

With what different emotions I entered my room, from those which I had entertained on leaving it! In looking around it, everything seemed a hundred fold more comfortable than before; and I wondered at myself for having spent so many unhappy hours in it.

My first thought was to cast myself on my knees, and return thanks to heaven for my present great joy.

Then I rose, took off my bonnet, and began mechanically to arrange my hair. I was struck, on catching the reflection of myself in the glass, with the change in my appearance. My listless look had entirely vanished. My eyes sparkled; the color had returned, as of old, to my cheeks; and the whole countenance wore an expression of animated happiness.

I was continually thinking of the strange events of the day. I sat down, and while the roseate blushes covered my face, so that I hid it, all alone as I was, in my hands, I endeavored to re-call, word by word, and incident by incident, everything that had passed: how haughty I had been at first; how suppliant yet determined Carrington; and how at last he had induced me to listen to his explanation, and hear the blessed words that I had been loved all the time.

I was still lost in such delicious reveries, and twilight had darkened the room, when I heard the whirr of rapid wheels on the gravel-walk below. Supposing it some new arrival, I remained in my chair, and surrendered myself again to my reflections.

Soon, however, I heard steps coming rapidly along the corridor; they paused at my door; and there was a loud knock. I rose, trembling like a leaf, for I was entirely unnerved. As I opened the door, the maid servant appeared, and was about speaking, when some one behind her pushed forward, and Carrington, emerging from the gloom of the passage, approached me.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "But your aunt is ill, and wishes to-see you; she would be reconciled with you, before she dies. An express is at the door."

I did not pause to reflect how, after so long a time, my relatives had at last discovered my residence: I only thought of my aunt sick, and perhaps dying; and deep pity took the place of the anger which I had long since learned to consider sinful.

"I am ready to go at once," I answered, and burst into tears. Late events, I have said, had unnerved me; and this summons to a bed of death completely broke me down. I staggered and would have fallen, had not Carrington sprung forward and caught me.

By this time lights had been brought. Mrs. Warrene and Julia too had followed the servants up stairs; and now stood amazed at the spectacle they beheld.

But Carrington gave them no time to express astonishment. With ready presence of mind he issued the orders that were proper in the circumstances.

"Get some apparel together for her," he said, turning to the maid servant. "Julia, you know what, tell the girl: and be quick!" Then addressing me, he said, as he carried me to a chair, "you are faint, Mary, let me get you a glass of water."

He poured out a goblet full, and held it while I drank; for my hand trembled too much to perform the task myself.

In a minute or two I rose, saying I was ready.

"Will you not wait till you are stronger?" he said, anxiously.

"No, I will go at once, thank you!"

"Lean on me then," he said, offering me his arm.

The crowd of spectators made way for us, while Carrington bore, rather than led me down stairs: Mrs. Warrene's cat-like eyes fairly blazing with rage as she looked.

Before I was fully aware of it, Carrington had lifted me into the carriage. A servant had followed with my trunk, which was lashed on behind.

"I will see you soon: there is a footman on the box to protect you," he said. "God bless you, Mary!"

He pressed my hand, closed the door, and

made the coachman drive on. The next instant the carriage was whirling down the avenue, the gravelled road grating harshly under the rapid wheels.

We travelled for about two hours, when we drew up at a country tavern, to change horses. The carriage-door was opened, and John, my uncle's footman, presented himself.

"Won't you get out for a minute, Miss Mary?" he said. "We have a long ride before us, and a cup of tea will refresh you. I have your uncle's letter too, which you have not read: Mr. Carrington gave it back to me, and told me to hand it to you after awhile."

I wanted no nourishment, but I would alight, I said, to read the letter.

It was written hurriedly, and in few words, but kindly. I have it still by me.

"Dear niece," it said, "come back to us again. We have never been happy since you left us. Why did you desert us? You should not have taken a passionate old man at his word; for he never meant to part from you, though, in an angry moment, he said so. I have sought a clue to your residence in vain, until to-day, when, for the first time, I learned it. Forgive your old uncle, and return.

"If you will not come back for me, come back for a dying woman. Your Aunt Sarah is rapidly failing, and has now but one wish on earth: it is to be reconciled to you. She has done you, she says, great wrong; in the near prospect of death, she sees that she never understood you. Come back! We have both been to blame, and can never be happy again till you return to make sunshine in our home."

I knew that it must have cost my uncle a great effort to write thus; and I felt, more than ever, that I too had been not without errors.

I kissed the paper, wetting it with my tears: then I placed it reverently in my bosom.

Who could have told my uncle of my residence, I asked myself, when the carriage was once more in motion? Had he grown older in looks? And my aunt, how was she altered? Could it be that her hard, cold, formal spirit had melted at last? It must be so, I thought, or she would not thus seek a reconciliation with me.

But I will not linger upon the journey. On the afternoon of the second day I found myself at my uncle's.

He must have been watching for the carriage, for the moment it stopped he appeared on the steps. I had just time to see that his hair was of a deeper grey than when we parted, and that he was no longer as erect as formerly, when the coach-door was thrown open. Without waiting to be assisted, I sprang out, rushed up the stoop, and fell into his arms.

"Uncle, dear uncle," I said, "will you take your runaway again to your heart?" Then I burst into tears.

"God bless you, Mary," he said, the big drops raining down his furrowed cheeks. "I see you have forgiven us. God bless you, dear child!"

He would have carried me into the parlor, but I broke from him, returned again, caught him in my arms, and fairly bore him into the room myself, where, placing him on the sofa, and throwing myself on his knees, I put my arms around his neck, laughing and crying hysterically.

The old man had tried to compose himself in the hall, but could not entirely keep back the tears, as I have said; but now, at seeing my joy, and perceiving how I still loved him, he sobbed aloud like a child.

At last he spoke.

"For this my daughter was dead, and is alive again: was lost, and is found." He held me from him, as he said this, looking lovingly at me through his tears.

And, as if the words were framed for me by a higher Power, I answered, throwing myself into his arms again.

"Where thou goest, there will I go: thy country shall be my country; and thy God, my God."

We spent nearly half an hour together, for my aunt was asleep, and my uncle had much to say. He would know all about my late life, and though I tried to conceal some of the privations incident to it, he would force me, by his searching questions, to confess them. At such times, when I had answered him, he would sigh, blame himself for it all, and press me anew to his heart.

I thought I could willingly endure everything again, to be thus welcomed home. He was a thousand times kinder than he had ever been in the old days, happy as they were.

At last I asked him how he had discovered my retreat. He answered,

"It was through a friend of yours, the Rev. Mr. N——. He had met you in ——, and become interested in you, though without knowing, for a long time, your real name; for he early saw that you were not what you pretended to be. You seemed averse to confidence, however, and he did not press it; but, a few months since, when he happened to be walking with Mr. Carrington, you passed them; and his companion fancied he knew you. Mr. N——, however, told him your name, on which he said he had been mistaken; but afterward he spoke of your true story in a way to lead Mr. N—— to suspect that you were the person Carrington suspected. Of this, however, he said nothing, but when he removed to our city early this summer, prosecuted inquiries, which convinced him his suspicion was

correct. When he had come to this conclusion he called here, thinking it his duty to acquaint us with your whereabouts. The information came providentially, for your aunt was fast failing, and she wished to see you, and be reconciled, before she died."

A servant now came to announce that my aunt was awake, and, hearing of my arrival, desired to see me.

My heart began to beat fast. I dreaded this interview. I had long since forgiven my aunt; I even pitied her, and strove to love her; but I could not bring myself to feel for her that amount of affection which I feared I ought to entertain. Her cold nature had nothing that appealed to mine.

But I was to see her under a different aspect, changed in everything except the name.

When I entered the chamber, she was sitting in her bed, supported by pillows, her look eagerly fixed upon the door. The glassy eye; the sunken cheek; and the emaciated hand showed that the fatal disease of our climate, consumption, had marked her for his own. I was startled at the fearful ravages which the disorder had made. Indeed I should not have known her if I had met her elsewhere.

The imploring, eager look with which her eye met mine I shall never forget. She must have been changed radically for her proud spirit to solicit forgiveness, as it did in that glance. Her humility cut me to the heart, it was so deep, so unexpected. Besides, I had never seen a death-bed but once before, and then it was my mother's: this was re-called to me forcibly by the present scene, and melted me at once. I rushed forward, and fell on my knees at the bedside, kissing the hand which my aunt held out to me feebly.

"Mary," she said, speaking with difficulty, "do you forgive me?"

Forgive her! I forgot all, in that moment: I had nothing to forgive. Had she not, at my mother's death-bed, when I was about to be left a solitary orphan, promised to take charge of me; and had she not, to the best of her judgment, though often in a mistaken and even cruel manner, endeavored to fulfil her obligation? Ought I, at an hour like this, to think of aught but gratitude?

"Do not speak of the past, dear aunt?" I said. "You did all for the best. I was wilful—we did not comprehend each other—you were my earliest friend——"

I spoke with sobs and tears, kissing her thin, transparent hand again and again.

She interrupted me.

"No, Mary," she said, "it was I that was to blame. I was older than you, and should have

known better. You were right, I now see, in refusing to marry Thornton; and it was cruel, wicked in me to set my brother's heart against you, and drive you from his house."

She was becoming much agitated, and tears were rolling from her eyes. The nurse interposed enjoining silence, but it was too late; a violent fit of coughing had been already brought on. I had never seen an invalid in the last stages of consumption, and the racking of that spasm shocked me inexpressibly.

At last the coughing ceased, and she lay back exhausted on the pillow, still however holding my hand, which she had retained through the whole. Perhaps five minutes passed, during which she regarded me sadly, or lay with closed eyes. Finally she looked up and spoke again.

"Oh! my dear niece—oh! my brother," she said, "on a bed of death all the wrongs of our lives rise in array against us. The self-righteousness and cold formalism, with which we have enjoined our consciences, desert us amid the shapes and shadows of the dark valley. I have trusted to a broken reed. I have been strong in my own perfection. And now I am to enter the dread river, with nothing to lean upon. Oh!" she exclaimed, half rising, and looking wildly around, "what shall I do to be saved?"

Such paroxysms as these, I was told, were not unfrequent. A fear of death frequently possessed her to such a degree that it dangerously aggravated her disease. It is terrible to see a soul discovering, at the last hour, that its whole life has been a deceit!

But there is hope even at the eleventh hour, if there is faith. The good old bishop, a fast friend of our family for many years, often visited the bed-side of the invalid, and read to her the prayers of the church. He joined his own exhortations, too, to these consoling petitions. At other times, with his consent, the Rev. Mr. N—— temporarily filled his post. Through the ministrations of these two, the agony of the invalid's mind was gradually soothed. "No longer depending on Pharisaical observances, but relying on the mercy of heaven," she said, "I find peace." The hard, cold look, which had always repelled me, passed from her brow; her smile became sweet and child-like; and her manner, once so icy, gushed with affection for us all.

She could now scarcely bear to have me out of her sight. She would hold my hand for hours, silently watching my face, or listening while I read to her from the cheering promises of the Gospel. Or she would sink into restless slumbers, in which my name would be murmured with many an endearing epithet.

But whenever she saw me worn out with watching, she would deny herself my society,

and insist on my going out for a ride or walk. At such times, if I did not obey her, she felt hurt: so, after a single refusal, I invariably went.

On one of these occasions I found, on my return from a walk, that Carrington was in the parlor. He greeted me with a subdued joy. I was not astonished at his presence, for I had received several letters from him, and it was with my consent that he had now come.

"I was here this morning," he said, "but would not interrupt you, for I heard you were with your aunt. How pale you are grown, Mary. And yet," he added, "you are more beautiful in my eyes than ever, for your thin cheek comes, they tell me, from incessant watchfulness at your aunt's bed-side."

It was inexpressibly dear to me to be thus commended; and my eyes involuntarily thanked the speaker.

We conversed for a few minutes, and then Carrington said,

"I will not detain you from your duty. Go, angel of mercy, and watch at the couch of the dying."

But, as I was about to depart, he took my hand, looked into my face, and said,

"I have seen your uncle, Mary, and all has been explained. In return he has promised you shall be mine, with his free consent, whenever I can persuade you to approve."

I was now more eager than before to glide away, but he detained me still.

"And your uncle told me," he said, "that which exalts you tenfold in my estimation." I blushed, fearing I had been betrayed. "Yes! Mary, I now know that you left your uncle's house, because they wished you to marry where you could not love, and I bless heaven that I am to have such a wife. Had I but been truer to myself, and to you, you might perhaps have loved me earlier."

I felt relieved by these words. Some day he would know all the truth; but I could not tell him yet.

It was about a fortnight after this that, one afternoon, the good bishop and Mr. N—— met by my aunt's bed-side. Between these two men there had grown up a mutual appreciation and affection, which was beautiful to behold in clergymen of such opposite sects. As they stood there, by the dying woman, they presented a striking contrast, and yet one full of harmony. The bishop, venerable for his great years, a living remnant, as it were, of an apostolic age; with his thin grey hair, his slightly stooping figure, and his countenance to which meekness and goodness gave a spiritual beauty indescribable! The other with his large frame; his blazing eye;

the firm compression of the mouth; and that expression of power, which glowed in every line of his massive face, yet power controlled by Christian faith and dedicated to holy purposes!

I could not have known my aunt for the same person she had been when I first returned, much less for the cold, hard, unsympathizing monitor of my youth. Her entire nature was changed. For weeks she had been growing more and more child-like, until now her whole nature was dissolved in humility, in faith, in tenderness.

The afternoon wore on. Toward sunset the invalid requested the windows to be thrown open: she could not get breath, she said; the fresh air of heaven must blow over her, or she should stifle.

When the cool, delicious breeze came eddying into the room, blowing the white curtains about, and imparting its fragrance and freshness to the confined atmosphere, she half rose in bed, as if suddenly restored to strength.

All at once the chimes of a neighboring church began to ring, as they always did at the vesper hour. The aerial music, coming and going in gushes, was inexpressibly solemn, yet sweet, at that bed of death. The sounds struck the invalid's ear, but her mind had begun to wander.

"The angels are coming down," she whispered, smiling, and lifting her finger, "hush!—their music fills the sky—there are millions overhead."

She was looking up to the ceiling, with enraptured gaze.

Suddenly she stretched out both her arms, as a child when it meets a parent. An ineffable smile irradiated her countenance. At that instant the chimes gave forth a final peal, that made the whole atmosphere dizzy with harmony. When the burst of music was over, she fell back, apparently exhausted.

There was a solemn hush for a moment: then the physician, who had stood watching her, laid his hand upon her pulse, and shook his head.

Mr. N—— took me kindly by the hand, to lead me from the room.

"Our sister is at rest," he said. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

We buried her, at her own request, in the church-yard contiguous to the old Valley Farm. There all of our family had been laid, for many generations, ever since the country had been settled indeed.

When the solemn services were over, I walked apart to the grave of my mother. The grass was growing thickly over it, and the head-stone was green with damp; but a rose-bush, which had been planted by it, still blossomed, and showers of falling leaves strewed it, making the air fragrant around.

But I thought less of the mortal body which

had been laid there, than of the glorified spirit on high. I was musing, yet not sadly; when Mr. N—— came up.

He knew it was my mother's grave, and he seemed to divine my thoughts.

"They are happier than we," he said, "for their journey is over, while ours is still before us. But they smile down on us from Paradise; my daughter; and bid us be of good cheer; for if we live a life of duty, remembering that this earthly existence is but probationary, we shall surely join them at last; and when the blessed hour of our departure comes, they will be the first to meet us, as we come up out of the dark river, with white garments shining and hosannas upon our tongues."

I was leaning on the arm of Carrington, who had come down to the funeral. Our friend now took a hand of each and joined them.

"She whom we have just laid at rest," he said, glancing at the newly-made grave of my aunt, "had her whole life, as she told me in her dying hours, perverted by a slighted affection. She grew hard, cruel, formal under it: she almost made shipwreck of her soul. You, my children, came near falling into a similar error: pride of heart, and a false conventionalism had almost separated you: oh! what misplaced lives, perhaps what eternal destinies marred forever, you have escaped."

Carrington pressed my hand fervently, and I felt the tears coming into my eyes.

"Here, by your mother's grave, Mary," said Mr. —, "I pray God to bless your union. I believe you each feel the holiness of the tie you are soon to assume. Marriage is not for time only, but its consequences last to eternity. In a true marriage, between hearts rightly disciplined by faith, male and female are co-workers together; each strengthens the other and increases the mutual happiness; and life, instead of being a mistake, as with too many who marry without proper views, becomes a glorious hymn, a perfect harmony, in praise of the great Giver of all good."

I looked up at Carrington. Our eyes met. In that look of mutual affection I felt an earnest that our married life would be of the kind thus enthusiastically described.

"Yes! my children," resumed the speaker, "life here is but a preparation for the one to come. We are, every minute of our earthly existence, fitting ourselves for another world: and it behooves us, if we would preserve the time, to press forward incessantly. Progress is the law of heaven, as of earth. The glorified saints have their work to do as well as we, and they do it the better for having begun while in mortal flesh. The angels are not idle, nor have

they been, since the morning stars first sang together. Every one, in heaven, presses onward. The hierarchs succeed each other, as the saints succeed them. Abraham and Enoch, and the prophets of old are now, perhaps, where the angels once were; while the angels fill the place that the archangels occupied, when, looking round the gates of Paradise, they saw this round world launched, like a golden ball, into the abyss of space. Press on, therefore, my children: you have started rightly; and may God assist you in the race!"

When, a few weeks later, I took the solemn vows that made me Carrington's for life—for we thought that, with our views of the married relation, the death of my aunt need not delay the solemn ritual—I still remembered this conversation: nor have I to this day, though years have elapsed, forgotten what was then said. My marriage was not as others, a scene of thoughtless frivolity; it was, on the contrary, the most serious day of my life. Feeling that I was undertaking momentous duties, I prayed that I might rightly fulfil them, that I might be a true helpmate in all things for my husband.

Do all my sex enter the marriage state thus? Oh! if they would, how few would be unhappy—how rare would be, that now constantly increasing evil, divorce!

My readers, perhaps, tire of me. In some things, I know, I have been prolix; but my object has been to set forth, honestly and fully, all that could benefit others, by showing my own errors, and the errors of those about me. If we would all do this, we might hope for amendment.

Even this world, sometimes, brings retribution. A cruel law had made me a beggar in childhood, but the same law, years afterwards, raised me to opulence.

I had been married only a twelve-month, when Mr. Warren died, and my husband, as heir to the entail, became the proprietor of Warren Hall. On this he took up his residence on the family estate, the widow having declined to remain there, though my husband offered not to interfere with her occupation of it while she lived.

"The law gives it to me," he said, "but laws are not always right. Half the income shall be yours, or your family's: it is the share of my grandfather's estate, to which each of his two sons was entitled. I surrender it as your due right."

But Mrs. Warren, though she took the fortune thus offered, declined to remain at the Hall: she preferred the city, she said.

Prior to this, however, Julia had married an impoverished German count, allured by his title, as he was by her supposed wealth. Her sister eventually ran away with her dancing-master.

Isabel was of that thoughtless, frivolous character which no mistaken alliance can long affect; but Julia, who had more of the elements of greatness in her, is evidently miserable. Whether she ever really loved my husband, or only admired him, and coveted his position and wealth, I have never been able to learn.

I must not forget Ellen. Poor girl, she never returned from her visit to the country! In the autumn, only a few weeks after my aunt's death, I was summoned to her side, and watched her closing hours. The cough, to which Mr. N—— alluded so feelingly, had done its work. Another victim of consumption was gathered to the grave.

Mrs. Pope remained with her relations, and did not long survive her daughter. They lie side by side.

My uncle, too, has long been gathered to his rest. He sleeps, near my mother, in the old ancestral grave-yard. He resided with Carrington and me, from our marriage, till he descended to the tomb, peacefully and composedly, "like a shock of corn fully ripe."

Dear uncle! he loved me, as men love only the child of their old age. Our separation, for awhile, and the conflict that accompanied it, had drawn us still nearer together; and he seemed to me, ever after, more a father than a mere relative.

My boy is named after him, as my daughter is after my mother. Aunt, parent, uncle, they all, I trust—the sorrows and errors of this life over—look down on me from heaven. May I meet them there!

My husband and myself, meantime, endeavor

to fulfil the duties which appertain to our station, and to our relations to each other, and to society; always remembering that life is but a scene of probation, and that nothing we can do, however slight, but strikes chords which vibrate onward to Eternity and upward to the throne of God.

My husband is still a public man, believing that he can do more good "in the dust and heat of the highway," than if set apart, like others, for a more holy office. Our old friend Mr. N—— commends him for this. "You have the faculties for an active, influential life, exert them in that sphere, therefore," he says. "Believe me, it is a common error to suppose that the ministry is the only proper place for a man of talent, who is a Christian."

And yet we are not friends to asceticism; for we do not think that it is true religion. To do good, to be happy, this is our creed; and we seek to reduce it to action. Formalists sometimes condemn us, but so did the Pharisees when the Saviour plucked corn on the Sabbath.

Have I succeeded in the only purpose for which I began this autobiography—to show that it is only through the furnace of affliction, that we learn to lead a truer life? My trials have taught me to feel for the poor, to compassionate the suffering, and to tolerate the erring; for I have experienced, in myself, poverty, suffering, and sorrow.

I feel that as God has boundless mercy for us, so we should have it toward our fellows. There is a meaning, to be learned only by sorrow, in the words—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."



## THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

## CHAPTER I.

IT WAS AN autumn evening in 18—, and all the beauty and fashion of New York were gathered within the walls of the old Park theatre, which is now numbered with the things that have been. All who were then present were full of excitement and expectation, and impressed with the idea that it was one of the most important eras in their lives; and yet the very same scene has been enacted both before and since; the same hopes, disappointments, and jealousies have accompanied each separate time. There was the same blaze of light from sparkling chandeliers—the same eagerly-watched stage, with its brilliant foot-lights, pleasant associations, and envious curtain, that yet concealed the expected enjoyment from view—the same white arm leaning in an attitude of such careless consciousness on the red velvet cushions—the same flash of diamonds, waving of plumes, and bowing of turbaned heads—the same bright eyes and dazzling teeth that had graced a similar scene. There sits a bright coquette, surrounded by beaux and dangles, bestowing a smile on one, a sally on another, and a nod to a third—then glancing at her own white arm, on which other eyes also rested, but they, alas! admired the diamond bracelet which clasped its rounded beauties, and thought of the gold, in solid bank-stock, which formed a glorious setting to the beautiful picture; and impudent-looking men level their opera-glasses at all whom they consider worthy of observation—the looked-at party sitting quite patient and resigned under their pertinacious staring.

Seats had been engaged for this important evening weeks beforehand; everybody who was anybody put forth every effort to obtain admission to this last representation of the great English actress, prior to her departure for her native land. The curtain seemed an endless time in rising; and while some sat sullen and impatient, others amused themselves with observations on those around them. Two gentlemen, who were seated in a box that commanded a good view of the house, were earnestly engaged in conversation; their glasses, meanwhile, being in active employment; and one appeared to be enlightening the other as to the character and position of those who, from time to time, attracted his attention.

"Who is that lovely, ethereal-looking little creature? A perfect representation of a Peri! with those golden tresses, and that sweet, innocent expression—I have been observing her this half hour. Ah! you smile—your great heiress, Miss Ivers, I conclude?"

"Not at all, my dear fellow—you never were more mistaken in your life. Ella Colman is, I acknowledge, perfectly charming: beautiful as an opening rose-bud—pure-minded as an angel—and *poor* as a church mouse."

The opera-glass was instantly withdrawn.

"Do tell me who that bold-looking creature is with the great, black eyes, and mouth that seems ready to express the scorn traced in her whole countenance? Upon my word! if she has not just boxed that fellow's ears! and in no gentle manner, either—the termagant!"

"That," said his friend, with a peculiar smile, "is Miss Ivers, the heiress."

A single look of surprise—one uttered exclamation—and the opera-glass was again leveled in that direction. And an artist, whose name is *Gold*, stood at his side and reflected her portrait. A soft light came into her eyes, a gentle, loving smile played about the coarse mouth—and the deceitful painter held up an image of all that was beautiful. He was a fortune-hunter—she, a fortune; and in six months they were married.

Their attention was soon after drawn toward a private box on the stage, the curtains of which had hitherto concealed the inmates from their view; but the drapery was now pushed aside—a delicate hand, sparkling with jewels, rested on the front cushion—and a beautiful woman, apparently about twenty-five, leaned forward upon the seat. She was very lovely, with those high, proud features—the dark, shining hair, amid which sparkled a bandeau of diamonds—and those wonderful eyes, that one moment wore the expression of the startled fawn; the next, were flashing about with haughty brilliancy. The instant she appeared every glass in the house seemed directed toward her; and the stranger gazed in a state of complete fascination—amusing his calmer friend with his raptures.

"If that were but Miss Ivers!" he sighed, "but who, in the name of all that's beautiful, is she?"

"Mrs. Duncan Clavers," was the reply, "the

most beautiful, wealthy, and miserable women in New York."

"Beautiful, wealthy, and *miserable!*!" ejaculated his interrogator, "rather curious causes of misery, I should conclude."

Too much occupied in drinking in her beauty to pursue the conversation further, he sat wrapt in silent contemplation. The lady endured the gaze of the whole assembly with the utmost stoicism; she sat leaning her head upon one white hand, that gleamed out like a snow-flake from the red velvet cushions, and appeared occupied with other thoughts. Drawing forward a beautiful little girl of four years, she placed her on the seat beside her, and employed herself in talking to and caressing her. The child was dressed in a style of magnificence that corresponded with the mother's attire; and jewels sparkled on the dimpled arms, and were linked about the plump, white neck. Pleased with the light, the splendor, and her own unusual dress, the child's face was beaming with rapture; but the lady started suddenly back, while her brow contracted as with pain—for the little girl, in one sweet whisper, had placed a sharp arrow in her heart. Those around noticed the sudden spasm that shook her frame, and wondered at it; but could those infant tones have reached them, they would no longer have marveled.

"Mamma!" said the child, softly, "am I in heaven?"

The little girl's innocent heart contained but one idea of loveliness; all that was pleasant and beautiful approached nearer, in her view, to the better land; and as she gazed around her head grew dizzy, and she thought that no place save Paradise could be half so brilliant. The mother had shrunk hastily from the child, as though fearful of tainting her purity; and bitter were the thoughts that rose within her, as she sat in the shaded corner, involuntarily dwelling on the difference between that holy place, and the one to which she had brought her innocent child.

But other reflections came and curved the beautiful lip with a smile of contempt; she glanced for an instant toward the opposite box, and as she observed the entrance of a gentleman, she resumed her former position—apparently wrapt up in the little girl. Many gazed with interest on that strange picture in a play-house: a young and beautiful woman seated alone with her child, and apparently unconscious of the tribute offered to her loveliness. It seemed as though she had fallen, unharmed, into the midst of folly and wickedness, secure in the protection of the angel at her side.

The curtain at length rose up amid thunders of applause; and the queen of the night appeared more beautiful than ever. The play was "The

Stranger;" and while all were warmed into enthusiasm, or melted to tears by the representation, Mrs. Clavers sat motionless as a marble statue. The cheek flushed and paled alternately, but not a tear came into the beautiful eyes; she did not move her position, but sat with one hand unconsciously grasping the cushion before her. She leaned forward in an attitude of the most absorbed attention.

"With eyes upraised, and lips apart,  
Like monuments of Grecian art."

The fair hand quivered, as though with suppressed emotion; and her eyes seemed riveted upon the stage by a strange fascination.

Suddenly her head drooped—the bright color left her cheek—and sinking back upon the cushions, she fainted. Her position had been too conspicuous not to have attracted the attention of the whole assembly; and as she sank languidly back, several started from their seats and rushed to her assistance. There was now a pause between the acts; the star had for the present retired, and the beautiful Mrs. Clavers became the object of undivided attention.

But the gentleman whose entrance had roused her from her reverie hastily entered the box, and pushing the others aside with the air of one who had a superior right, he soon revived his insensible wife with a glass of water which had been immediately procured. Mr. Clavers had the greatest possible dread of making a *scene*; as soon, therefore, as the lady opened her drooping eyes he asked her questions, in a tone evidently meant to be answered in the affirmative as to whether her fainting had not been caused by the heat, the excitement, &c. She languidly assented; and the crowd who had gathered around returned to their seats quite satisfied; and Mrs. Clavers having expressed her intention of remaining till the end of the representation, her husband seated himself beside her, and appeared to watch her every motion.

None had been more favored in their offers of assistance than the two friends; both simultaneously rushed from their seats—and when they again returned to their old position, the informant was immediately assailed with a host of questions.

"Well," he replied, "as to the first inquiry: 'who was the rather mature, extremely stiff, and very disagreeable-looking gentleman who pushed us aside with such a dignified air,' I answer that he is the lady's husband."

"*Her husband!*!" ejaculated the other, "I thought he might be her *father!*"

"No," returned his companion, calmly, "you thought no such thing. You mean that he is old enough to be, but the looks with which he regarded her were anything but fatherly. His

lordship was in a towering passion; she had created 'a scene,' and no act can be more inexcusable in his eyes. As to why she married him, that must remain a mystery—I can discover nothing to account for it. He is immensely rich, to be sure, but so she expected to be at the time she married him. He married *her* for her money—of that there can be no manner of doubt; and when he found that a brother had inherited the whole, beyond a paltry thousand a year, all of which he scrupulously gives her, his disappointment showed itself in a settled indifference. She is the most splendidly dressed woman in New York; the contents of her jewel-box are said to be inexhaustible; and yet there is a queer story afloat about her always being scant of money. She has all that money can procure, and yet she is often in want of a few dollars. I have often heard of her borrowing various sums; and her carriage has even been seen at the door of a shirt warehouse, while a footman handed in a large bundle, which was received by a lady deeply veiled. There is a mystery under the whole affair; Duncan Clavers has the reputation of being a mean man, and yet look at his wife's dress, and the child's! Whether she ever really loved him I do not know; it seems almost impossible when you consider the difference in their ages, and yet for what else could she have married him? They have a separate carriage, a separate box at the theatre, a separate interest in everything; the only link between them is that little girl, their only child, except that he constantly reminds her of bearing his name—at the same time expressing a hope that she will never so far forget herself as to commit any act derogatory to its dignity. Partly, perhaps, to spite him—partly to gratify her own feelings, she has formed a great intimacy with the talented actress who to-night takes her leave of us. She has no intimate friends; Americans, you know, do not regard actresses in the flattering light in which they are viewed in the old country; talented or not, the fact of their *being* actresses calls forth very aristocratic notions on the part of their patrons here; and although willing enough to be amused by them, and pay for that amusement, they shrink back behind the entrenchment of their pride and dignity at the very idea of making companions of them. Mrs. Duncan Clavers is an independent, brave woman. Shielding herself with the consciousness of her own position and importance, she has ventured to break through all these established forms, and select as her bosom friend an English actress—one whose nightly business it is to amuse other people. This has not operated favorably on her popularity; she is admired, envied, and rather shunned by those to whom she is known as the beautiful

Mrs. Clavers, the *chère amie* of Mrs. ——. Her husband, of course, does not like this; it interferes most sadly with his pride, but he cannot prevent it; and he has no right to complain, for he sets her the example himself. He is quite as ardent an admirer of actresses as his wife; and almost every night, when there is not anything absolutely humdrum, you see the two occupying the self-same seats they had at first. But my throat feels quite husky now with so much talking, and there goes the curtain."

The representation was drawing to a close; the actress was more charming than she had ever been before; and while she cried most beautifully with the help of onions concealed in her handkerchief, real tears of unaffected sympathy were rolling down the cheeks of her audience at this tale of ideal woe. The stage was covered with a carpet of flowers—bouquets came flying from all quarters of the house—and as the fictitious Mrs. Haller stood for a moment just below the Clavers' box, the little girl leaned forward and dropped a splendid wreath with such graceful effect that it fell directly on the head of the actress. The father did not appear to relish this display, and drew the child back, but not before the act had been accomplished; and the thunders of applause that followed were partly bestowed on the little cherub, whose bright face had been seen for a moment like a fairy amid the flowers.

It was concluded; the actress had advanced to the foot-lights, courtesied her adieus, made a short speech expressive of her gratitude and sorrow at leaving them—and the curtain fell amid acclamations that shook the whole house.

Duncan Clavers, with an air of the greatest deference, arranged his wife's white cashmere cloak—at the same time whispering to her not to make a fool of herself again, as he saw her trembling, and her cheek turn pale; and leading the now weary child, they left the box together. Mrs. Clavers, despite his opposition, would insist upon bidding her friend a private farewell; and was proceeding to the dressing-room with the child, but her husband, taking the little girl in his arms, said sternly—

"Leave the child with me. We will await your return here."

A sudden shudder came over her, and she leaned against the pillar for support. With trembling steps she proceeded at length to the actress' apartment, and entered the room in a state of hysterical agitation.

She never returned.

Duncan Clavers stood with the sleeping child in his arms, and waited in vain for the interview to be ended. At last, weary and angry, he went behind the stage to seek his wife. The men were putting out the lights—the rooms were in

a state of disorder, and quite deserted. He sat down for a few moments, quiet and composed; as he glanced about, his eye fell upon a note directed to himself—it was in his wife's handwriting—and securing it in one of his pockets, he bore his daughter to the carriage, and returned to his deserted home.

## CHAPTER II.

We must now glance back through many years; from the meridian of life to innocent boyhood—a long and weary travel. It is a cold, snapping winter's evening, and our destination is that snug-looking farm-house, that in summer seems to have fallen so sweetly asleep among the shady trees that surround it. The sitting-room is the very picture of neatness and comfort; the striped carpet on the floor is all of home-manufacture—the brass candlesticks are as bright as hands can make them—the roaring logs in the huge fire-place send forth bright clouds of flame; and around the plain, baize-covered table are gathered happy faces, that would laugh merrily if you told them of damask curtains, and rose-wood chairs, and marble tables, and pier-glasses. The only article for the gratification of vanity is the little, mahogany-framed glass that hangs between the windows, decorated with Christmas greens; they make their mirrors of each other's eyes, which reflect only kindness.

Just before the fire sits the farmer; his boots pulled off, his feet resting on the mantel—deeply absorbed in the amusing occupation of twirling his thumbs. His hair is quite grey; and so is his wife's, the mild-looking woman who is piecing carpet-rags with an air of the most active industry. The fair-haired girl, who sits there knitting, while she from time to time exchanges a smile with the young student at his books, is their daughter—the child of their old age—the left of many taken; and the love with which they regard her is tempered with fear, as they gaze on her fragile appearance, lest she too should go and leave them desolate.

The dark-haired boy at his studies is handsome, and manly-looking, and yet somehow or other, his is a face which you do not like; there is something peculiar in it—an expression not met with at his age. Look again—have you not seen him before? Surely it is not Duncan Clavers! The very same; you saw him last when time had taken away those rounded lines, and brought out into stronger relief the expression which is there faintly shadowed forth. Yes, that is Duncan Clavers, the orphan boy who has his own way to carve out in the world. He has one rich relation, who is willing to set him agoing; if he succeeds, the rich relation will reward him with his smiles and approval—if he

falls, he will push him down still lower. Young as he is, there is a firm resolution embedded in his mind; he *will* succeed—he *will* become a rich man—he *will* raise his name from its obscurity. He is now preparing for college; and if daily and nightly toil, if a firm concentration of mind upon the one point in view can bring success, he is sure to have it.

The Wincots, good, hospitable people! have taken him in at a marvelously low board; they have no son of their own, so they care for him as tenderly as though he bore to them that relation; they are as proud of his talents, as much elated with his success, and depressed at his disappointments. Annie Wincot regards him as a combination of all the talents, virtues and charms ever separately bestowed on erring human mortals; and he considers her a quiet little girl, with a sweet face, and sunny temper, who will make him a nice wife some of these days—if he has time to think of such things.

The old pair are watching them to-night with very much the same thoughts; it is the first time they ever entertained the idea, and as the husband glances from them to his wife she perceives how his thoughts are employed. They both felt very happy; it was what they should desire of all things—and they fell into a reverie on the future. Of course they were too young yet—it would not be for many years; but they concluded that Annie must still live at home, and Duncan could go to the city every day, and return to the farm-house at night. And so the good, simple people sat and dreamed; they did not think of *gold* coming between them and their happiness; they supposed that Duncan would become rich and great, and yet remain the same as ever.

Often in after years that humble room, with its loving faces, and glowing warmth, rose up before the man of the world; but never so vividly as he remembered it on this particular evening.

Annie left her knitting and glided around to her mother; then she approached Duncan, and twining her arm about his neck, she glanced into his face with a sweet, winning smile, and begged him to lay aside his tiresome books. He pleaded the length of his tasks; but deliberately closing the volumes, she took them up and carried them into the entry. Resolving to make up the lost time when the others were buried in slumber, he suffered her to do as she pleased with them; and seeing him thus emerge from his clouds, the farmer turned around from the fire, Mrs. Wincot put aside her carpet-rags, and all entered into an animated conversation. Some of Annie's doughnuts, and one of Mrs. Wincot's famous mince-pies rapidly disappeared; and at last the time came for retiring.

All departed for bed except the young student,

whose candle was burning far past midnight, as he perseveringly applied himself to the dry volumes before him.

Years passed. Duncan Clavers entered college; he had told Annie of his love—she had blushing confessed hers; and the farmer and his wife were well pleased at the prospect of seeing their two children united.

Annie wore a ring on one of her slender fingers which was never taken off; and a lock of her bright hair rested against the heart of Duncan Clavers. She had the ring—he still treasured her keepsake; what need then had her silly little heart to imagine that there was less love in his letters, in his *tone* than formerly? She could not understand the employments that were pressing around him; some of these days he would think only of her—what right then had she to complain? Nevertheless, in the solitude of her own little room she often wept bitter tears; his letters *were* cold—his tone she might forget, or imagine warm as formerly, but there lay the words before her—she could not mistake *them*, and they cost her hours of bitter regret and dark foreboding.

Duncan Clavers came now and then to the scene of his school-boy days; old Mr. and Mrs. Wincot were as kind as ever, and Annie looked as sweet, if not as smiling, as formerly, and when there his heart yearned toward them all. But he went back to college; he saw his rich relation, and told him of his love; the two were a long time together in the stately library—and when they came forth, Duncan Clavers' face was as pale as death, but it was firm. Which would he sacrifice; his love or his ambition? *Gold* added another triumph to its already countless lists; and that very evening he wrote a letter to Annie which he knew would be her death-blow, and yet his hand scarcely trembled.

It was placed in her hands; when she had read it twice to be sure of its contents, she spoke not, but glided up to her room and sank upon the couch. She lay there a few weeks; and then her pure spirit winged its way to its eternal abode.

The heavy tramp of men upon the stairs, as they carried down the coffin and placed it in the best parlor, grated harshly on the ears of the two desolate old people; there was a crowd of friends in the little room—an impassioned prayer by the aged minister—a last look at the cold, still features of the loved one—and all was over.

They never reproached him, either with their presence or by note; they knew that it would have no good influence, and so they brooded over their sorrow in silence. And yet a figure often rose up accusingly before him; sometimes at twilight, when he sat and mused alone—sometimes in the still midnight hour; and as he drove home alone on that autumn night,

his heart whispered, "Annie! thou art now avenged."

His rich relation died; and true to the agreement entered into between them on that night in the library, he left his fortune to Duncan Clavers; who now found himself, while still in his youth, almost at the summit of all he had ever dared to aspire to. But with his wealth increased his wishes—he was not yet satisfied; his grasping soul sought greater riches; and he invested his money in various speculations. A singular fortune attended every effort; his ships were never wrecked by disastrous winds; he never met with dishonest agents; all his merchandize came safe to hand; and his wealth multiplied almost beyond calculation. His youth had passed in mercenary projects, and the autumn of life was drawing on apace. He had never married; many beautiful eyes had darted bright glances at the wealthy bachelor—many ruby lips had wreathed with smiles at his approach—but still he remained single. Had the truth been told, they could hardly have credited it: that the Croesus of the community would ever make his marriage a matter of traffic—that he could not entertain such views but with the certainty of gain; yet so it was. He grew harder and harder, and colder and colder; and all good impulses seemed choked up forever.

### CHAPTER III.

WE must now present the man of gold in his second love—if such it can be called. He was very handsome, very gentlemanly, and very agreeable; his thin lips, perhaps, expressed too much the habit of calculation—but he bore his age well, and nature had given him features that made him look far more noble-minded than he really was.

Minna Clarke was a beautiful creature. Accustomed from childhood to have every look gratified—brought up in the midst of wealth and luxury—and quite spoiled by her father and brother, who almost idolized the motherless girl, she became capricious, and could only be satisfied with something out of the common way. Lovers she had in plenty; the attentions of these she ascribed to their proper source—her father's wealth—and gave each successive applicant a summary dismissal.

At length she met with Duncan Clavers. His style interested her; he was no longer young, but he was fine-looking, and dignified; his appearance was very different from that of the butterflies by whom she had hitherto been assailed; and when he spoke words of love, and assumed the humble position of a suitor, her vanity was more flattered than it had ever been by the attentions of any other suitor. His own wealth prevented him from seeking her for her money—Mrs. Duncan

Clavers sounded well—she supposed she must one day marry somebody, and why not him? Then again his age, instead of being an obstacle, was quite an advantage; he would be proud of her youth and beauty, and anxious to display it everywhere—in place of a humdrum husband, she would have a devoted escort.

Mr. Clarke, however, was very much surprised by the proposals of Duncan Clavers; he could scarcely believe that his petted, fastidious daughter had placed her affections on a man old enough to be her father; of course money could be no object to *her*; and Minna received a summons to his presence in order to explain the mystery.

"Minna," said the father, "do you really love Mr. Clavers?"

"Yes, papa," replied his daughter, with a charming frankness.

"But consider the difference in your age," he remonstrated. "He will be an old man when you are still a young woman."

"Very true, papa," she replied, with a merry smile, "but it is better, you know, to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

Mr. Clarke shook his head—he scarcely knew what to make of it; but concluding that her wishes were most important in such a case, he continued—

"Well, Minna, this is a curious affair—very. Shall I write an assent to Mr. Clavers?"

"If you please, papa," and she glided from the room.

She became the wife of Duncan Clavers; and for a short time her fancies were realized. He was flattered by the love with which she evidently regarded him, proud of her loveliness, and held somewhat in awe by the expected wealth which would one day be hers. He was the most devoted of husbands; and Mr. Clarke saw with surprise that his Minna was, if possible, more merry and happier than ever.

A short time after the birth of their child her father died; and Duncan Clavers attended the funeral with a demeanor of the most perfect propriety. The silver-ornamented coffin had been borne to the family vault; the undertaker's men cleared the hall of their implements; and a party assembled in the library to hear the will read.

It was long and tedious; but Duncan Clavers at length comprehended that the whole property descended to the son, with the exception of a paltry thousand a year! There was one passage relating to his daughter, in which he spoke of her being so well provided for, that he had concluded to keep the estate in the family.

Minna cared nothing about it; rejoicing in her brother's good fortune, she quite approved her father's last wishes, and supposed that her husband's sentiments were the same; but it was not

long before she became aware of his real feelings. The devoted lover quickly sank into the indifferent husband; her freedom was destroyed, her every motion watched, and at first she could scarcely believe that this was the effect of his disappointment. She had then met with the fate she most dreaded: *he had married her for her money!* She had really loved him; but this soon gave place to anger when she found that he did not consider her beauty and attractions a sufficient balance for his paltry gold. From the very depths of her heart she hated him; she saw through his character at last; saw the meanness, and duplicity, and selfishness which he had so carefully concealed; and wept bitterly over her unfortunate marriage. But tears came too late—her fate was irrevocably settled; and she found herself chained to a man whom she despised and loathed.

Duncan Clavers was a mean man; with a property whose income alone would have been quite a fortune, he was yet as watchful in trifles as though just beginning the world. He was ambitious, though, of people's esteem; he preferred keeping his meanness to himself; and none who saw his wife's splendid dress could imagine that she ever felt the want of money. But he meant that she should, as a punishment for his being so deceived; he suspected now that she had married him for his wealth—that the disposition of her father's property had been a privy agreement, to which she was accessory; and he determined that she should not profit much by it. The thousand a year which had been left her he gave her, to be sure, but it was expended for her; costly things, for which she did not care, were constantly purchased, while trifles, not half the amount, were denied. She had no purse separate from her husband's; she was obliged to go to him for everything; and the angry blood often mounted to her very brow as he demanded an account of how every dollar was to be spent. Unknown to him, she procured work from shops; and sat toiling as diligently as the poorest seamstress, rather than suffer this galling bondage.

But he was a torment to her in every way; he interfered with the child, disarranged all her plans, and sought to win its entire love. The little thing, quite unconscious that she was an object of jealousy, prattled sweetly to both; but her beautiful mamma was almost adored—and the father saw, with dark and angry feelings, that in any trifling question of supremacy the mother was always preferred.

They had now been married five years; Mrs. Duncan Clavers was even more beautiful than Minna Clarke had been; she had wealth, beauty, and admiration—and yet she was miserable. Her indignation at being thus considered worthless

and unattractive without her expected fortune—slighted by the man on whom she had bestowed the warmth and frankness of a *first love*—gave birth to an intense desire for revenge; a resolution to pay back all the scorn, and contempt, and indignity which had been heaped upon her. She had few friends; the heartless devotees of fashion who bowed to the husband's wealth suited her not; and yet she must have excitement—she could not live without something to destroy the constant remembrance of her injuries—and she became a regular attendant at the theatre. Almost every night that beautiful face looked forth from the curtains of a stage-box; and she became interested in the ideal scenes that were represented before her.

She met the actress, Mrs. —, at the house of an acquaintance; she admired her talents, her invincible spirit, and agreeable manners; and in a short time they were firm friends. She could no longer keep her troubles to her own bosom; she wanted sympathy, advice; and her actress friend became her confidant. Her story was received with the greatest indignation; from time to time various hints were thrown out; and at length the wife resolved to leave her husband and her home. Mrs. — knew that with her youth, beauty, and distinguished appearance she must succeed upon the stage; she wished to have the pleasure of bringing out a star—in addition to feeling a strong sympathy for the beautiful young creature; and the plan had been so long talked over between them that it now appeared quite reasonable.

What did Mrs. Clavers care for public opinion? She had not a friend she regretted to leave, or whose feeling she valued in the least; it would wound her husband in the tenderest point—by exposing him to public comment and conjectures, she would take a deep and lasting revenge. Nor was this all; he idolized the child, and she could not live without it; it was her intention to take the little girl with her, and for this purpose she had brought her to the theatre on the night of her flight; he would not, perhaps, care for her departure, except as it exposed him to ridicule—but to leave him entirely desolate would indeed be a triumph. This it was which had blanched her cheek, and caused her to lean heavily against the pillar; she saw that she must leave her child behind; and she appeared before her friend almost irresolute.

"Come," said Mrs. —, as she stood muffled in her wrapper, "I have been waiting for you. To-morrow, you know, carries you far beyond these hateful shores."

"I cannot, cannot go!" sobbed her trembling companion, "my child!—my child!"

The actress comprehended in a moment the

state of the case; and drawing Minna further inside the room, she said, in a low tone—

"Listen to me—and I can tell you something that will, perhaps, comfort you. It is for the child's good that your plans have been thus disarranged; she can be far better attended to under her father's protection, and lead a much happier life than were she to accompany you about from place to place. He idolizes her, so that there is no fear of her not being tenderly treated; and besides, reflect what a much deeper wound you inflict upon the man by taking her from him at some future time, when he has educated and watched over her from childhood to girlhood. When your fame is fairly established, as it will, it *must* be, when you have a home, and wealth to support her, you can lure her from her father—teach her to supply your place in the admiration of the public—and his punishment will be complete."

Mrs. Clavers was at length persuaded by the eloquence of her friend; and although her tears flowed thick and fast for the child whom she might never again behold, she suffered herself to be led to the carriage. The next day they left the shores of America; and after a short and pleasant passage the white cliffs of Albion gleamed upon their view.

#### CHAPTER IV.

DUNCAN CLAVERS laid his sleeping child in her little crib, kissed her blooming cheek, and lingered as though loath to leave her. Dark, angry and tumultuous were his feelings, as he reflected that the mother of that child had brought down shame and censure on its innocent head—had exposed him to scorn and revilings—had forfeited her own good name in public estimation. A sudden movement reminded him of the letter; he drew it forth, and read with an expression of contempt.

"Your own shameful and unmanly conduct has driven me from a home which I no longer regard as mine. You married *the heiress*, and the portionless wife was soon made to feel that she had no right to the love which had been bestowed upon her rival. I can even read your feelings at this moment: you do not regret your wife's absence—you are trembling lest your cherished *honor* should suffer! Make yourself quite easy on that point—little as you deserve the comfort; for my own sake I shall strictly preserve the good name which has never yet been tarnished. The companion of my flight is a woman; I have gone off with no solicitous lover—although could I so far forget what was due to myself, your conduct has been sufficient to drive me to it."

Duncan Clavers read this epistle to the end; a peculiar smile curled his lip as he proceeded, and

when he had finished it, he calmly tore it into fragments and laid them on the fire. He did not believe one word of it. He was convinced that his wife had married him for his wealth; and that she had since become fascinated by the attractions of some younger lover. The actress had been a party to the elopement, and the pair had probably fled to England to elude pursuit.

All that night he sat up—keeping a lonely vigil in his library. Pictures of his early days, the face of Annie Wincot, and the purity of his early love rose up before him. His hands were clenched, his face deeply marked with conflicting passions, and his whole frame shook with violent emotion. The morning rays still found him there; a servant would enter in a few moments to dust the furniture; and shrinking from the eyes of prying curiosity, he went softly up to his apartment and threw himself on the couch.

The world soon knew the flight of the beautiful Mrs. Clavers. Some loudly blamed her proceedings, and sided with the husband; while others declared that she was quite right in leaving him if he did not treat her well—they only wondered who she could have gone off with, as nobody was missed. But Duncan Clavers was determined to put down public surmises; he did not seclude himself from people's gaze—he appeared the same as before, and allowed no change to be visible. He was still important and influential; his wife's desertion had not affected his property; and the circle of his adherents continued unbroken.

But his daughter? That was the trouble; in that place the mortification was most keenly felt; and he determined to seclude her entirely, at least till the report should have worn itself out—and not suffer her spirit to be crushed by the taunts leveled at her in consequence of her mother's misconduct. Nothing that money could procure was denied her; the nursery was filled with rare and expensive toys: but she had no playmate—no companions except her father and nurse; and so she grew up a beautiful, graceful child, ignorant of the bright world from which she was excluded. She was ten years old before Duncan Clavers thought of sending her from him. The pain of parting, however, was balanced by the advantages she would derive; and for the first time in her life, the little Minna found herself the inmate of a boarding-school many miles from home, and surrounded by none but strange faces.

Before long, though, tones and words of kindness greeted her as of old. The daughter of Duncan Clavers became the idol of the community; the rich contents of her trunks afforded an endless subject of wonder and admiration to her companions—her inexhaustible fund of pocket-money often procured them more substantial pleasure—and her beauty was the envy and

ornament of the school. Cross teachers were lenient toward her, mild ones more indulgent, and the motherless child was surrounded by an atmosphere of kindness.

It was her seventeenth birthday. The day before she had returned to her father. He received his child with proud affection, and gazed admiringly on the beautiful face. Now and then, however, as some expression shot across it, he would almost see his wife again, before him; and Minna often wondered at the strange coldness with which he then repulsed her. He was capricious in his kindness, but still she loved him; her toilet-table had that day been covered with costly gifts of every description, and every wish was gratified.

No brilliant assembly had celebrated her birthday—he did not wish to present her yet to the world; and the two now sat alone together in the lofty parlors. The mufflers which had concealed the splendid curtains since the wife's desertion were now removed—the covers had been taken off the furniture—and the rooms once more presented an appearance of being inhabited. He had never spoken to her about her mother; those in the house had been forbidden to mention the subject, and Minna supposed that her mother had died in her infancy. But he felt that she must now hear the truth from his lips, before mingling with those who would poison her peace with their malicious insinuations.

They had been silent for some time; Minna sat in an attitude of thoughtful repose, and he had been considering how to introduce the odious subject.

"Minna," said he, at length. "Do you ever think of your mother?"

"Sometimes," replied the daughter, sadly. "I think how delightful it must be to have a mother. Oh! how I wish she had not died!"

"Would that she had died!" muttered Duncan Clavers between his clenched teeth; but Minna did not hear this, and he added, quietly: "she is not dead—that is, not that I have heard of."

"Not dead!" she exclaimed, springing to his side, "oh, dear papa! tell me where she is, that I may go to her this instant!"

"Silly girl!" was his stern reply, "which is the sadder, think you, to have the memory of a pure-hearted mother, who died in her youth and loveliness—or know that one lives, a violator of her marriage vows, a deserter of her helpless child, a disgrace even to herself? The very fact of her being alive, an alien from her husband and child, might have told you the sad truth."

Minna trembled; and covering her face with her small hands, she listened in breathless silence.

"You are now old enough," he continued, "to



be made acquainted with the story which I have hitherto carefully kept from you. I would not have your childhood blighted by the knowledge of your mother's disgrace; but the time has now come, Minna, when others will whisper the tale in your ear, even should I conceal it. *Your mother!*" said he, bitterly. "Yes, you have need to be proud of her! She deceived me before marriage—she has deceived me since. Abusing my trusting kindness, she abandoned her home and fled with some lover, probably across the sea; I have never seen nor heard from her since. To-night, Minna, is the anniversary of her elopement; it weighs heavily upon me, for it has been a slur upon my honor—it will be visited upon her innocent child. May curses rest upon her and her worthless paramour!"

"Father, dearest father!" pleaded the daughter, while the large tears fell upon her cheek, "do not, do not speak so! I *know* that she is innocent! My own, my beautiful mother! whom I have thought of, and loved from childhood, as one too pure for earth. Perhaps she was carried off against her will—perhaps——"

"Silence!" interrupted her father, angrily, "have you no more sense, girl, than to invent these ridiculous fancies? You do not know her as I did. She left me, I say, of her own free will—made my name a by-word with the crowd!"

Minna dared not utter another word in her mother's defence; his angry vehemence frightened her, and she could only sit and weep in sorrow for that mother's disgrace.

"Was she not very beautiful?" she asked, at length.

"Beautiful! yes, it was her cursed beauty that has brought me to this! A valuable possession, truly! Do not look that way, Minna; you remind me of *her*, and then I hate you! Come into the library," he continued, "and feast your eyes with her deceitful beauty."

Minna followed with a faltering step; and Duncan Clavers, approaching the book-case, unlocked a small drawer, and took from thence a closed box. He had never opened it since that night, and now handed it to his daughter, saying:

"Look upon it, if you will—but do not show me her treacherous features!"

Minna's trembling hands could scarcely unfasten the case; but at length the beautiful face beamed upon her, and her eyes filled with tears as she gazed sadly upon it. Oh, it was very beautiful! It had been taken just after the birth of Minna; and the large dark eyes had a dreamy languor, as they looked lovingly upon the gazer—the complexion was like the lily, with a faint tinge of color in the delicate cheek—and the lips of a rose-bud hue. Minna stood and gazed upon it; and sweet, dreamy thoughts came gliding

into her soul; she pressed her lips reverently upon the angel-face, and her father, taking the case from her hand, shut it quickly from her view.

They returned to the parlor, each occupied with different thoughts; his were bitter—while her's were only sad. That night the petted heiress retired to rest with her first sorrow upon her heart; knowledge is often bitter indeed, and she lay awake upon her sleepless couch, pondering over the probable fate of her beautiful mother. She could not believe her guilty—those pure eyes could express nought but what was lovely; and she fell asleep at length as she murmured, "mother! beautiful, unfortunate mother! Will you ever return to your child?"

## CHAPTER V.

THE year again came round; and it was Minna Clavers' eighteenth birthday. That beautiful face was even more lovely, with its sweet, bewitching expression; and the figure was almost fairy-like in its proportions. Again, costly gifts were scattered around her apartment, and sparkling gems were clasped upon neck and arms; but her mind was filled with the last birthday's disclosures. It had saddened her youthful spirits, and left a weight upon her heart; and listlessly she passed from one enjoyment to another.

The father proposed that they should pass the evening at the theatre. Duncan Clavers had never once entered it since that autumn evening fourteen years before; they had then gone to witness the last representation of an English actress—they now went to welcome the appearance of one. The papers were filled with the praises of the beautiful Mrs. Walton; her talents, her loveliness, and interesting appearance; and every one crowded to witness her first appearance. But Minna listlessly ran her eyes over these panegyrics; and yielding to, rather than, seconding her father's proposal, the heiress stepped languidly into the softly cushioned carriage, without one expectation of pleasure or enjoyment. Duncan Clavers folded the cachmere shawl carefully about his daughter's shoulders, and seemed to be fearful lest a breath of air should blow too freely upon her.

The carriage soon drew up at the door of the theatre; and as the light from the lamps fell upon the beautiful face, and rich dress of Minna, many pressed forward to gaze upon her. But another carriage had drawn up at the same time; and as if recognizing something familiar, the solitary occupant bent eagerly forward, and scanned, with a rapid, examining gaze, the faces of Duncan Clavers and his daughter. As long as they remained in sight, these beautiful eyes were fixed mournfully upon them; then hastily

drawing her cloak closer over her head and face, the actress passed on with a deep sigh to her drawing-room.

The scene appeared to him the same as when he reviewed it last; if some faces had disappeared, they were now succeeded by others, and he could see no difference. He was very silent and grave as he sat there in the curtained box where *she* had last sat; and the remembrances of that autumn night crowded thick and fast about him. People were surprised to see Duncan Clavers again occupying his old place; and the admiring glances which had before been bestowed on the beautiful wife were now directed to the equally lovely daughter. He had almost forgotten the stage, and the representation he came to witness—so absorbed was he in his mournful retrospection; and he was now aroused from his reverie by the buzz of admiration around him.

He glanced toward the stage. The curtain had drawn up, and like some beautiful creature of light stood the actress—her eyes cast down beneath the reiterated plaudits of that astonished circle. Her beautiful head was drooped, her hands meekly folded on her bosom, and she stood thus, motionless and calm—though her heart was throbbing wildly at this enthusiastic reception. Beautiful she certainly was, but there was something peculiar in her beauty—it was not mere stage-effect; there was something distinguished in her whole appearance, something very different from the actress-look which characterizes stage-performers.

Minna Clavers bent eagerly forward to gaze upon that speaking face; her listlessness was now thrown aside, and she riveted her eyes upon the actress, unable to remove her gaze. Once Mrs. Walton glanced toward the box; she caught the full light of those beaming eyes, and her voice faltered as she proceeded with her part. By a curious coincidence, the play was "The Stranger;" and Minna sat trembling and sick at heart, while her father's face was expressive almost of agony. Now and then Duncan Clavers recognized an expression, a tone, that seemed familiar; and he gazed upon the actress in a state of breathless interest. They loaded her with flowers—they made the place resound with acclamations—and yet she stood calm, cold, and unmoved. She curtsied with graceful gratitude; but no flush of gratified vanity came into her cheek, no ambitious fire lit up her eye—and her apparent indifference rendered her still more an object of interest. Her voice had a touching pathos, a sweetness that went directly to the heart; and her soft dark eyes roved listlessly about as though seeking in vain for some resting-place.

The father and daughter rode home in silence.

Minna was still dwelling on the lovely face that reminded her so strongly of her mother's picture; now and then during the representation, when overwhelmed with sorrow, she most fancied that it must be *her*—it looked as the picture looked, with its expression of gentle melancholy.

Duncan Clavers did not ask himself if love, love from which *gold* had kept aloof, was really springing up in his heart; calculation, cautiousness, interest were forgotten; and his mind still pictured the beautiful face on which he had dwelt with such strange fascination.

Time passed on; the beautiful actress was overwhelmed with admiration, praises, flattery—even words of love were sounded in her ear from all directions; but she was like a marble statue, beautiful to look upon, with eloquent expression in the chiseled features—but giving back no echo to their honied words. Her adorers could only look upon her on the stage—in private a small, black silk mask shaded, though not entirely concealed her features; and she refused all audiences without this covering.

Duncan Clavers had hung enraptured over her night after night; and at length he too spoke of love. He was almost surprised at himself when the confession came—there was something that repelled him at the time when he felt most attracted; but he could no longer keep it back. He had spoken; and now, in a state of strange agitation, awaited her answer.

He did not see the expression that passed over her face; the light in those dark eyes, or the smile upon her lips—the black silk mask concealed it all. They were both silent, till he longed for some word or sound to break the solemn stillness. He knew that she was odd—he had seen it before in many things; and yet her manner of receiving his declaration surprised and annoyed him. Those great dark, melancholy eyes were fixed upon him with an earnest gaze—a half-doubting expression; and he remained spell-bound beneath their glance.

He was driving home, and she was at his side. She had accepted his invitation to supper, and now reclined back in a corner of the carriage; not even a fold of her garments coming in contact with him. He was satisfied to have her there—pleased that he had triumphed; and yet he felt no disposition to advance closer. He could not have summoned courage to touch her hand. They drove on in silence; and he sat in a state of bewilderment, wondering at his situation, and believing himself to be in a sort of dream. Once or twice he thought he heard a gasping sigh and a sob; but he did not speak, and the carriage stopped before long at his own door.

That silent drive had seemed an age of exist-

ence; and he gladly descended from the carriage, and offered his assistance to Mrs. Walton. She trembled with a strange emotion, and he lifted her out in his arms. He was elated with his triumph; it must be *love* that caused this agitation in the beautiful statue; and with the most lover-like gallantry he conducted her to the spacious drawing-room. She glanced bewildered around, and pressed her hand upon her forehead, as though striving to bring up some dim, half-forgotten resolution. The fugitive wife again stood within the walls of that home which she had abandoned fourteen years before; and she listened breathlessly, almost expecting to hear the tones of a childish voice, or the noise of infant merriment. But no such sounds greeted her ear; then came a host of recollections filling up the forgotten space, and with a sigh she placed her hand in his arm and allowed him to conduct her to a seat.

"Why that sigh, sweet one?" he whispered.

"We often sigh in the midst of happiness," she replied, turning those beaming eyes full upon him. "Does not a foreboding for the future, or perchance a recollection of the past, often come over you when you would commune with other thoughts, and bring a sadness in the midst of pleasure?"

These deep tones fell upon his ear with thrilling earnestness; he started suddenly, and stood gazing upon her with a fierce, suspicious glance.

But the eyes had drooped again beneath their long dark lashes, and his momentary anger passed quickly away. She exerted herself to amuse him, and her conversation became brilliant and fascinating. Duncan Clavers sat entranced; the marble statue had melted before his love—had shown itself in a new character for him, and him alone—and his face was flushed with triumph. She could have led him then submissive in her chains; and a feeling of gratified revenge arose in her heart. Now she felt was her time; and cautiously introducing the subject, she said, while her musical voice slightly faltered—

"You were speaking of your daughter just now—do you know that I have often gazed upon her features with a feeling of deep yearning, while something seemed to remind me of other days? She is surpassingly beautiful, and her face brings up the memory of one I lost. Would that I could see her now! But, perchance, she cares not to regard *the actress* as other than a source of amusement."

Duncan Clavers was not a little surprised at her wish, but it was sufficient for him that she had expressed it; telling her that she should soon be gratified, he left the room and went to his daughter's apartment.

Minna was still up and reading when her father

entered; his curious message filled her with a strange emotion, a vague, undefined feeling; and trembling violently, she accompanied him to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Clavers had risen when she found herself alone, and approached a picture that stood opposite the mantel. It was that of a little girl in a baby-frock, with waving, gold colored hair, and a sweet, arch smile upon the red lips. The mother's heart throbbed with old remembrances as she saw her child just as she had pictured her; and then she glanced with a sigh at another portrait, which represented her as she had appeared that first night at the theatre; the same small, exquisitely shaped head, large, dreamy eyes and pearly complexion; but she soon turned from that to the other picture—she loved best to remember her a child.

The door opened; and Minna, pale as a marble statue, stood within it. She trembled in every limb, and felt almost afraid to enter. Duncan Clavers had retired to the library, leaving the two to their mysterious interview; and the young girl almost wished for his support. The actress had sunk back upon a couch, and Minna heard a succession of gasping sobs.

"Who—what are you?" she exclaimed, "you look so like—and yet you cannot be!"

Her only reply was a withdrawal of the mask; disclosing features deadly pale, but marvelously like the portrait.

"You are—you must be my mother!" cried Minna. "Oh! tell me that I am not deceived!"

"Minna!—*my child!*" she murmured.

The young girl sprang impulsively toward her, and the two were locked in a close embrace.

"But why do I see you thus, dear mother?" asked the daughter, at length. "Why are you not in your own home, where we all love you so much? Oh, now I remember," she added, in confusion, "he told me that——"

"What did he tell you, Minna?" asked her mother, in a tone of command, "I would know if he has attempted to lower me in the estimation of my child."

She hesitated; but Mrs. Clavers was firm; and at length, with tears, Minna revealed the disclosures made by her father on that birthday night.

"Answer me one question truly," said her mother, when she had concluded. "Did you believe him?"

Minna gazed for a moment on the pale, calm face; then throwing herself into her mother's arms, she exclaimed—

"No, mother! I did not!—I *do not!*"

"Thank heaven!" murmured Mrs. Clavers, as she folded her daughter in her arms, "that my child, at least, will do me justice! No!" she

continued, vehemently, "believe it not! The whole is a vile, despicable falsehood, worthy of him who invented it! I will tell you my sad story, Minna, and you shall judge between us two."

Her daughter listened attentively to the narrative of her bright and happy girlhood—her first, absorbing love and its mercenary return—and her idolizing affection for her beautiful child. Mrs. Clavers spared not the circumstance of her flight, but she told of her misery at parting from her child; and Minna wept as she wished that she had never been separated from her loved and beautiful mother.

"We arrived in England," she continued, "and I accompanied Mrs. — to her own home. She has proved a kind and disinterested friend to me, and under her tuition I became acquainted with the rules of my art. I met with encouragement, praise, admiration; the excitement, at length, became necessary to me, and with pleasure I anticipated the nightly display. Gold too flowed into my hands, but still my mind was absorbed with the one overwhelming thought; in the soft twilight hour, Minna, the figure of my child often rose up before me—and hers was the last name that trembled on my lips at night. Do you too view your mother as an outcast? A guilty wretch, who is a dishonor to all connected with her?"

The young girl slid down upon her knees, and taking one of those fair, slender hands in hers, pressed it reverentially to her lips.

"Bless you! my own, my loved one!" murmured her mother, "could you but know how I have looked forward to this meeting!—how it has cheered me in my dark and lonely hours, and made bright ones seem yet brighter."

Minna moved not from her mother's side; she could not bear to leave her, now that the beautiful original of the cherished picture spoke words of love and tenderness. But sorrow had come mingled with her happiness; her father she could no longer regard with love and reverence—he appeared to her as the persecutor of her mother, and she almost dreaded to meet him again, lest her feelings should betray themselves.

"Minna," said her mother, "we must part soon—I can never return to my home."

"Oh! I cannot, cannot part with you!" exclaimed Minna, as she twined her arms about her, "what shall I do?"

"Would you go with me, Minna?" she asked, in a voice scarcely audible.

One moment's hesitation, as home and all its joys rose up before her; and then the daughter murmured: "whether thou goest I will go!"

She had triumphed! Though time, distance, all, she was still beloved; and the pale cheeks were tinged with the bright flush of joy. One hurried embrace, a few whispered words, and Minna retreated to her apartment; while Duncan Clavers returned from his solitary sojourn in the library, not in the best of humors. He thought the interview unreasonably long—she must prefer his daughter to himself; but his transitory anger was soon dissipated by the lively sallies of her brilliant companion.

"Oh, cast that shadow from thy brow,  
My dark-eyed love, be glad again!"

Warbled the actress in a voice of touching melody; and he was again her humble slave.

A few more weeks passed, and the daughter of Duncan Clavers disappeared as his wife had done, leaving him entirely desolate. A note was placed in his hands; and with galled, and tortured feelings, he read as follows:

"Revenge, thou art indeed sweet! My trampled love, my trusting confidence, my outraged dignity, all are now requited! I once more fold my child to my bosom, and tell thee, Duncan Clavers, that it is the slighted wife who has lured the daughter from her home—torn her from an unworthy father to rest once more near her mother's heart.

"And I won love, too, disinterested love from you! Oh! it almost makes me laugh to think of it! And you little knew, poor fool! that the brilliant actress was but the runaway wife, exercising her wiles upon you but to make you still more desolate! I would have taken her with me that night, but you prevented me, and now the blow strikes still deeper. Adieu! I hasten to my child!"

## WHITE LIES.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

AFTER all that Mrs. Opie has said, and all that has been said since, approbatory and confirmatory, the subject of truth-telling in common conversation remains a fruitful theme. Indeed, so difficult a one is it to treat satisfactorily, that we may almost ask Pilate's question, "what is truth?" What is truth of description, for instance. Suppose an exciting, brilliant show to have been witnessed by two persons of opposite temperaments, each of whom, on his return, attempts to give a true idea of it to those who could have not seen it. The plain matter-of-fact speaker might make an enumeration of circumstances, dull and unassuming as an auctioneer's inventory, which would fall without an echo on the unawakened ears of his auditory; while his more poetic brother shall, by a few rapid and characteristic strokes, call up the whole scene, impart a vivid idea of the soul of it, and leave his hearers much better informed of it than the other, even though with regard to minor particulars, his dull companion should feel entitled to interrupt him every moment with corrections, which, though undeniable in point of fact, should be wholly useless for the main purpose—the communication of a true idea of the thing both had seen. Here a nice question of truth would arise. A question which would admit of honest answers in direct opposition to each other. One would consider the matter-of-fact man the only truth-teller, while another would decide for him who succeeded in giving the truest picture.

We see then that practical truth must necessarily depend somewhat upon temperament—the temperament both of hearer and speaker. Conscience must decide for both, and a harsh construction would be unjustifiable. The matter-of-fact man has no more right to call the poetical, but life-like, description a lie, than the poet has to condemn, as untrue, the common-place of his soberer friend. Truth may be equally the aim

of both—equally safe with either. The plain talker may be more particularly and constantly on his guard than the other; his mind may be a more minute mind; he may be gifted with a natural power for details; but the man of genius need not be suspected of a less devoted regard for truth. He has only a different mode of approaching her. He sees her as a whole, and not in parts; he is her worshipper, but not her slave. He forgets the hue of her garment in gazing on her radiant face. But it will never do to grow poetical about it, so we pass to another thought.

It is extremely difficult for the best of us to tell the truth about ourselves. Perhaps no autobiography—whether called "Confessions," "A True Story," or "Recollections"—ever gave the same idea of the man as he himself owned within his secret soul. If we do not wilfully falsify, we depart from Truth, by keeping back a part. We may confess great faults, but we are apt to hide disgraceful ones; for there is a wide distinction between the law of morals and the world's application of it to human action. Even in talking ourselves over to a friend—a great and lawful pleasure in some cases, and leading to improvement if both are faithful—we can hardly escape the temptation to show him the most creditable side of our thoughts, though we may bring up for examination much that needs amendment. So great is the danger here, that it would almost seem to amount to a prohibition of talking of self at all; but this would nullify close and faithful friendship, which requires free outpouring on every subject that interests each, so that it cannot be a just conclusion. In this case, as in every case where truth is in question, we must be strictly on our guard, taking care not to promise more than we are able to perform.

There is a vast deal of untruth in the world, which passes very creditably—the exaggeration which we use when we would persuade, warn,

reprove, or impress. The very same person who will take up a random speaker with a surly sneer, will, perhaps, plume himself upon the effect produced upon an audience by his own highly poetical statements on some topic in morals or religion, though he would be far from avowing the belief that the end sanctifies the means. When we warn the young, or reprove children, we are all apt to stretch our commission a little, using expressions far too strong for the occasion, and venturing an unjust stroke for effect, rather than not make the requisite impression. This is unavoidable, for it is a poetic impulse; but it should be closely watched and jealously restrained. There is said to be no truth without poetry, but it is also true that there is no poetry without truth.

It is a curious circumstance connected with the acknowledged difficulty of telling the truth, and the universality of missing it sometimes, that the world's judgment upon certain departures from it should be so bitterly severe. One would suppose that conscious weakness should make us lenient toward each other. But it is not so; and the contempt lavished upon particular instances is no doubt sometimes the cause of deeper evil. If it were not so shameful to confess that we had been betrayed into falsehood, the temptation to cover up one lie by another would surely be much lessened. This remark, though generally applicable, may be remembered with especial advantage in the management of children. When we reflect how easily they may be surprised or frightened into falsehood, we should begin by treating such aberrations with much tenderness, and thus encourage immediate acknowledgment—the surest first step to amendment. And the same leniency exercised toward servants, and over all whom we have influence, might, without in the least detracting from the reverence for truth, lead on feeble virtue to habitual regard for it. We must guard against making it a bugbear, but be sure meanwhile, to show that we look upon it ourselves as the reflex of God himself.

All that we have been talking of is unintentional lying—the lie of weakness, or carelessness, or over-zeal, or timidity, or vanity. The deliberate, the cruel, the malicious, the defrauding, the slanderous lie, must be left to the solemn denunciations of the pulpit; the unlimited scorn and hatred of mankind. Mild medicines and soothing treatment are not for virulent diseases: these must be dealt with by cautery and the knife.

We have been inquiring a little into the best means of promoting a habit of truthfulness in common talk, and fancy we have found it in a more candid and liberal construction of what is said under certain circumstances, and a gentler and more conscientious mode of dealing with

those who from temperament or otherwise may not have exactly our notion of what is true, though they may possess an equally exalted appreciation in their own way. We would plead that poetic truth is truth, even more surely, sometimes, than literal truth; and that while we tolerate it, and indeed cannot do without it in many, and even in the highest things, we should not claim to draw the line just where we choose, excluding those who belong to the temple quite as honestly as ourselves, though they may perhaps enter by another door. The course of truth has been injured by surly, self-constituted defenders of it. One who sets out to give a striking, faithful picture of what he has seen, will not be induced to love truth the better if he considers her personified in some captious, slow-minded hearer, who lies in wait to convict him of some trifling inaccuracy where he did not pretend to accuracy. We respect the man who would not for the world err in the minutest circumstance of his recital, but we need respect him no less who, while giving a faithful picture in broad, artistic strokes, should be unable to finish it in detail and err if he attempted it. To conclude him, on this account, less devoted to truth than the other, would be the highest injustice. He may only be able to take a nobler view of it.

But all this should be thoroughly understood. He who cannot give details should not pretend to give them. He should warn his hearers of the kind of memory which enables him to depict scenes in vivid colors, but without circumstantial correctness. If he has to give a recital of facts, he must give it with a proviso, that in minor points he may be incorrect. He should show his allegiance to truth by a confession that it is difficult for him to adhere to it with literal fidelity when his imagination is excited. Care like this, prompted by a sacred reverence for the great good, will keep him safe from all but captious, or stupid, or insincere cavils, and these are only provoking and pitiable, perhaps injurious for a time, but easily lived down. A hearty and intelligent and religious love of truth will make itself evident in time, though mousing owls should have tried their powers upon our talk, and chuckled maliciously over seeming discrepancies.

Mrs. Opie dealt largely with those soul-snares, the lies of society, and her writings had an evident effect in this quarter, where they were so much needed. She held up to plain sight, and shamed so many refugees of this kind, and her pictures were so universally attractive, that it required wonderful boldness ever again to attempt similar deceptions. From that day to this, there have been fewer not-at-homes, and fewer loud and hollow professions of regard, and greater candor in avowing unpalatable truths in social

matters. Much yet remains to be done. We want a new Amelia Opie, since the old one has earned repose, to help us to a more sincere tone in our intercourse with even our friends. When shall we dare to avow our real preference of one place or person over another, in particular cases, without giving offence? Will the time ever come when we may say to those we love things which now rise spontaneous to our lips, but which we suppress through selfish prudence, forgetting that the suppression of truth is often a most injurious kind of falsehood? When shall we begin to let our manner to different people be, in some degree, the exponent of our feelings toward them? Time would fail if half the particulars were enumerated in which a new and higher-toned Amelia Opie would be a public benefactor. We learned the old lesson with avidity: we are ready to review that, and take another, further in ad-

vance. The appearance of the new teacher would be the crowning pleasure and honor of the good old lady's days. She might say or think with honest pride, "it was I who first touched with Ithuriel spear the callous heart of society! These who sow new seed were first gleaners after me! A double issue is vouchsafed to my beginnings. I may indeed depart in peace."

It is hardly necessary to dilate upon the interest with which one looks upon a woman like Mrs. Opie. It was as if our mothers spoke to us again from the past, calling up the sweet lessons of early youth. To converse with her was a privilege indeed—one to be specially remembered among the many that reward the wanderer who crosses the ocean to gaze upon the treasures of that rich old world of which she is one of the precious ornaments.

## WHO IS SHE?

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

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## WHO IS SHE?

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"MARY MURRAY, you say—and, pray, who is she?"

These words were addressed by one young lady to another, in reference to an acquaintance to whom one of them had just bowed.

"Who? The daughter of the widow Murray. A dear, sweet, amiable girl as ever lived is Mary, too—you ought to know her."

"I'd rather not," said the first speaker, with a toss of the head. "The daughter of the widow Murray, who keeps a petty thread and needle store! Why, the next thing will be to associate with one's kitchen maids."

"But, in this country, Emma, it is merit that makes the rank," replied the other. "Here, you know, we have no aristocracy. Mary Murray is more beautiful, more accomplished, and more amiable, too, than half my school-mates."

"Well, I can tell you one thing, if you keep up your acquaintance with her, you'll be cut by all genteel people. Do you think the Livingstons, Harrisons, and Lawrences will come to your parties, if they are to meet shop-girls there?"

"They can do as they please," replied Kate Villiers, with spirit. "But one thing is certain, I shall not give up Mary for them, as I like her for herself and not for her ancestors. Besides, for all I know, she may be as well-born as they are; I never thought to inquire."

Just at this instant a handsome young man, riding a beautiful horse, passed, and made a bow to the young ladies. The first speaker was all blushes at this public notice from one of the richest and most fashionable men in the city.

"Dear me," she said, "how glad I am he did not see you speak to that Miss Murray! He would never have noticed either of us again."

Kate Villiers curled her pretty lip in scorn, as she replied,

"Frank Hastings is too sensible to be affected by such a thing, I fancy. But, if he is not, he is

only the more to be pitied." And, warming with natural indignation, she continued, "it vexes me beyond patience to see people, in this country, talking of the gentility of their families, when, out of a hundred, there is scarcely one that is not descended, and at no great distance, from some honest mechanic or respectable farmer. Take our richest families! A century ago they were poor, while the real old gentry of that day are now generally beggared. Who was Astor? A poor German lad. Who was Girard? A French cabin-boy. What was Abbot Lawrence once? A Yankee wood-chopper. So, too, our great statesmen, Clay, Webster, and Benton, all rose from nothing. We ought to ask, not who a person's ancestors were, but what they are themselves."

A few days after, as Kate and her acquaintance were walking together, they met Miss Murray, who, unconscious of offence, stopped to converse with Kate. Emma was evidently uneasy, the more so as her keen eye detected Frank Hastings promenading down the street toward them. Politeness kept her stationary, for a moment, but, as he drew nearer, the disgrace of being seen with the daughter of a "thread and needle woman," as Emma called Mrs. Murray, proved too strong for her courtesy, and she abruptly broke away, and went into a store, pretending a wish to purchase some ribbon.

Frank Hastings, meantime, came sauntering idly down the street, and only perceived Kate when close upon her.

"Good-morning," he said, bowing, his eye attracted by Miss Murray's pleasing face. "Will you take pity on an idler, Miss Villiers, and allow me to accompany you in your walk?"

Kate, who was already engaged, and to a friend of Frank's, answered frankly, for she and Hastings were almost as intimate as brother and sister,

"I shall be pleased, if you will. Only you must be very agreeable, for my friend and I are



used to having sense talked to us, and, if you don't acquit yourself creditably, we shall black-ball you, as you say at the club, the next time you apply for permission to walk with us."

Frank, however, needed no incentive to induce him to talk his best; for the sweet countenance of Mary, in which every emotion of the heart was reflected, was inspiration enough.

They stopped, at last, at Mrs. Murray's little store. Frank looked, with some surprise, at the humble appearance of the dwelling; but this did not prevent his bow to Mary being deeply respectful as he walked off with her friend.

"And that charming girl," he said, "assists to support her mother, by standing behind the counter. What a noble creature! Do you know, Kate, I was half in love with her before, and now I am entirely so? A wife, such as she would make, is worth having, because worth a dozen of the foolish votaries of fashion—gilded, conceited butterflies like your friend, Emma. You must take me to Miss Murray's, some evening, and introduce me regularly."

Kate knew Frank too well to suppose he would despise Mary, because her mother had been reduced to comparative poverty; but she had not dreamed, for an instant, of his falling in love with her. But now, as she hastily thought over the good qualities of each, she clapped her hands and cried,

"That will I, for you are just suited for each other. We will go to-morrow night."

And they did go on the morrow night. And again, and again Frank went, and, after the first two interviews, always without Kate. He was noble-hearted, intellectual, graceful, and refined; and Mary could not long resist the devoted suit he paid to her. Indeed, after some maidenly struggles with her heart, she yielded herself to loving him with all the depth of her pure, yet ardent nature.

Frank was too sensible to regard the mere accessories of fortune. Perhaps, indeed, he loved Mary the better for her poverty. He could never have entertained an affection for her, if she had not been amiable and intelligent; nor, perhaps,

even if her parents had been unworthy; but all things else he considered comparatively indifferent. Himself accustomed, from his earliest years, to fashionable society, he knew its exact value; and he was accustomed to say that "worth, not wealth was what he sought in a wife."

Mary, on her part, loved Frank for his frankness, intelligence and generous qualities, and not for his fortune. "I would rather remain single," she said, "than marry for wealth."

About three months after the day on which our story opens, Kate Villiers called on her old school-mate, Emma.

"Who do you think is going to be married?" she said. "You give it up? Well, Frank Hastings and Mary Murray."

"What!" exclaimed Emma, pale with mortification, for she had herself assiduously sought Frank's notice, "not Frank Hastings and that 'thread and needle-woman's' daughter?"

"Yes! and a happy couple they will make. Mary will now have the wealth she is so well fitted to adorn."

"I shan't visit her," said Emma, pettishly. "She's a nobody. If Mr. Hastings chooses to disgrace himself, let him; but he'll find out the 'old families' won't recognize his acquaintance."

"Pshaw!" said Kate, contemptuously. "You know better. Mr. Hastings is, himself, a member of one of the few 'old families' we have; and, being such, is above all the ridiculous notions of the mere '*parvenu*.' It happens, too, that Mary has 'good blood,' as you would call it. She is the grand-daughter of a signer of the Declaration, an American patent of nobility, I take it, if we have any at all."

"Then it is on that account he marries her," was the splenetic reply.

"No, he never knew it till he asked her to have him. Her virtues and accomplishments won his heart, and they alone."

In due time Frank and Mary were married, Kate being led to the altar on the same day. Emma has learnt a lesson, and, since then, inquires less superciliously, about a new acquaintance.